



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

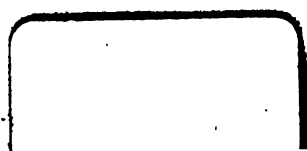
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

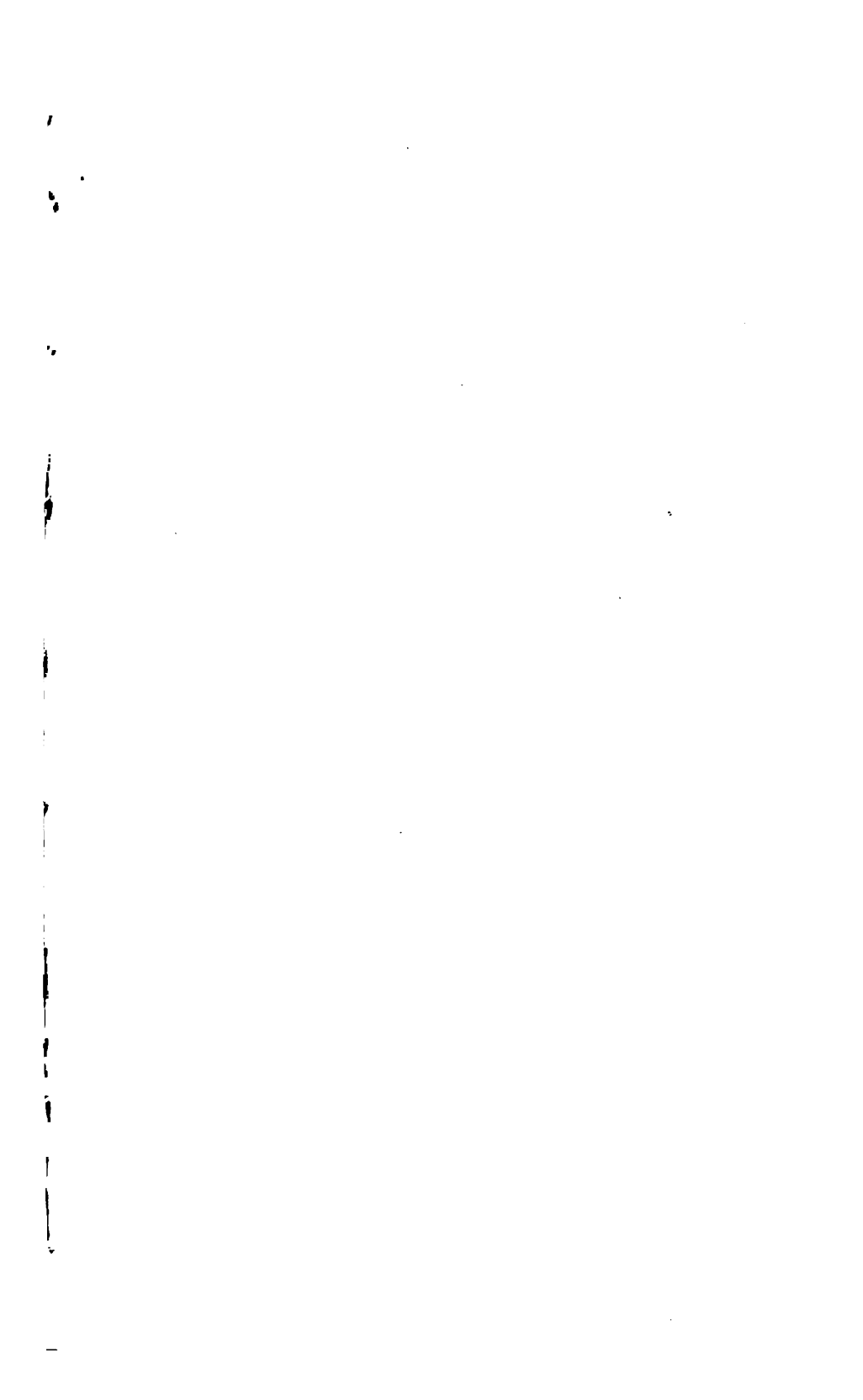
- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

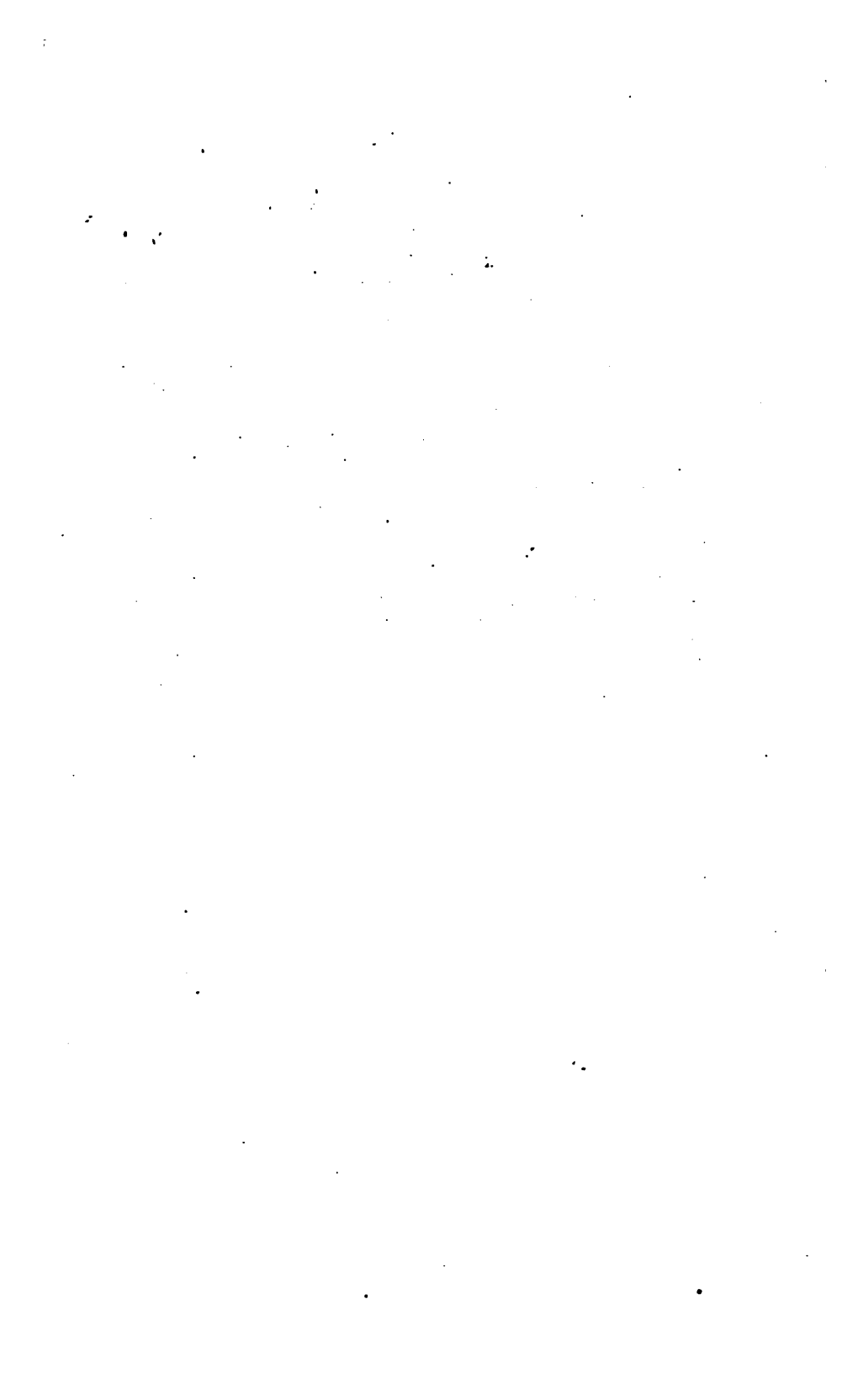






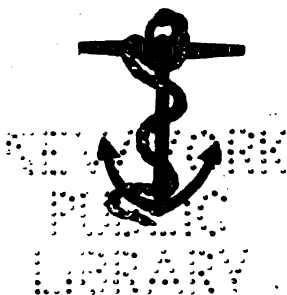


1000



HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

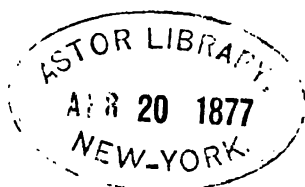
VOLUME THE FIFTH.



"The security of the Kingdom is increased by every man being more or less a Sailor."—CAPT. MARRYAT'S *Pirate and Three Cutters*."

LONDON:
HUNT AND Co., 6, NEW CHURCH STREET, WEST,
EDGWARE ROAD,
SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & Co., STATIONERS' HALL COURT.

1856.



HUNT AND CO.,
NEW CHURCH STREET, WEST,
EDGEWARE ROAD,
LONDON.

ADDRESS.

This Volume ends the fifth year of our labours in the cause of Yachting, and we trust will give satisfaction. We will again launch our barque in 1857, and hope to receive increased support, the lack of which is our excuse for not giving more illustrations.

To our Subscribers, Contributors, and the Secretaries of the various clubs, we tender our sincere thanks, and assure them that a more extensive patronage from the yachting community will stimulate us to additional exertions.

December, 1856.

ROY WEN
CLUB
YSAZALI

HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1856.

A FEW WORDS FOR MANY YACHTSMEN.

The proudest motto for the young!
Write it in lines of gold,
Upon thy heart, and in thy mind
The stirring words enfold;
And in misfortune's dreary hour,
Or fortune's prosperous gale,
'Twill have a holy cheering power—
"There's no such word as FAIL!"

On the 1st of August, 1852, upon the solicitations of many, and the suggestions of not a few, we laid the first number of the Yachting Magazine before the yachtsmen of the United Kingdom. Since that period we have had many hard struggles to keep full way upon our work; we have had to contend with a limited exchequer; with opposition, with neglect from many who should have cared for us better, and though last, not least, the blighting influence of cynical criticism; but notwithstanding all these and such like, we have ever adhered to our motto

"There is no such word as FAIL!"

or if we cannot command success, it shall still be our constant endeavour to deserve it.

No. 1.—VOL. V.

B

To shortcomings we candidly plead guilty, but they have originated with others, not ourselves : it has ever been our wish since we started to secure the best and most suitable contributions and illustrations for the information and amusement of our readers, and we can look back with a clear conscience and say " we have done our duty according to the means placed at our disposal ;" but we must honestly ask our readers how can it be expected that we can carry this Magazine to that state of perfection, which it is our aim and their expectation that we should do, if we are not supported with that mainspring of all undertakings—*Money*.

We commence the season of 1856 with an able staff, with whom we have concluded arrangements which we trust we shall be enabled to fulfil ; and we hope this year to render this Magazine more than ever attractive ; an agreeable and useful companion in the cabin, the salon, and the boudoir ; a standard volume of reference at the termination of the season ; and a pleasing record of matters connected with the sea, that in future years may recall pleasant memories of those past and gone.

At the commencement of our career we earnestly asked a warm support to our undertaking, and we must now come forward and in all candour call upon yachtsmen generally to support us more freely than they have hitherto done ; surely the many yachtsmen of the United Kingdom will not let it be said that *their* Magazine, the one, the only one, solely devoted to the interests of their noble pastime, cannot be supported, that it failed through their apathy and neglect, we cannot, nor we will not believe it : the insignificant sum we charge for each number (a paltry shilling per month,) cannot for a moment weigh with the utility of such a publication. We are anxious to enlarge the Magazine to double its present size, and if yachtsmen will but rally round us, we will do so. We respectfully and earnestly say to our subscribers *pay up !* promptitude on your part ensures punctuality on ours : enlist all the friends you can in our behalf, get them to subscribe to us, assist with that great motive power *the purse*, and enable us to meet you each month with renewed vigour ; giving you good articles, artistic illustrations, and sound information.

Let any yachtsman look over his items of expenditure for a year and if we mistake not he will find many sums more unprofitably expended then in supporting the Yachting Magazine : let him refle

that by the small annual subscription of *twelve shillings* he is aiding the permanent establishment of a monthly organ, solely devoted to the interests of his favorite pastime; let him make it ours to discharge our obligations therefore. It will be strange indeed if a Magazine which advocates the most noble and manly of British sports, which is devoted to the intercommunication of thoughts and opinions tending to foster and cherish that maritime spirit which is the proud boast of our country, will not meet with that encouragement which those connected with it will endeavour to deserve, and hope they will receive.

We should be indeed ungrateful if we did not here acknowledge the debt of gratitude we owe to many able contributors, who without fee or reward, have hitherto proved staunch friends in our hour of need: our pages shall be always open to them with a hearty welcome; but we must say a few words more anent this subject to our readers. It surely would be unreasonable to expect that talent such as we are desirous of securing, can be induced to forgo farther reward than the approbation of the readers of our Magazine: reward sweetens labour, even tho' it be a labour of love, and verily the labourer is worthy of his hire, (for ourselves we are content if we clear our expenses,) the capitalist, be he ever so wealthy, looks forward to his harvest of interest; the time, the energy, and the capabilities of the literary contributor constitute his capital, and is as equally valuable and worthy of interest: take the most successful journal or periodical of the day, what has achieved their success?—an adequately remunerated staff of contributors; whose intellect and energy constitute our thews and sinews; and it shall be our aim and object to share the fruits of our success with those who so mainly contribute to its security.

Our *Universal Yacht List* shall this year undergo strict revision, as we find that notwithstanding the utmost efforts on our own part, and that also of the efficient secretaries of the various Royal Yacht Clubs, inaccuracies have crept in, traceable only to the apathy of yachtsmen themselves.

In conclusion we say to you, courteous reader,—respond to our peal! and thereby justify our confident anticipations; let your approbation encourage, and your support enable us to navigate our little ship successfully. We have enrolled a worthy crew for our cruise in 1856, lend your influence towards the accomplishment of our object; our little bark is again launched on her twelve months'

voyage; to each and all we say we labour to secure your good wishes; they are our trade winds, our favouring gales, let us have them, and we shall return to you freights of the literature of the sea.

“And tomes on tomes of fancy and of power,
To cheer your heaviest, warm your holiest hour.”

YACHT MEASUREMENT.

OF ALL yachting topics of the present day, that of yacht measurement is the most unsatisfactory. It is one that demands the immediate and special consideration of yachtsmen; and also the strictest fairness, and unerring certainty: for our present system lacks both. It is objectionably assailable on all points; because so varied, and open to deception. Will no one come forward with a new and indisputable suggestion? Has no yachtsman among the *twelve hundred* names in *Hunt's Universal Yacht List*, sufficient ingenuity to devise some good and thoroughly applicable method of yacht measurement, worthy of adoption by all the yacht clubs in the kingdom? Let us hope that some ingenious sailor-yachtsman has a scheme in embryo, to which he purposes giving early birth. Let not another season of confusion, uncertainty, and unsatisfactory tonnage admeasurement await us, without an effort to establish one less objectionable than our present: it is positively disreputable to the promoters of yachting, to go on from year to year in such a plodding system of unfairness; so prejudicial to improvement in building; and so discouraging to match sailing. How can we have yachts qualified to sail in the matches of different clubs, whilst each club has its own peculiar system of admeasurement, advantageous to some forms of hull, and utterly disadvantageous to others? Truly the yacht that has stood the brunt of the various systems best, is the Phantom; but even this celebrated clipper has severely felt the inconvenience attending the different methods of estimating tonnage. By way of example let us just revert to the actual admeasurement of a few of the racing craft under the old system, and compare it with some of the new methods adopted in various clubs.

The Phantom, for instance, measures but twenty-five tons under the old system; or that adopted by the Welsh and Northern Yacht

Clubs. By the Thames Club *new measurement* she is twenty-seven tons, and by the London Club thirty-one tons.

The Kitten under the old measurement is but ten tons: by the new measurement of the Prince of Wales Club she is twelve tons, and by the London Yacht Club fourteen.

The Vampire a fifteen ton yacht under the old method of measurement; but by the new system of the Thames Yacht Club she is eighteen tons, and by the London Yacht Club twenty tons.

These are a few examples of the glaring double-facedness under which racing yachts of the present day are compelled to sail in the different clubs; and unless somebody comes forward with a more simple and general system of admeasurement, we opine that sailing matches will be more scantily attended by racing yachts than ever.

How is it possible to build a yacht to meet so many changes fairly, with credit to herself and satisfaction to the builder and owner? The more we look into the numerous objections to so many different systems of tonnage admeasurement the more adverse we are, and the more loudly must we exclaim against them.

With all due deference to the members of those clubs who have already adopted a new system of admeasurement: we venture to offer the following suggestion to the serious consideration of the managers of all the Yacht Clubs in the kingdom, viz:—

That a prize of *one hundred guineas* be offered, for the best and most approved method of yacht-racing tonnage admeasurement. It being understood that the prize should not be awarded, unless the system is considered worthy of general adoption, in every Yacht Club offering prizes for competition, by yachts of any other club.

It is confidently anticipated that if such a reward were offered, it would be sufficient inducement to call forth the talents and energies of many distinguished yachtsmen, yacht builders, and mathematicians; and we venture to assert, that we believe with entire success.

The prize money may be considered too small; if so let it be *two* hundred guineas instead of *one*, and we feel sure there will be no difficulty in raising the amount by a voluntary subscription from the members of each club.

A public meeting should be called in London; inviting yachtsmen of different Clubs to be present; when the subject might be discussed; and a committee of the most experienced yachtsmen selected from the various clubs to carry out so important a proposition.

We offer these suggestions : not the mere chimera of egotistical invention, but the matured conclusions of a well considered, and highly desirable project; which we lay before the yachting world with every confidence that it will meet with able and considerable competition; if judiciously managed, and spiritedly undertaken: moreover, we firmly believe it to be the only means of obtaining the desired object, and we know not until the day of competition arrives, but that many a simple plan of admeasurement can be suggested that will bid defiance to imposition, and render the disdainful practice of shifting ballast entirely unnecessary.

The system of trimming ballast during yacht racing is gradually becoming discountenanced; and in a very short time will, it is confidently anticipated be absolutely abolished. We now only want a simple and universal system of admeasurement, and the improvement in racing yachts would be decidedly extensive. Trimming ballast was first introduced when the tonnage cheating system began; and the reason is obvious: a class of long narrow vessels with immense overhanging sterns required some artificial means to enable them to stand up to their canvas, or how could a yacht with a keel suitable for a ten tonner, and a deck amply sufficient for one of fifteen tons, carry the extra pressure of sails and spars?

A consecutive train of letters appeared in *Bell's Life* about two years ago, complaining of the vexatious question of measurement, and calling loudly for a new system, worthy of being adopted in all the yacht clubs. The whole of those arguments have brought about no beneficial results, and we are still steering on with the same uncertainty that attends the mariners' compass in iron vessels. A remedy has been found for the latter, by a talented engineer, Mr. Thomas Allan of Edinburgh; who in a clear and able pamphlet on the subject, points out the cause of error, and lays before the world the result of an ingenious but simple invention, whereby the compass-needle may be adjusted with the same degree of certainty aboard an iron vessel, as a wooden one.

To suggest an improved system of yacht-measurement is infinitely more simple, and far less open to obstacles, than was the apparently uncontrollable difficulty of the compass-needle. Any man tolerably skilled in mathematics, and possessing some slight knowledge of ship or yacht building, will be capable of devising a scheme of new admeasurement: it is therefore anticipated that if our suggestion be

countenanced by the members of the various yacht clubs, the best talent will not only be brought to bear upon the subject, but considerable competition will be offered for the prize. Let not the subject grow cold from neglect or want of energy, but let those who are most interested in the welfare of the noble pastime be the first to bestir themselves. We are ourselves members of one of the principal Royal Yacht Clubs in the kingdom, and feel assured that we speak the sentiments of a majority of its members when we affirm that they would readily consent to contribute towards a prize for so laudable a project.

The old system is (as the lawyers say,) in the words and figures following (viz.)

“For the purpose of ascertaining the tonnage of yachts, the rule of admeasurement shall be as follows (viz.) The length shall be taken on a straight line along the rabbet of the keel, from the back of the main stern-post to a perpendicular line from the fore part to the main stem under the bowsprit, from which, subtracting three-fifths of the breadth, the remainder shall be esteemed the just length of the keel, to find the tonnage; and the breadth shall be taken from the outside of the outside plank, from the broadest part of the yacht; then multiply the length of the keel by the breadth so taken, and that product by half the breadth, and dividing the whole by ninety-four, the quotient shall be deemed the true contents of the tonnage.”

It is evident that this system may be evaded, and indeed it has been to an unfair and alarming extent, of which abundant proofs are still extant; therefore a less objectionable one is anxiously looked for, one that will give ample scope for the builder to display his genius, without tampering with the laws of tonnage measurement; and one that will tend to produce a class of serviceable yachts, not *inferior* in point of speed, safety, accommodation, comfort, and beautiful appearance, but *superior* in all these important heads.

It is truly preposterous to look back on some of the productions of the past few years. Yachts built solely for racing purposes, have been found almost useless as pleasure yachts. We have seen one two instances where a yacht has been very successful for the first and second seasons, and then some new racing craft has turned up and eclipsed it completely, and this entirely from the fact of some val builder having discovered a system of cheating the tonnage to greater extent than ever, by building a yacht to all appearances

much larger than her actual admeasurement ; say for example *fifteen tons*, but in point of fact *only ten*.

The yacht Kitten is an extravagant instance of the tonnage cheating system, but not more so than the Vampire. Most of these rakish yachts trim ballast in sailing matches where it is not prohibited, and their best point of sailing is with a free or side wind.

We sincerely hope that our suggestions will meet with merited attention ; and that an early meeting will be called to carry out the proposal of offering a prize for competition, for it would be better for every club to go back to the old system of admeasurement, than to have so many different ones as at the present day.

It is not discussion we require on the subject, as such has already been had, without any real benefit arising from it ; but let us perform at once, for yachtsmen *generally* are of opinion, that it is of the greatest importance to the welfare of yachting and yacht-building, that one simple and unerring system of measurement should be universally adopted.

THE OLD YEAR.

What solemn voice is speaking
Strange and mystic echoes waking
In the human heart;
What can cause that magic spell ?
'Tis the dying year's farewell !

Mortal, doth thy spirit start,
As the finger it raises in sorrowful token,
Of warnings unheeded and promises broken?
See it points to the yard where the new sodded grave
Holds the crumbling remains of the mighty and brave;
And it scornfully laughs at humanity's pride,
For the peer and the peasant lie there side by side.
The marble recordeth the nobleman's birth,
And the peasant sleeps soundly 'neath daisy clad earth;
But costliest tomb is less value by far
Than the heart broken sob and the agonised tear
That scalds the pale cheek and convulses the breast,
When the poor man is borne to his last home of rest.
Oh! the dying year tells us in accents so deep,
Be ready, ye also in death must soon sleep.

Nugent House, Ryde.

FANNY.

VAGARIES OF A YACHTSMAN.

BY "VALE-DE-GABIA."

Robust but not herculean, to the sight,
No giant frame sets forth his common height;
Yet, in the whole, who paused to look again,
Saw more than marks the crowd of vulgar men;
They gaze and marvel how, and still confess
That thus it is, but why they cannot guess:
Sun-burnt his cheek, his forehead high and pale
The sable curls in wild profusion veil;
And oft perforce his rising lips reveals
The haughtier thought it curls, but scarce conceals.
Though smooth his voice, and calm his general mien,
Still seems there something he would not have seen;
His features deepening lines and varying hue
At times attracted yet perplex'd the view,
As if within that murkiness of mind
Work'd feelings fearful, and yet undefined;
Such might it be, that none could truly tell—
Too close inquiry his stern glance would quell.
There breathe but few whose aspect might defy
The full encounter of his searching eye."

THE CORSAIR.

"LOOK at that stone, well!" exclaimed the merry hearted Maurice O'Connell, as he pulled up his spirited pair of 'chesnuts' alongside of a huge block, which stood upon a little grassy plateau, level as a bowling-green: it was indeed a strange looking block of stone, up-reared on that little plain, and one almost involuntarily associated it with some dark and fearful tale. The western traveller may still see it standing to the left of Ballinskellig's Bay on the road to Darrynane Abbey.

"Now shipmates!" continued Maurice "you shall have

The Legend of the Spaniard's Stone.

"I would be afraid to say how many years ago it is now, but when I was a boy it was a tradition in this country, that upon one fine morning the inhabitants of the coast were aroused by loud and stant firing at sea; for some hours the cause was uncertain, but length two vessels engaged in mortal combat drew in with the land: was a Spanish brigantine of great beauty, evidently more a vessel of pleasure than of trade; the other was a French privateer schooner large size, and full of men. It was quite evident that the Spaniard

was overmatched, but he fought his ship nobly; and his deficiency in guns or men amply made up by his splendid seamanship: with a fine rattling breeze he worked the little 'brigantine' like a child's toy, and between hard fighting and skilful tactics the shades of evening drew on without the Frenchman attempting to gain footing on his deck: the Frenchman saw the dusky clouds rolling up the sky with undisguised joy; his prey was now secure, as he was sure of boarding him during the darkness of night: the most hawk-eyed look-outs in the schooner were stationed to keep the brigantine in view; and as daylight left the heavens, the two vessels were still working in-shore watching each other's movements with the eyes of eagles and ferocity of tigers. Three times had the Frenchman his boats manned that night, and as often they returned from a fruitless search: just as the last man gained the deck the brigantine glided out of the gloom, and crossing the schooner's stern, delivered a murderous fire along her decks: to jump into the boat again was the work of a moment; but it was useless; 'ere boat-hook or grappling-iron could touch her she had vanished. Enraged by the loss of his best and bravest, and confounded by the desperate bravery and consummate skill, of what he had anticipated would prove an easy victim, the Frenchman swore a fearful oath that he would chase that Spanish brigantine until the Day of Judgment.

"His crew heard the unholy vow with a shudder, perchance they remembered the fate of the Flying Dutchman.

"The morning light had scarcely dawned when many an eager eye, both ashore and afloat sought out the respective positions of the combatants: the schooner was there but the brigantine was gone. Three days and three nights the raging Frenchman cruised up and down the coast, searching every little creek, bay, or rock-bound haven: he felt that it could be impossible that the brigantine could have got so clear off before the light of day had broken; in some nook or under the lee of some headland she must have found shelter and concealment; and with a rover's cunning he determined likewise to seek a hiding place, until the luckless brigantine should be tempted forth again. Now lads, you see from where we stand the little headland on the port entrance to Ballinskellig's Bay; behind it you may observe the little sheltered bay, where a vessel might lie until Doomsday without a passing cruiser being aware of her vicinity: many an many is the hard gale of wind I have ridden out under the lee of that very point, sheltered and secure.

"Well my hearts, the Frenchman swept into that very bay that now lies so peacefully before you, and lo! there lay the identical brigantine, looking as wicked and determined as ever: with shouts of savage glee the Frenchman manned his boats, determined to carry by boarding her at her anchors, but the wary Spaniard anticipated the manœuvre and played him a crafty trick; slipping his anchors he stood out into the middle of the bay, and hove-to, with his broadside to the entrance, in such shallow water that the schooner could not work round him, and leaving him the only alternative of running alongside and fighting him yard-arm and yard-arm:—the Frenchman was not slow in accepting the challenge of his daring foe, and many a brave man held his breath as the wicked looking schooner ranged up alongside of her victim: the first grappling iron had scarcely left the deck, when a terrific explosion rent the air; the white splinters, flew in clouds from the deck of the schooner, and the wild shriek of anguish smothered the deep groan of death: "*Fue!—Sacre—Mon Dieu!—Fou!*"—bellowed forth the infuriated commander; a fearful fire answered the fatal broadside of the brigantine; but it struck a deserted ship, the Spanish crew with their gallant commander were in their boats, stretching out with sweeping strokes to gain the shore, and as the French boarders gained the deck of the deserted ship, a fierce column of smoke and flame issued from below; with hoarse cries of rage and despair they backed the schooner off just in time to save her; and then taking to their boats swept along fast upon the track of the flying Spaniards: it was now a race of life and death for the Frenchman numbered vastly more men. The Spaniards as they gained the beach took right up the rugged heights you see before you, and with guerrilla-like precision thinned the ranks of their pursuers from behind each rock and mound; their stately commander encouraging them by his example and animating by his voice: he was a noble looking man, and notwithstanding the irritation of wounds received during the combat, he bore himself like a true brave: he had wound round his waist, a huge leathern pouch; and whatever contained it seemed sadly to impede his movements. Upon gaining the little plain we now stand upon, and which was then on a level with the top of this huge rock, he signalled his men to fly to the opposite height; he was left alone, but only two Frenchmen appeared at the ridge, who immediately commenced a hot pursuit after him: his strength was fast failing him when he reached this identical stone,

he looked to the north, to the east, to the west, and to the south; and hastily divesting himself of his cumbrous girdle, he deposited it in a crevice at the south side of the rock which was overgrown with mountain briar: turning upon his track he confronted his pursuers, leading them back step by step as he acted upon the defensive until he got them on the flat top of this very rock, when with the wild cry of a demon he rushed upon them; clove one to the shoulders, and ran the other through the heart, and the hapless Frenchmen bathed its rugged surface with their life's blood; turning he fled with the speed of a mountain stag and as quickly disappeared; and when the discomfited privateer's men reached the green sward, they found it tenanted only by the lifeless bodies of their luckless shipmates.

"Well, my lads, year after year rolled by, and the tradition of the gallant Spanish cruiser, and the ferocious privateer, had been engrafted into our nursery rhymes. Few there were who would dare the vicinity of the Spaniard's Stone after nightfall; for superstition had it that when the rays of the pale moon glinted along the top of the rock, unearthly combatants were seen engaged in ghastly strife, and the benighted wayfarer would sooner labour round the crest of yon mountain, than take the level road which leads by the Spaniard's Stone.

"'Tis some years now gone past, and my father had come down to recruit himself at Darrynane Abbey. The old Abbey was full to the roof tops, for he was never so happy as when he had cheery faces about him: it was his custom to retire to a favorite summer-house, some time during each day, there to read and meditate; he was thus occupied on one morning, when the old butler brought him a card and some letters of introduction, and informed him that a foreign gentleman awaited him at the Abbey.

"The card bore a name which I now forget, but we shall call it, 'Don Manuel de Ximenes,' the letters were from Grandees of Spain, introducing him to my father's care in a tour he was making in that part of Ireland, I need hardly tell you that everything that could be done to render our Spanish visitors stay agreeable, was put in force: but he seemed possessed of a strange mania for roaming about the country by himself, so my father placed his stable at his disposal with a trusty henchman to guide him; and we saw but little of the gloomy Don: at length one evening he returned with great haste and an apparent joy, which he took little pains to conceal, pervade

his features ; we looked upon the changed demeanour of our guest with no small astonishment, from being sad and gloomy he had become vivacious and agreeable : in the morning he sought a private interview with my father, taking him by both hands he thanked him warmly for his hospitality ; and now! said he 'My kind host read for yourself and you will judge of the obligations I am under to you !'

"My father took an antiquated document in his hand, which purported to be the last will and testament of Don Ferdinand-de-Ximenes ; to his great astonishment he read line for line, as part of it, the legend which had become almost forgotten in the country ; it pointed out unmistakeably clear and plain the rock upon which he had slain the privateers, and concluded by a solemn injunction to some one of his descendants, to proceed to Ireland, to the locality so clearly pointed out in his will ; and that there in a crevice of the south side of that rock they would find a leathern girdle containing the family jewels of the house of Ximenes.

"And did you find them ? " Was the eager and almost breathless enquiry.

"Unfolding an ancient girdle the young Spaniard displayed a gorgeous collection of the richest jewels, with a goodly sum in doubloons and double pistoles.

"That evening Don Manuel took his departure : the day or two after, the story of the treasures got at the Spaniard's Stone became raised about ; hundreds of the country people repaired to the El Dorado, and upwards of seven feet of solid earth was dug off this grass green plain, in the fruitless search for buried treasure. The terrors of the phantom Frenchmen were forgotten, and that strange old rock is the only memorial left of the long hidden valuables of the Spanish Don."

MY CRADLE BOAT.

BY TOMMY BLUFFBOW.

CHAPTER II.

AFTER the boat accident with my grandfather in the "Swallow," I felt myself quite a sailor, and found my schoolfellows thought more of my sailing experience than ever ; queries as to names of ropes and other

nautical phraseology were referred to me, and after I became absolute owner of the *Swallow* I occasionally took some of my personal friends with me in my summer excursions on the river.

As time rolled on, my ideas grew with my stature, and I began to think I required a larger boat. I had left school, and consequently had more time on my hands than ever. I therefore set my mind on a little *half-decker*, but how was I to manage the money? that was the question. My grandfather had left me a small fortune, but I had no power over it whilst under age; and I felt sure my father would object to humour my extravagance. However, I called on the builder, and told him exactly what I had set my heart on, and the difficulty before me of getting my father's consent to advance the money. He appeared to understand the whole matter at a glance; and after a few minutes consideration, told me he would make a model of a little six ton yacht, merely for my inspection, and then I could do as I liked about approving it, or building from it, as that preliminary step would be no expense to me. I was highly delighted with this idea, and begged he would do so, but particularly requested him to keep my secret until I saw a proper opportunity of broaching it to my father. In the course of a week the builder had completed the model, and after I had seen it I was ten times more anxious than ever to build from it. I had not a fault to find, on the contrary it quite took my fancy, and I thought a *bona-fide* yacht built exactly after its form, would outsail anything of its size on the river. And then to think what an envious position I should occupy, to have the fastest little yacht in the place. I went to bed that night, but not to sleep; my thoughts were too intense upon the little model. I had thought of a plan too, of broaching the subject to my father; so directly after breakfast away I went to have another look at that *duck* of a model, and then I told the builder what part I wanted him to act in the ceremony.

As good luck would have it, on the evening of that very day, whilst sitting with my father and mother, I mustered my courage, and the following conversation took place.

"I had a nice sail to day father, but young Allen the builder says I ought to have a safer boat, the *Swallow* is not large enough for me now. He thinks that as I have left school, and go out oftener than formerly, it would be *prudent* to have a little craft with a half-deck, as young Allen says it would be safer, a half-decker will not upset so readily as an open boat."

"I hope you have not met with an accident with the *Swallow* Tommy?" said my father.

"Oh no, father," said I, "but what Allen means, is, that he is anxious

to avoid my meeting with one, and my grandfather has often told me the *Swallow* was too narrow for sailing, except in very fine weather."

"But your grandfather used to sail her in a gale, did he not?" said my father.

I replied "yes, but he was a *real* sailor, and one of the most experienced men in a boat that ever lived."

"Well Tommy, I'll see young Allen in the morning, and hear what he says," said my father.

Now that the ice was broken I began to feel sanguine, and slept soundly on the subject

The result of my father's interview with young Allen terminated in an order to build a safe and useful little yacht, as nearly resembling the model as possible. I had now succeeded in obtaining the dearest wish I had on earth, and felt that when I once got my little yacht afloat, I should be the happiest fellow in the world. I watched the progress of the builder as day by day I spent hours in his yard; almost every nail that was driven, and every plank joined, from the first laying down of the keel to the completion of the craft, was performed under my own inspection.

Young Allen was a clever and obliging man, and I whispered to him that I hoped he would deck her entirely and put as much speed in her as possible. He promised to do so, and I really believe he exerted his best skill, for when completed I thought her perfection itself. And now for her name. I resolved on calling her the "*Harebell*." I chose the word *hare* for her speed, and *belle* for her beautiful appearance: and as the two words formed the name of a flower I admired, I thought it a very appropriate name.

The all important day having arrived on which the *Harebell* was to glide from the builder's yard into her future element, I called my father to witness the ceremony, when he expressed himself highly satisfied with the appearance of the yacht; but insisted on my having two able hands to sail with me for the first week, or until I had become thoroughly acquainted with her. Of course I had no objection to that request. It was not many days after the launch, that she was ballasted, rigged, and pronounced ready for sea. I therefore took two active young sailors with me, and we had a glorious sail on the first occasion; but were cautious with our canvas until thoroughly acquainted with her. We used our endeavours to discover if she had any bad habits about her, but found none; she appeared quick in stays, quick off wind, and an out-and-onter to go to windward. In the course of a fortnight, during which period we had tried her in light winds and heavy, and in smooth and rough water, we had every reason to be highly satisfied

with her performances, having beaten every thing of her tonnage we fell in with, and many others of nearly double the size.

I now felt the greatest confidence in my little clipper ; which, with my love of yachting, increased as I almost daily spread my canvas: and I thought my Harebell a match for anything of her size that could be built.

It happened about three months after I had become a yachtsman, that a young fellow named Bob Hart, whom I had long known, and who had as great a liking to the water as myself, suddenly launched a new six-tonner, as a rival to mine, which he had built about ten or twelve miles from our neighbourhood at a rival yacht builder's. I knew nothing of the "Stranger," (for such was her name,) until I one day saw a strange little yacht ; and on nearing her had the surprise to find my old schoolfellow in high glee with a *bran new* spanking looking yacht, that at first sight almost shook my confidence in the little Harebell; particularly when we hauled our wind and just stood on a tack or two, and it was as much as we could do to keep to windward of the newly-built Stranger. She was evidently the fastest little craft I had yet encountered, and when I considered, that as she was but just launched, and perhaps her exact trim had not been discovered, I felt that if I intended to retain my position as leader of the six-tonners, I must look to my laurels whenever chance should throw me in the way of the Stranger.

The next that I heard of her was in a polite letter from her owner, challenging me on a day named, to a *sailing match for five guineas*, and proposing certain terms as to starting, the course to be sailed, and the number of hands aboard: all of which were too fair to be objected to on my part. So after consideration and consultation with some of my sailor friends, I wrote and accepted the challenge. The whole proceeding I must add was entirely unknown to my friends at home, for I felt sure they would not approve it, and I on the other hand felt that it would be cowardly on my part to decline it; and another thing I had an idea a private sailing match would be glorious fun: and began to long for the appointed day.

The eventful morning rose with a wild gale from north-west, and heavy river swell: and when my eye first caught sight of the Harebell as she lay at her moorings, she was pitching heavily ; and I could then foretel that we should have some desperate work in our anticipated match: for I well knew Bob Hart would make a gallant struggle with the Stranger, 'ere he succumbed to be beaten by the Harebell.

The crew of each yacht was to number no more than three, *i.e.*, the owner of the yacht, and two others: I had purposed taking the helm, and acting as sailing-master myself, whilst my two shipmates attended the sails. As may be supposed, an early consultation was held

between us, on the all important morning, as to the prospect before us; we were allooconfident in the powers of the Harebell, and eager for the race. Towards noon the wind increased, and there was no mistake about its blowing a downright heavy gale. The time had arrived to go aboard and prepare, it looked an ugly day, and we examined every rope and spar, and found them sound and seaworthy; and now to set a bit of canvas, and run down to our berth, a distance of two or three miles: this we did under spit-fire jib, and a scrap of the main-sail-peak.

We were first at our station, and no where could we discover signs of preparation on the part of the Stranger; when suddenly one of my crew burst out with "Hurrah, here she comes!" And there was the unmistakable little clipper, beating up to her berth under double reefed main-sail, reefed fore-sail, and spit-fire jib; she was evidently trying her qualities, for she had never before encountered such a gale, and heavy tumbling sea. Anxiously we watched her with our telescopes, as she buried her bows in the waves, pitching and foaming along with determined efforts.

"We have no child's play before us to day," said I, "that beautiful little vessel shows splendid capabilities; look at her! here she comes in the teeth of the gale, but we must *beat* her lads, we must *beat* her."

"We'll either do that or sink in our efforts," said one of my crew.

Now for three hearty cheers as the little Stranger sheered alongside us and picked up her moorings with beautiful precision. I now saw my friend Bob at the helm, and could also see that he had as plucky a crew as myself; I rose to my feet and waved my cap to him by way of salutation, and he immediately returned the salute. Ten minutes now elapsed before the signal was given to prepare. Our top-masts were already housed, and our main-sail lying with one reef and ready for the start, when bang! roared the cannon from the starting vessel, and up flew the fluttering canvas. Away we sped like madcaps through the waves, the Harebell leading slightly, as we ran before the wind, a distance of six or eight miles: but so evenly were we matched that often the Stranger would rush close alongside my little vessel, and again she would leave her a few yards astern. We rounded the flag-boat one minute-and-a-half ahead of our opponent; then down came another reef in the main-sail, to prepare for the great struggle, the beat to windward: and now the gale seemed heavier than ever, as the tumbling waves every now and then made a clean sweep over our decks.

"Still we pressed on her, the gale still increasing;
Not a squall now and then, but a squall without ceasing."

A deadly struggle now took place between us, as our utmost skill was exerted, and after two or three tacks from side to side, the gallant Stranger
 10. 1.—VOL. V. D

ger showed us she was a boat of no mean pretensions, for she weathered us cleverly. It was the first time the Harebell had ever found her match.

"That spit-fire is not big enough," said one of my crew.

"Then set the next size," I instantly replied.

The order was obeyed, and for a time the Harebell certainly felt the value of a larger jib, as we had run close on the stern of our determined rival in two tacks, and the third time passed him to windward: we had now the greatest hopes in our little clipper, as she maintained a slight lead until within a few tacks of the winning goal. I more than once however, doubted our being able to carry the larger jib to the end of the race: and to change it I knew would be certain defeat. It was desperate work, but not more so for us than for our gallant rivals: the spray had wetted our sails nearly mast high; and every man was obliged to hold fast, or overboard he must go. I almost trembled for our safety, as a heavier squall than we had yet encountered threw us as nearly on our beam ends as ever I was in my life, without being actually capsized. "Another such a squall and we shall go to the bottom," said L. "Hold her at it for ten minutes more, and the race is ours, but if you flinch it is all up," said my daring crew.

The Stranger had evidently gained slightly upon us, and was now watching every movement, like a cat with her eye on a mouse. One false step and she would instantly weather us. We were now on our last tack, with the slightest possible lead; when down came an awful squall with fearful vengeance upon us, and snap went our bowsprit, just in time to save us from an inevitable capsize. We turned our eye towards our opponent's yacht, she lay on her beam ends; her jib sheet is let fly, and she rights, amidst their loud hurrah! The Stranger rushes in the winner, leaving us in a pitiable condition, within a stone's throw of the station vessel, and with a broken bowsprit.

PIRATES OF THE INDIAN ARCHIPELAGO.

(BY CAPRICORN.)

No part of the world is so infested with pirates as the Eastern Archipelago, studded with clusters of islands large and small, surrounded by intricate navigation, no better haunt could be found for carrying on such marauding adventures.

To destroy the whole fleet would be no very difficult task: and when we consider the richness of the soil and the valuable productions of many

of these beautiful islands, we can but regret that they should be overrun by such a cold blooded race. It is however to be hoped that the steps which the English government has taken for punishing these rebellious people, has in some parts effectually checked their career, if not entirely destroyed the piratical fleet.

A few of old England's modern gun boats if sent out amongst them would speedily eradicate these islands of the whole tribe of pirates; and many rich and fertile lands yet unexplored would well repay the capture, and with less than half the bloodshed that will stain the pages of our history 'ere the avaricious Russians can be conquered. Besides which, the few poor honest natives would rejoice to see the happy result. Look at the Dyaks who dwell on the coast of the Sarawak, these poor fellows are quite unable to protect themselves, and were in constant peril of their lives from the cold blooded Sooloos, who only a few years since almost entirely blockaded that coast.

The Balanini prahus or pirate vessels are of large size, and besides the huge native sails they spread, are generally double banked, so that fifty or sixty oars can be used, by which means they are propelled through the water with surprising velocity. The crew of a large pirate prahu generally consists of seventy or eighty men, the greater number of which conceal themselves on their excursions. Each prahu has in the vessel a sampan or light narrow boat attached, in which they are enabled by various devices to pursue small craft and people ashore; sometimes in the disguise of fishermen or traders in a small boat, the crew ten or fifteen in number, being chiefly concealed or disguised until within reach of their unsuspecting prey. So desperately will they fight, that they have been known to leave their prahus and swim towards their enemies with knives in their hands, and they often capture small craft in this way. These pirates commence their adventures towards the latter part of March, and they frequently make a very extensive circuit, sometimes as far as Pillalo, Tungana, Callantam and Patani, and return home rich with plunder early in November to their haunts in the vicinity of Saluk, where there is a cluster of small islands entirely inhabited by this lawless race.

The armament of the Balanini prahus in addition to the small brass ~~arms~~ (Lelaha) consists of long and short spears, swords, and knives (lasses). But the most formidable weapon of all is a long pole armed with a barbed hook, with which they lay hold of their prey, and draw them within range of their swords. Men, women, and children, are seized as well as merchandize and other booty; the poor creatures are then sold for slaves at Saluk, where probably the system of piracy was finally sanctioned by the Rajahs.

There are numerous other tribes of pirates in the Eastern Archipelago, perhaps none are more formidable than the Illanous of Magindano who carry guns of large calibre: their prahus are similar to those of the Balanini, but for the most part larger.

The Sakarran pirates sometimes assemble in force of sixty or seventy sail, and upwards of 1000 men; spreading terror, and devastation wherever they go. They show no mercy, but perpetrate the most horrible crimes, plunder and burn villages and carry off the peaceful inhabitants of the coast of even distant settlements.

The Island of Labuan was formerly a chosen refuge of pirates, until the year 1846 when Captain Munday of H.M.S. Iris destroyed their prahus and took possession of the island.

Great exertions have since been made to discover the haunts of the pirates of Borneo and Celebes, and in some respects success has crowned these exertions, which has been the means of destroying many of their prahus, and put a timely check upon their proceedings.

It is well known that the navigation of that part of the China Sea immediately north of Borneo is the most dangerous and intricate of any part of the globe. The north-east monsoon which blows very heavily during seven months of the year, sometimes causes so heavy a sea as to render it extremely hazardous to the shipping. Studded with reefs and hidden rocks, there is no chance for either ship or crew unless the vessel is most skilfully navigated: yachts and small vessels run great risks in this part of the globe, independent of the pirates: should they encounter a gale the utmost caution and exertions are required to keep them clear of the hundreds of small and large patches of rocks: and if wrecked, no boat could live in the heavy swell which frequently rises there in bad weather, unless they put before the wind, and scud away to leeward, to do which is to bear away for a land of merciless pirates, who would dispose of them as slaves; and thus in torture and misery many a brave sailor has ended his days in the Eastern Archipelago.

No yacht should go to these parts, unless fully armed with guns of large calibre, rifles, and other warlike accoutrements: for no prize would be so valuable to them as a fast sailing yacht, and they make the most desperate efforts to get possession of small vessels. True it is we seldom hear of a yacht navigating these parts, the distance is too far, and the navigation too hazardous and intricate: any one desirous of visiting the Indian Archipelago will find it by far the pleasantest voyage, to by merchant vessel, the comforts aboard which are in many respects equal to a nobleman's yacht of large tonnage.

Piracy, we regret to say, at the present day appears on the increase various parts of the seas. It may be accounted for in some respects;

English navy being fully occupied at the seat of war: but let us once get a respite from our operations there; and despatch a few modern steam gun boats amongst these outlaws, and in a few years time the race will be almost extinct.

THE LUMINOUS SEA.

IN A work "On the connexion of the Physical Sciences*" the following is inserted:—"Multitudes of fish are endowed with the power of emitting light at pleasure, no doubt to enable them to pursue their prey to the depths where the sunbeams cannot penetrate. Flashes of light are frequently seen to dart along a shoal of herrings or pilchards, and the Medusa tribes are noted for their phosphorescent brilliancy, many of which are extremely small and so numerous as to make the wake of a vessel look like a stream of silver. Nevertheless the luminous appearance which is frequently observed in the sea during the summer months cannot always be attributed to marine animalculæ, as the following narration will shew:—

"Captain Bonnycastle, coming up the gulf of St. Lawrence on the 7th September, 1826, was roused by the mate of the vessel in great alarm from an unusual appearance.

"It was a star-light night, when suddenly the sky became overcast in the direction of the high land of Cornwallis country, and an instantaneous and intensely vivid light, resembling the Aurora, shot out of the hitherto gloomy and dark sea on the lee bow, which was so brilliant that it lighted every thing distinctly to the mast head. The light spread over the whole sea between the two shores, and the waves, which before had been tranquil, now began to be agitated. Captain Bonnycastle describes the scene as that of a blazing sheet of awful and most brilliant light. A long and vivid line of light, superior in brightness to the parts of the sea not immediately near the vessel, showed the base of the high, frowning, and dark land abreast; the sky became lowering and more intensely obscure: long tortuous lines of light showed immense numbers of very large fish, darting about as if in consternation. The spritsail yard and main boom were lighted by the reflection, as if gas lights had been burning directly below them: and until just before daybreak, at four o'clock the most minute objects were distinctly visible. Day broke very slowly and the sun rose of a fiery and threatening aspect: rain followed. Captain Bonnycastle caused a bucket of this fiery water to be drawn

* By Mrs. Somerville.

up ; it was one mass of light when stirred by the hand, and not in sparks as usual, but in actual corruscations. A portion of the water preserved its lumonisity for seven nights. On the third night the scintillations of the sea re-appeared : this evening the sun went down very singularly, exhibiting in its descent a double sun ; and when only a few degrees high, its spherical figure changed into that of a long cylinder which reached the horizon. In the night the sea became nearly as luminous as before, but on the fifth night the appearance entirely ceased.

“ Captain Bonnycastle does not think it proceeded from animalcules, but imagines it might be some compound of phosphorus suddenly evolved and disposed over the surface of the sea ; perhaps from the exuvie or secretions of fish, connected with the oceanic salts, muriate of soda, and sulphate of magnesia.

“ The aurora borealis is decidedly an electrical phenomenon, which takes place in the highest regions of the atmosphere, since it is visible at the same time from places very far distant from each other. It is somehow connected with the magnetic poles of the earth, but it has never been seen so far north as the pole of the earth's rotation, nor does it extend to low latitudes. It generally appears in the form of a luminous arch, stretching more or less from east to west, but never from north to south ; across the arch the corruscations are rapid, vivid, and of various colours. A similar phenomenon now occurs in the high latitudes of the southern hemisphere. Dr. Faraday conjectures that the electric equilibrium of the earth is restored by the aurora conveying the electricity from the poles to the equator.”

In a previous page Mrs. Somerville also says, “ Atmospheric electricity arises partly from an evolution of the electric fluid during the evaporation that is so abundant at the surface of the earth, though not under all circumstances. M. Pouillet has recently come to the conclusion, that simple evaporation never produces electricity, unless accompanied by chemical action, but that electricity is always disengaged, when the water holds a salt, or some other substance in solution. He found when water contains lime, chalk, or any solid alkali, that the vapour arising from it is negatively electric ; and when the body held in solution is either a gas, acid, or some of the salts, that the vapour given out is positively electric. The ocean must therefore afford a great supply of positive electricity to the atmosphere, but as M. Becquerel has shewn that electricity, of one kind or other, is developed whenever the molecules of bodies are deranged from their natural positions of equilibrium by any cause whatever ; the chemical changes on the surface of the globe must occasion many variations in the electrical state of the atmosphere.”

INFLUENCE OF THE MOON ON ANIMAL AND VEGETABLE LIFE.

In considering the climate of tropical countries, the influence of the moon seems to be entirely overlooked; and surely, if the tides of the vast ocean are raised from their fathomless bed by lunar power, it is not too much to assert that the tides of the atmosphere are liable to a similar influence: this much is certain, that in the low lands of tropical countries, no attentive observer of nature will fail to witness the power exercised by the moon over the seasons, and also over the animal and vegetable nature. As regards the latter, it may be stated that there are certainly thirteen springs and thirteen autumns, in Demerara in the year, for so many times does the sap of trees ascend to the branches and descend to the roots. For example, the *wallaba* (a resinous tree, common in the Demerara woods, somewhat resembling mahogany,) if cut down in the dark a few days before the *new moon*, is one of the most durable woods in the world for house building, posts, &c.; in that state attempt to split it, and with the utmost difficulty, it will be riven in the most jagged, unequal manner that can be imagined. Cut down another wallaba (that grew within a few yards of the former) at *full moon*, and the tree can be easily split into the finest smooth shingles of any desired thickness, or into staves for making casks; but in this state, applied to house building purposes, it speedily decays. Again—bamboos as thick as a man's arm, are sometimes used for paling, &c.; if cut at the dark moon they will endure for ten or eleven years, if at full moon it will be rotten in two or three years: thus it is with most, if not all the forest trees. Of the effects of the moon on animal life, very many instances could be cited. I have seen in Africa, the newly littered young perish in a few hours, at the mother's side, if exposed to the rays of the full moon; fish become rapidly putrid, and meat if left exposed, incurable or un preservable by salt; the mariner, heedlessly sleeping on deck, becoming afflicted with nyctopia, or night-blindness, at times the face hideously swollen, if exposed during sleep to the moon's rays: the maniac's paroxysms renewed with a fearful vigour at the full and change, and the cold damp chill of the ague supervening on the ascendancy of this apparently mild yet powerful luminary. Let her influence over this earth be studied, it is ore powerful than is generally known!

A WATERSPOUT.

Mr. James Squires, in a letter dated Tunis, Nov. 18th, 1855, gives the following account of this phenomenon :—

A most fearful catastrophe has just occurred in the harbour of Tunis. A waterspout passed over at half-past seven o'clock, A.M., and in an instant five vessels foundered. I was a passenger by a boat which left Tunis at 7h. 30m. A.M., bound to a steamer in a harbour, belonging to the Messageries Imperiales. The lake being eight miles across we had advanced about half the distance when my attention was attracted to a remarkable cloud, which in a very short space of time assumed the unmistakable appearance of a waterspout. It continued to grow in size, as well as increase in proportion, until it presented the appearance of a huge oak, a most colossal trunk supporting a majestic head. It moved gradually, causing by its power of suction a corresponding action in the waves over which it passed, they rising in the usual form in such cases.

"In about half an hour it had lost its well-defined outline, and appeared to be gradually dissolving, about which time an immense excitement was visible among the crew and passengers of the boat, all Italians; but I, being unfortunately ignorant of that language, could only surmise that some terrible catastrophe had occurred, in which something of the name of "bastimento" had suffered. By dint of perseverance I at length became alive to the awful nature of the event, rising on the seats of the boat, and looking across the narrow neck of land dividing the lake from the harbour, a scene of the most awful havoc presented itself.

"Five vessels had disappeared, with the exception of their masts. The appearance of these as may well be imagined, was a sight to make a beholder uneasy as to the fate of the various crews and passengers; but as our utmost efforts could have produced (on account of our distance from the scene) no beneficial results, we were reluctantly compelled to allow matters to take their course. On arriving at Goletta we learnt the full extent of the disaster; and considering it possible this letter might reach you by the vessel leaving this day with the mails, I at once penned these few hurried lines, giving a most incomplete account of that which even here is an unprecedented visitation.

"The thunder is now rolling in the most awful manner; its reverberations are appalling. It is a most fortunate circumstance that American frigate, the *Constellation*, which passed eight days in the harbour, and which had on board 300 souls, sailed two days ago; had she been there and in the track of the mighty destroyer, she would inevitably have been lost, with perhaps a considerable number of her officers and crew."

YACHTING IN THE BALTIC.*

YACHTING like colonization seems peculiar to the Anglo-Saxon race. Other nations try both, but in both they are equally unsuccessful. There is not in the world at the present moment a thriving colony which cannot trace its parent stock to the British Isles, and there is not a craft deserving the name of a yacht, whose builder certainly, and most probably whose owner also, cannot do the same. Success in both doubtless has its origin in the same idiosyncrasy of character. Energy, perseverance, and above all an indomitable courage which loves to wrestle with and overcome dangers and difficulties ; and as it were, improvises perils where they do not originally exist, for the pleasure and excitement of defying them, are gifts which nature has lavishly bestowed on the denizens of Britain and their descendants in foreign lands.

A more striking example of this thoroughbred British pluck has rarely been exhibited than by the Rev. Mr. Hughes, in his two recent voyages to the Baltic: a gentleman, a scholar, and a Fellow of Cambridge, he has twice navigated a little craft of some eight tons burden, to take his own description, "about as long as a moderate sized drawing-room and scarcely so wide as a four-post bed" across the stormy and tempestuous North Sea, and through the shoals, quicksands, and rocks of the Baltic, and the Gulf of Finland. He was his own sailing-master, his own doctor, his own steward, his own cook,—he had to contend with much, and continued bad weather, with discontent in his crew, and still worse, had in the narrow limits of his little ship to face, in too close proximity, the horrid fiends—cholera and yellow fever. When deprived of one of his two hands by the former disease he was overtaken by a gale, in the middle of the German Ocean, which sent many a gallant argosy to the bottom, and kept him nineteen hours consecutively at the helm. Yet instead of being disgusted with all this, he now proposes to return to the scene of action, or rather of inaction, for such alas! the Baltic has hitherto been, in hopes of seeing those gallant and noble ships which Nelson would have been so proud to command and employ, put at length to some less ignoble use than they have hitherto been. Where we say, but in Britain would you find any man, not to say a clergyman, nurtured in all the luxuries of such a university as Cambridge, and such a college as Magdalen, who would a third time repeat such a voyage ?

Accustomed as we are to large ships, we undoubtedly attach exag-

Two Summer Cruises with the Baltic Fleet in 1854-5.—By the Rev. R. Hughes, M.A., Fellow of Magdalen College, Cambridge.—*Smith, Elder, & Co., London.*
 10. 1.—VOL. V.

gerated ideas of danger to sailing in small ones. The *Santa Maria*, *Pinta*, and *Nigua*, which safely carried Columbus over the wide Atlantic, and rendered his name for ever famous as the Discoverer of a New World, were but boats; and unless the mode of measurement be much changed since those early days of shipbuilding, not of much higher tonnage than the *Pet* herself. In many respects doubtless the *Pet* is a more seaworthy craft than they, and of this we are very sure that good seaman as Columbus was, he would have found it impossible to thrash such craft as he commanded from the Naze of Norway to Lowestoft harbour in the teeth of a sou'-wester. In the 15th century men had no choice, and if they must needs go down to the sea in ships, they had to take such as they could get. With Mr. Hughes it was altogether different, he had merchant steamers galore, and as he seems to have connexions in high command in the navy might doubtless have had a passage in a man-of-war had he so chosen. For our own part, and we may without boasting say, "*haud inexperti crede*," we agree with Mr. Hughes, and would never sail in a large vessel if we could possibly stow ourselves on board a small one. To a man who is not sea sick (and no other should go to sea,) the quick sharp motion of a small craft, if she is constructed as a yacht ought to be, is ecstasy, and when compared with a large vessel is as if you were taken out of the *retonde* of a huge lumbering French Diligence, and set careering on the back of one of Abdelcader's choicest Arabs. We however, own a predilection for cruising in a yacht somewhat larger than the *Pet*, not because the pleasure would be greater, or the excitement so great, but simply because you have better accommodation and greater safety. But you shall hear what Mr. Hughes says on this subject in answer to the remonstrances and warnings of friends who tried to dissuade him from undertaking a voyage, which to them seemed next thing to a simple case of *felo-de-se*.

"However, I had the consolation of knowing that these prophetic birds of ill omen were all profoundly ignorant of the subject, for not one sailor in a hundred knows anything of small vessels, and landsmen of course speak merely from hearsay.

"The only man whose opinion is worth a rush, is here and there a smuggler or a fisherman who well knows what a small craft smartly handled will do; but these worthies besides being constitutionally reserved entertain a great contempt for gentlemen navigators. And moreover it is impossible to get an honest opinion out of them; they always have some left hand vision of possible moneys or probable beer to be extracted out of you by some means, and consequently all their *ipse dixit*s must be received with an enormous *grano salis*."

Undeterred by these croakers, Mr. Hughes boldly set sail from Lowestoft, on the 14th of August, 1854. His companion was a younger brother, who appears from the subsequent narrative to be a better soldier than a sailor. The first land he made was the coast of Holland, about Camperdown and the Texel. This he run down until he made the Island of Heligoland, now rising into unwonted fame as the depôt of the German Legion. At daybreak on the 18th the Pet took a pilot on board who ran her aground in the mouth of the river Eider; but a few hours flood took her out of this scrape and she speedily cast anchor at Tonning, the port from which Hengist and Horsa embarked their Teutonic warriors to conquer England, and which now sends instead of Saxons, shiploads of beeves. The God of the idolatry of the men of Tonning seems to be Sir Samuel Morton Peto, who is making a railway in their vicinity, and doubtless dispensed plenty of English gold in return for food and lodgings for his navvies. In passing through the canal which unites the Eider to the Baltic, Mr. Hughes had to ride the horse which towed the Pet, to save her from being everlastingly run aground by the awkwardness of the driver. We well know from dire experience, the *disagremens* of taking a yacht through a canal, particularly if it be one in which there is much traffic. The barges are of all classes of the community the most uncouth, and generally in a state of drunken discord among themselves; but, if a chance, however remote, of bringing a yacht to grief appears approaching, their animosities for the time are quickly set at rest, and woe betide you if by the smallest deviations from the rules of the canal you offer them a chance of giving you a lick. Their own clumsy and ironbound craft are incapable of injury, so that a collision which is death to you, is good fun to them. Then the unspeakable horrors of the locks where the rough stones tear your ship's sides to pieces—the miseries of running aground and having to heave off by main force with the windlass, to the great detriment of your copper, and the danger of the bridges, the keepers being of course always, out of the way when wanted, are enough to disgust any one with canal work, and send them five hundred miles about rather than encounter twenty miles of such sailing. We must however exclude from this general sentence of condemnation the Caledonian Canal: there the breadth is so great, the water so deep, the locks so large, the traffic so scant, and the officials so civil, that passing through it is rather a pleasant variety than otherwise, particularly after being hove-to for a couple of days in the German Ocean, with a sea which not only affected inconveniently the stomachs of the guests in the cabin; but produced even lack of appetite in the forecabin. Then even were the canal itself less convenient, one

would be content to face it for the splendid cruising these noble lakes it unites afford. To beat up Loch Ness with a fresh breeze on a summer evening is glorious sailing,—no rocks, no shoals, deep water from bank to bræ; your very bowsprit may be touching the heather on the hill side, before 'tis time to sing out, "Helm's a lee." What wondrous variety of aspect, Mealfourvie, and his cognate mountains assume as you approach like the French at Sebastopol zig-zag fashion, parallel succeeding traverse, and traverse parallel, while you make a long leg and a short one across that noble inland sea. But now the shades of evening fall from the steep hills around, and we are involved in all but impenetrable darkness: it is high time to seek an anchorage. That however is not easily found, there are but three in the twenty miles between Dochfour and Fort Augustus. A glimpse at the chart, shows one marked in Glen Urquhart bay opposite Temple House, a relic of the Old Knight's Templars who once owned the Grim Keep on the opposite shore. It is but round the next point,—one tack more and we open the Red Old Castle,—“Cock bill that anchor, Tom,—and have all ready to let go—but try a cast of the lead as you go in.” “Aye—aye—Sir.” “No bottom at forty fathom.” Try again,—ten fathoms—quarter-less-seven—half-twain—and we gave her the helm just in time to keep off the beach.

But these pleasant reminiscences of a recent cruise through the Caledonian Canal are making us forget Mr. Hughes and his saucy little Pet, who all this time has been bravely navigating the dangerous waters of the Baltic, from Keil to Led Sund. The illness of his best hand compelled a detour to Copenhagen, where he had to leave the sick man in the hospital, shipping a young Dane in his stead. Notwithstanding this detention, and that caused by a very exciting and profitable swan hunt, he arrived at Bomarsund just on the eve of the attack on the Forts. Of the whole proceedings there he seems to have formed the most contemptible opinion.

“The garrison weak in number, and bad in quality, was entirely over-matched. The army without the ships could have eaten them up, and the ships unaided by the army must have crumbled the fort about their ears because the battery could not, and did not damage the ships. While the ships, those at least, who were permitted to go near enough, could and did damage the fort.”

: Mr. Hughes is a Fellow of Cambridge, and therefore we doubt no competent logician as well as mathematician, still we think his reason here is somewhat defective—because the forts did not damage the ships it by no means follows that they could not; a subsequent paragraph of the same chapter which we now quote, supplies us with a shrewd hint:

why they did not. Whether they could, or not, remains an open question, which the wholesome dread of stone walls our ships now displayed seems likely to leave long undecided.

"In squalid dirt, and stench, and drunkenness choked with smoke and dust, in the face of any enemy every way superior with a Frenchman, (General Bodisco so it was said) whose faith they suspected they (the Russians) fought the unequal contest."

After the fighting, such as it was, was ended, Mr. Hughes wisely bethought himself of home, the season was advancing, and a voyage across the North Sea in an 8 ton cutter during the equinoctials would be no child's play. An attempt was made to take a look at Stockholm, but a gale of wind and a nine days' quarantine choked him off for this bout. In trying to make the harbour of Carlskrona an accident which might have been serious occurred, the Pet's weather bowsprit shroud gave way, and the spar nearly followed it, but was saved by good seamanship. Should Mr. Hughes ever, as we sincerely trust he may reach a seat on the Bench of Bishops, he will doubtless have great delight in recalling a very different seat on the Pet's bowsprit end. We wonder what the Dons of Magdalen's would have said had they seen one of their most distinguished Fellows astride on a five-inch spar enjoying a sits, plunge, and douche bath all at once.

"In reaching to get a berth near the light, the hook of the weather bowsprit broke with a report like that of a pistol, and nearly lost us the spar. After replacing the hook it was necessary to go out and hook it on. The sea was very heavy, and at every pitch, the bowsprit plunged under water and jumped up with a spring like a fishing rod. I went below to make preparations for a ducking, and on my return I found that Ned had gone out between two seas and hooked it on successfully. An hour after I had the same duty to perform to the top-mast stay, but I was scarcely so lucky, for as I had to remain at the end of the spar till I had clapped on a seizing, I did not escape without a ducking in real *merses profundo* style; as to the *pulchrior evenit* of the poet, it was as dark as pitch, and so long as we both got safe back, we were well content to neglect appearances for the present."

The evening of Thursday the 31st of August saw the Pet again at Copenhagen after a tough and stormy beat from Carlskrona under try-sail. At Copenhagen Mr. Hughes discharged his Danish hand and shipped an English sailor, from a ship lying at Elsinour. He had not, however, much use out of him. After clearing the Sound the Pet got into a tumble of a sea, when, as the manner of these little craft is, she began to take water down the fore scuttle. Her pitching qualities being not a little enhanced by a huge sea chest with which the new hand was encumbered the fore-castle. Instead of putting on the hatch and

caulking the seams with oakum like a seaman, this poor devil did nothing but sit under the drip crying out, "oh! dear, oh! dear." But the cholera was on him, his ship had lost three hands before he left, and he had inhaled the poison. At Frederickstown on the eastern coast of Jutland, where Mr. Hughes remained for two or three days windbound, the sick man grew worse and was sent ashore to the hospital. It says much for the good nature of the Danes that they would allow a man to land afflicted with such a disease. It was a dreary enough prospect to have to face the German Ocean with only one hand to aid him, but to have been sent off to sea as would have happened in many places with the dying man on board, to battle with the two fell fiends disease and tempest, cooped up in such a little box of a thing, would have been frightful work for a man of the nerve even of Mr. Hughes.

At Frederickstown Mr. H. took the wise precaution of taking the topmast and all top hamper off the *Pet*, stripping her to the buff for a set-to with the North Sea. And well it was he did so. On Saturday the 9th of September he left Frederickstown. On Sunday night he rounded the Scaw, when the wind chopped about to the south and west, and continued with the exception of one poor solitary hour dead on end the whole way to England. We must, however, let Mr. Hughes tell the story of his homeward bound adventures in his own words, for he does it graphically and well, and shews himself as familiar in handling the pen as he is in handling his little cutter; and as good at spinning a yarn as he is at clapping on a seising.

"I continued to feel my way across with the lead, always keeping the little cutter on that tack in which she looked best up for her port: she behaved admirably, weathering and fore-reaching everything we fell in with in a surprising manner; fine clipper barques and schooners that certainly would have forereached us in fine weather, now fell to leeward and dropped astern, and that too so rapidly that I could scarcely believe my eyes.

"The cutter was relieved of all her heavy spars, and with a few yards of canvas, every thread of which tugged away to the best advantage, she buzzed through the water like a turner's chisel, and topped the huge carnivorous looking seas as lightly as a roebuck.

"But it was very hard and anxious work on one occasion. I stood nineteen hours at the helm, and then only abandoned it when it came on to blow such a gale that we were compelled to heave-to.

"This was a tremendous night: by an unlucky accident, a sea came on board just as the companion doors were opened, and wetted everything below. It blew so hard that our double reefed try-sail, a mere handkerchief was almost unmanageable, and it took two hands to get in the weather-shee. of our infinitesimal storm jib. It was so dark that we could not have seen a ship till she was aboard of us, and the driving spiteful spray made it

almost impossible to keep the deck. We took every precaution that our seamanship could suggest, double reefed the foresail to run up in case the jib should blow away, got up an old sail to batten the cockpit, and rove preventer sheets to the trysail."

After these wise precautions they all went below to take refuge from the bitter gale, and consoled themselves with a strong brew of tea, toast and Welsh rabbit, leaving the cutter to her own devices for a time. The little hooker did not belie the trust placed in her. On the ninth day they made a landfall and with great credit to Mr. Hughes' navigation it was Lowestoft, the very port they sought. It is worth mentioning that there was neither quadrant nor sextant on board, and that Mr. H. found his way across thus accurately by dead reckoning and the lead alone.

Thus have we followed Mr. Hughes through his first summer's cruise, our space forbids us doing the same with his second, which is equally, if not more interesting. Suffice it to say that he started three weeks earlier in the season, tried no more canal work but boldly went round the Scaw, retraced his steps to Faro Sound, and renewed his acquaintance with some fascinating young ladies there, delighting in the euphaneous appellation of Grubb. Then crossed to the Gulf of Finland and was present at the attack on Sweaborg.* As at Bomarsund he was any-

* As many remarks and garbled statements have been circulated in the Journals of the day respecting Mr. Hughes' conduct on the occasion, we will allow him to be his own narrator of the event; and knowing this gentleman to be candid and impartial, even when he is himself immediately concerned, the following extract will silence his detractors, and place before his yachting friends the facts as they occurred.

"On Sunday evening my friend Mr. Lodge, of the Indian army, a great enthusiast in military matters, was most anxious to see what damage we had really done, and what progress the enemy had really made in raising and arming new works of defence. Accordingly, an hour before dark, I got the Pet underway, and we went in; there was a nice evening breeze blowing towards the shore, and we carried our largest sails.

"Leaving Ronskar and its group of rocky isles on the left, we stood straight in for Vargo, passed a little low black rock in two fathoms, and reached a distance of about a thousand yards, or rather less from the citadel. As we were in the act of hauling our wind, a light puff of smoke leaped from the heights of Bakholm, quickly followed by the report and the roar of the shot as it came nearer and nearer, and plunged sullenly into the air.

"Another and another followed, the citadel took up the fun, the ship - ekiel, not to be outdone in courage, joined in the riot, and the great St. Nicolas battery, on Stora Rentan, chimed in. Hot shot, cold shot, solid shot, hollow shot and shell, the whole evil generation of iron projectiles were hurled by three batteries of a first class Russian fortress and a line-of-battle ship, at an unarmed and defenceless yacht. At Hango, they showed us how Russian soldiers could fight, and here they showed us how Russian gunners and seamen could shoot—and preciously they did shoot, their round shot not roaring dismally overhead and fell far beyond us in the sea; the shell

thing but contented with the work performed, and seemed to think with his Satanic Majesty when he tried to get the fleece off a pig, that there was considerably more noise than wool resulting from the operation.

came curvetting towards us, their lighted fuzes sparkling in the dusk, and fell harmlessly fizzing, far away under our lee; one only burst near us, and two at the very muzzles of their own guns.

"We could not help laughing with delight to see their abortive and ungenerous missiles plunge stupidly, one after the other, into the hissing waves. We held our course without alteration for perhaps ten minutes: Mr. Lodge kindly kept the lead going, and I took care of the helm; our high top-sail shining white as fairies' petticoats in the sunset, was a capital mark, but they never succeeded in hitting us, or even throwing a shot decently near. As we approached Laghara, the last shot from Bakhholm, thrown by a gun of enormous range, flew far over us, and this noisy display of puerile and unmanly rage came to an end.

"On Sunday evening an English yacht, the 'Pandora' with a party of amateurs, amongst whom was a lady on board, happened to get within range of the enemy's guns, which fired eighteen shots at her, but fortunately they all missed.

"On the evening of the 12th, the 'Wee Pet' yacht with some officers of the 'Cossack' on board, and Prince Leiningen among them, much to the annoyance of the Admiral, stood in towards the forts about nine, and had a regular brisk fire opened upon her with red hot shot and shell, and bursting and hitting near her without any results."

"The former of these paragraphs is by the ingenious little gentleman in the Daily News, who has already afforded us some diversion. I must do him the justice to say that there is not one word of sober truth in his whole letter from beginning to end.

"The latter paragraph is by another 'various correspondent' of the same paper, who mistakes the 'Æolus' for a collier, and the 'Tourville' for a transport.

"If the officers, the amateurs, the prince, and the young lady, were as ambitious of appearing without good reason in the newspapers as some people seem to be, they would doubtless feel greatly obliged to these gentlemen for their condescending notice.

"The Pandora yacht, however, was not in any way concerned in this trifling affair. No officer of the 'Cossack' or of any other ship was present; Prince Ernest was not on board, and most decidedly we were not blessed with the presence of a young lady.

"It will be seen that these gentlemen have made one or two mistakes; the worst mistake, however, consists in writing long letters to the public papers, without taking the precaution to know anything of the facts they have attempted to record.

"Scarcely had the last echoes of the Russian guns rolled away among the rocks of Miolo, when we observed three dark objects coming out from among the little low islands to the westward, and rapidly approaching. We at once knew these to be boats from the fleet, which had most kindly come down on hearing the firing, to see whether they could do us any good; they bore down towards them, and soon two boats from the 'Euryalus' and one from the 'Magicienne' were alongside.

"One officer came, he told us, from friendship to F—, who has friend everywhere; another for the fun of the thing; and the third, as he candidly confessed, in the faint hope of getting into fire under some pretext or device. This was one proof among many that we received of the kindness and friend-

Mr. Hughes visited Stockholm on his way home, with all he saw there, particularly the charming Mamselles, and the Dalecarlian boat girls' red stockings he seems to have been intensely pleased, so much so, that he left his gallant little Pet there as a good excuse for going back, and to be ready at hand, to enable her master to take part in the great doings of next summer. If anything is done, which we very much doubt, may Mr. Hughes be there to chronicle it, and Messrs Smith and Elder give the result to the world in a similar elegant guise to that in which the present volume appears.

In conclusion, we do not hesitate to express our conviction that the Log of the Pet is the best Yachting narrative the literary world has yet seen; we do not know that we ever spent a half-a-guinea to better purpose, than on its purchase, and we strongly recommend a similar investment to our readers:

CLIFFORD'S PLAN FOR LOWERING SHIPS' BOATS.

On Monday December 23rd a preliminary trial of this plan was made from the Anora, in the West India Docks, before Captain Laen, R.N., the emigration officer for the city of London, and other nautical authorities, and fully answered the expectations formed of it. So simple is the apparatus, that when the blocks and roller are supplied, any ordinary ship's carpenter can adapt everything in a day. In this instance the boat was slung at the ordinary davits, firmly lashed to the ship's side with six or eight men in her, and on the word being given "to lower away," the hand line, a piece of $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch (circumference) rope, that held all, was slacked off, and the lashings gently slid down the prongs by which they are held, and the boat was free, and lowered as easily as a bucket into a well. Unless seen, no idea can be formed of the ease with which the lowering is effected. The vessel cleared out of the docks the next day for Southampton, where further and more severe tests are to be applied, but the trial on the 23rd showed that Mr. Clifford is on the right track, and that a remedy has at last been found, for what was really a national evil.

feeling of the officers of the fleet. We had a merry run back to the roadstead with the boats in tow, the men regaling themselves with grog to the health of the 'Pet' and the destruction of the 'Kooshins'; and when we sailed through the fleet, every ship had a kind greeting or a word of good will for us as we passed.

"The result of our reconnaissance was, that we were convinced that not the outside island, Gustafsvaerd and Vargo, were gutted by the fire, East Svarto also, which stands further back, was mourning in dust and ashes; and several hundred acres of streets, barracks, and stores were burnt shattered into blacked and ragged fragments.

Our view was much intercepted by the smoke of the guns, but we had difficulty in making out a goodly scene of destruction.

On the other hand we could not fail to observe that the enemy mounted as many guns at that moment than he did before the bombardment."

THE BLACK MARIA.*

THIS is the celebrated yacht of which our American friends have so long boasted, but however magnificent a vessel she may appear, or whatever fame she may have acquired, she is still, with all their vaunting, with all their pride, one of those skimming dishes with a centre-board, and therefore a true yachtsman's abomination. She is not likely ever to exhibit in British waters, and if she did come, it's very certain that whatever benefit builders derived from Mr. Steven's celebrated America in construction of the present race of yachts, no man would attempt to follow the centre-board system of the Black Maria. Mr. Murray says

THE Black Maria is a vessel so unique in every respect, that the most detailed description of her cannot but be most interesting to all yachting men; and so far from apologising for the length of my observations, I would rather crave indulgence for the scanty information which this chapter will afford; but as it must prove pre-eminently dull to those who are ignorant of such matters, I would entreat them to pass it over, lest, getting through the first page, their ideas become bewildered, and, voting me a bore, they throw down the book, subjoining a malediction upon my poor innocent head.

The following notes were furnished me by Commodore Stevens and his brother, who were the designers and builders of this extraordinary yacht, and I therefore can vouch for their accuracy.

In case the term centre-board should be unknown to my readers, it may be as well to explain that it means a board passing longitudinally through the keel, above which a strong water-tight case is fixed for its reception; it is raised and lowered by hand or machinery, according to its weight. The advantages proposed by the centre-board are—the stability it gives to a vessel on a wind when let down; the resistance it removes, if, when running before the wind, it be raised; the small draught of water which the vessel requires, thereby enabling her to keep close inshore out of the influence of strong tides, &c.; and, lastly, the facility for getting afloat again, by merely raising the centre-board should she take the ground. To proceed with the notes:—

Displacement, 145 tons.

Draught of water on straight keel, 5 feet 2 inches.

Length of straight keel 60 feet, then running away in a curving line upwards till at the bow it draws 10 inches.

Length of centre-board 24 feet.

Total depth of ditto 15 feet; weight 7 tons.

Foremost end of ditto about 8 feet abaft the foremost end of straight keel.

When let down it descends 10 feet at the after end, and 8 feet at t

* The Land of the Slave and the Free.—By the Hon. H. A. Murray. Parker and Son, London.

foremost. It is made of oak, with sufficient lead let in to make it sink. By an ingenious mechanical contrivance one man is enabled to raise and lower it with perfect facility.

There is another centre-board abaft, about 10 feet from the stern, which is 8 feet long, with a total depth of 9 feet, and, when down, extending 5 feet below the keel.

Length over all 113 feet.

The extreme beam is $26\frac{1}{2}$ feet at 40 feet from the rudder-post, running aft to about 19 feet at taffrail; forward, it decreases about 20 inches when abreast of mast, thence runs away sharp to about 4 feet at the bow.

The main-mast is placed about 5 feet abaft the end of straight keel; it is 92 feet long, housing 8 feet: the diameter in the partners is 32 inches, tapering off to 23 inches at the hounds. The mast is made of white pine, the centre of it is bored out, for the lowest twenty feet about 12 inches diameter—the next twenty feet 10 inches diameter—the next twenty feet 8 inches, and the remainder 7 inches. This was done to make the mast lighter, and, by the circulation of air, enable it to season itself.

The main boom is 95 feet long, and made like a cask. The staves are 31 in number, of white pine, $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches thick; the staves are of different lengths, so as to vary the points at which they respectively abut. The extreme length of boom is obtained by two lengths of the staves; small cogs of wood are let in at intervals, half in one stave and half in its neighbour, so as to keep them from drawing, the whole bound together with strong hoops fitted with screws. The extreme diameter of the boom is 26 inches where the sheets are fixed, tapering off at the jaws, and 13 inches at the boom end. To give additional support to the boom, an iron outrigger, extending about three feet on each side thereof, is fixed where the boom sheets are placed, and a strong iron brace extends from the jaws through the outrigger to the boom end. The gaff is of spruce, 61 feet long, and 9 inches diameter.

The bowsprit is of white pine, 38 feet long, 18 of which is outboard, the remainder comes under the deck, is let into each beam and abuts against the bitts; it is 24 inches diameter, and bored out like the mast, from 10 inches diameter at the heel to 7 at the end. The jib-boom is made of two pieces of yellow pine, grooved out and hooped together; it is about 70 feet long and about 8 inches in diameter; the foot of the jib is laced to this spar on hooks (when required).

The main-sail is made with the seams horizontal, to avoid the resistance perpendicular seams in so large a sail would offer to the wind. It has been calculated that the resistance of perpendicular seams, in a sail of this size, is equal to that of a plank 10 inches broad and 60 feet long, placed on end oblique to the wind; the luff of the sail is 66 feet: the foot 93; the head; the head and foot of the sail are laced to battens under gaff and on boom; the luff is brought to the mast by a contrivance as original as it is perfect; the battens are fixed on after part of the mast, about an inch and a half apart, the inner parts shod with iron, and rather broader than the exterior lining. To each eyelet-hole of the sail a strong brass plate is fixed, having

four rollers traversing fore and aft, and two transversely; these plates, as the sail goes up, are slipped into the grooves of the battens, the rollers preventing friction, and the battens keeping the luff fixed to the after centre line of the mast—without this ingenious arrangement the huge mast would, if on a wind, becalm at least three feet of the sail—three lazy-jacks are fitted to support the huge mass of canvas when lowering the sail.

The jib is 69 feet in the hoist, and 70 in the foot.

The bob-stays are of solid iron, running eight feet on each side of the keel, and going through a strong iron cap over the bowsprit end, where a strong iron washer being put on, they are securely fixed with a nut.

I regret omitting to obtain the length of the after-leech of the main-sail, and of the head of the jib, but I think I should be justified in concluding that the former is about 110 feet, and the latter about 120 feet.

Assuming these calculations to be correct—and they cannot be far wrong, the main-sail would contain about 5790 square feet, and the jib about 2100 square feet. When it is remembered that the largest sail in the British Navy only contains 5480 square feet, some conception may be formed of their gigantic proportions.

The gallant commodore was kind enough to trip his anchor and give me a short cruise. Unfortunately there was scarcely a breath of wind; but even under the influence of such scanty propelling power, the way she shot through the water, like a dolphin in full cry, was perfectly marvellous; and the ease with which she came round, and the incredible distance she shot ahead in stays, was, if possible, more astonishing still; she steered as easy as a jolly-boat; or if, when running, a puff made her refractory, by dropping the after centre-board she became as docile as a lamb. My only regret was that I could not see her under the high pressure of a good snorter. Of course any salt-water fish will have long since discovered that this wonderful yacht is a leviathan plaything, and totally unfit to withstand the most moderate gale, especially if any sea were running. What she might do if she were sparred, as other vessels of her tonnage usually are, I cannot pretend to say; but my yachting friends need never expect to see her, with her present rig, re-enacting the 'America', hurling friendly defiance at the R.Y.S., and carrying off the crown of victory in their own waters.

But if any of my Cowes friends are anxious to test the powers of the 'Maria', the Commodore will be happy to accommodate them, and—as he expressed it to me, will further rejoice at having an opportunity of returning some of the many hospitalities which made his short stay in England so agreeable to him. The only complaint I heard him make of the rules of the yachting at Cowes, was the want of some restriction as to vessels entering shallow water, by which omission a yacht with a light draught of water enabled sometimes to draw ahead of her competitors by simply hugging the land out of the full swing of the tide, while others are forced, from the deeper draught of water, to struggle against its full force. As, in my humble opinion, the observation is a perfectly just one, I insert it here for the consideration of those whom it may concern.

The accommodation on board is not nearly so great as in an English yacht, partly owing to the little height between decks, consequent upon her very small draught of water, and partly owing to the great space taken up by the case for the centre-board; besides which it should be remembered that a yacht is not used as a home in America in the same way as in England. The great, and, I might almost say, the only quality, transatlantic yachtsmen care about is speed; and I think my yachting friends at Cowes must admit that they have proved that they know how to attain their end, and that Mr. Steers, the builder of the *America*, is second to none in his craft; unless the *Black Maria* some future day assume a practicable rig, and, crossing the Atlantic, earn the victor's laurels, in which case Mr. Steers will have to yield the palm to the worthy fraternity, who are at one and the same time the owners, builders, and sailers of the *Black Maria*.

The Hon. Mr. Murray has designated her the "*Black Maria*," and his authority for so doing seems to be Mr. Stevens, yet in the New York Yacht Lists which we have received from the Club, she is simply styled the *Maria*, and as such she is known to the Britishers; but what's in a name, did she carry that of his Satanic Majesty, and manned by his imps, we should find British yachts that would try to take the shine out of her.

Mr. Murray's work is replete with amusing incidents and scenes, and his manner of describing them must give much pleasure to his readers, of whom no doubt he will have many.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A SUMMER'S CRUISE.

BY ROBINSON CRUSOE.

On a bright and lovely morning in the month of May, we determined to proceed on a distant voyage to some remote region where we might reap a reward for our trouble, in treasuring up a rich store of information to be made available to our club during the winter meetings. This we considered far more useful than ingloriously lounging about the watering places of our native coast, either doing the amiable among the "lies, or "prospecting" through the elongated amber; the one unsettling the mind, the other unseating our intellects. So having our od barque all a-taunt-o with the blue Peter flying aloft, we summoned a sailing-master, an old weather-beaten seaman, one of the Nelsons, but an excellent navigator, and a first-rate sailor; we laid our intentions before him, and sought his advice, touching the time it would

take, and whether our craft was in his estimation competent to carry us in safety through the perils we might encounter in shapes of hurricanes, waterspouts, typhoons, or even that most affectionate of all animals, the pirate.

Our Mentor, after whetting his ivories with a "stiff 'ner" said "Why look'ee your honor, as to the craft's capabilities to carry us through any danger from the ocean, I'd match her against any in the R.Y.S., or even in the whole fleet of Royals; but in the matter of pirates, our armament is much too small, our pop-guns, as I call our little brass 6-pounders, are all very well for a salute, but d'ye see them d—d murdering thieves carry heavy mettle, which would at close quarters, be anything but pleasant. If your honor is bent on a long cruise, why I think we ought to have a good stock of arms and powder, besides a kill-devil or two."

To this we consented, and he had an unlimited order to provide what he thought necessary. He was prompt in his movements and soon announced the schooner ready for sea.

"Up anchor," was the order given, and the beautiful white canvas was soon fluttering in the breeze. This was our first long voyage, and as the shores of Albion receded from our view the words of Byron recurred to the mind,

"Adieu, adieu, my Native land."

Whoever has left on a voyage to a distant land, for the first time, must feel a dullness pass over him, creating strange sensations, which will cling to him, however bold a front he shows: it is not fear, it is not cowardice, it is a depression of spirits, that excitement and change of scene alone can disperse.

We were bound for the West Indies, nay do not start gentle readers, we had a good 150 tonner under us, and as our old Triton boasted, "as staunch a vessel as ever floated." We had a fine and prosperous voyage, attended with few incidents to relieve the mind from the monotony of a voyage, but however trifling the object that can arouse the feelings, and chase away that sensation which is termed *ennui*, and which is too often the offspring of indifference to the acquirement of knowledge, is seized with avidity.

During one calm morning we commenced fishing, and were rewarded rather unexpectedly, and I may say ungraciously, by hauling in a young shark, which some of the men (who were old sailors) soon dispatched and cut up into slices, and fried, and seemed to enjoy it much; but the younger hands (like ourselves on their first distant voyage) could not bring their appetites to such a meal. We overheard one say to h

messmate "Them ould man-o-war's men would eat their mothers if they war pulled out of the sea." Our "ancient mariner," told us when he came down for a "stiff'ner," that he thought we should see a shark because he had noticed what he termed a pilot fish hovering about; and to our further enquiries respecting this fish, we find that of all the finny tribes inhabiting the ocean this little creature is the only one that hovers about the shark, and seems a sort of jackall for the monster, for wherever it goes the shark follows.

It was a common supposition among sailors that the young shark enters at pleasure the mouth of their dam, but this is disbelieved and denied by most persons who have had an opportunity of observing these devastating monsters. "I have," says a writer on this subject, "seen upwards of sixty young ones alive, about fourteen inches in length, taken from a very huge shark, and all prettily formed, but whether from the stomach or from the uterus I did not notice at the time. The shark is a viviparous animal, it is therefore probable that the young ones were still under gestation, and had never seen salt-water. The frequency of such a sight has, perhaps, strengthened the opinion entertained of the young entering into the mother's mouth."

In cruising along a weed is observed which appears to be floated on the surface of the ocean by its globular appendages. Many are the conjectures respecting this weed, some supposing it detached from rocks, others maintain that it is unconnected with the earth, but like the duck-weed on ponds has no roots, vegetating solely from the surface. An intelligent writer with whom we fully agree gives the following account of it:—

The *fucus natans* is certainly, a very extraordinary vegetable production of the ocean, and has engaged the attention of naturalists and voyagers for many years, but without its place of growth being clearly and satisfactorily determined. Conjecture supposes it in one instance to vegetate upon the bosom of the waters; in another, that it grows upon the rocks at the bottom, and is separated therefrom by the action of the water; and from the buoyancy of its globular appendages, ascends to, and floats upon the surface. Nothing decisive has been elicited from the closest observations hitherto, to throw light upon this curious point; and as we cannot penetrate into the secrets of the deep, the question may remain for ever undecided.

We shall however, mention one circumstance that seems to have supported the observations of voyagers, and which may serve to strengthen the opinion of the advocates for the natans being solely a surface plant. I may premise that analogy offers parallel cases, both in the air and in the water; the circumstance, therefore, of a vegetable flourishing

upon the surface of the ocean, is not only rendered possible, but very probable.

We believe that in the order Fluviales, several of the plants have their roots unconnected with the earth. The *Limna*, or Duck-weed which covers ponds, &c., is a well known instance ; and the *callitriche aquatica*, or water star-grass, at one period of its growth has floating roots, which, at another, are fixed in the mud at the bottom. Many of the air plants are capable of living suspended in the air unconnected with the ground ; succulent plants particularly are capable of this mode of growth ; some of the species of epidendrum will flourish for years suspended in the air, without being supplied with water ; the aloe is brought to England by sailors, who use no other mode to preserve the plant than that of suspending it, root upwards, from the beams of the ship : and there are some parasitical plants which strike their roots into the bark of trees, but will not grow in the earth ; the mistletoe is one of these. The plant which we shall now notice is, perhaps, the most curious of all, and although common enough on the north side of Jamaica appears not to have been noticed by naturalists. It has no connection with the shrub upon which it leans for support, nor with the earth ; it is truly an air-plant, having no root whatever, and deriving all its nourishment from the atmosphere alone. It is stringy, of an orange-yellow colour, and looks like thread or small twine ; it is generally found upon the Coyah shrub, and is known by the name of the Love Bush.

Professor Drummond makes the following allusion to this weed :—

“A number of cryptogamic plants swim at random in the waters, among which, the most interesting, perhaps, in our present state of knowledge, is the sargasso, or gulf-weed of voyagers, (*fucois natans*) which is found in the Gulf of Florida, and some other parts of the ocean, floating in masses or fields, many miles in length. No distinct root is found in this plant, and there is no doubt that it vegetates and lives long in this natant state, though originally, perhaps, attached to some solid substance, and not, as now a weed

—flung from the rock, on ocean's foam to sail

Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's breath prevail.”

In Mr. Luccock's notes on Brazil, he states that the globular visicles are seed vessels containing a small brown seed. Familiar as we have been for many years with this weed, nothing we have seen has ever given us reason for supposing this to be the case : indeed it would no doubt be thought a very great curiosity if a berry-bearing cryptogamic plant, whether of the land or the sea, could be found. These visicles appear to us to be nothing more than air-bladders, designed by na-

ture for the purpose of sustaining the plant upon the surface of the water; they are crisp, hollow, and empty; sometimes a little reddish-brown dust may be detected; but in the many we have opened, it has never been our fortune to find a *single* seed, or any thing that could be so considered. Indeed, if these vesicles be fruit, or seed-vessels, the plant must be an everlasting bearer; for at all seasons, and in all parts where the weed is met with, these appendages are present upon it. Besides, the circumstance of flowers appearing upon ready formed fruit, or seed-vessels, has no where, we believe, among the curiosities of the vegetable world, been yet discovered; although it is true, we have two instances of seed-vessels being borne at the extremity of the fruits:—the *anacardium occidentale* or cashew, and the *execarpus cupressiformis*, of Austral Asia.

We had fine fresh breezes, and sighted Descada, S.b.W., about eight miles, we had made up our minds to return by the Gulf of Florida, and so proceeded on our route to Jamaica, which we reached at the latter end of July.

As ours was not a voyage of yesterday, and we had no idea of book making, it would be uninteresting to our readers to describe the persons to whom we were introduced, suffice it to say that we met a cordial reception, and were shown all the “lions” of the places we visited.

THE YACHT MARGARET.

We have been favoured with the following extract from a letter received by the late owner of this yacht (J. Mann, Esq.) from the present owners, who bought her for mercantile purposes: it is dated 29th November, 1855.

“To your’s of the 12th, respecting the ‘Margaret,’ we have to state that she has given us every satisfaction, having made her passage to Ambriz, in lat. 8 deg. south, a *difficult passage* to make, in forty days; very seldom made in less than sixty days; by the log is frequently marked thirteen knots, and-a-half (equal to fifteen and-a-half miles), and agreeing with the difference of latitude in going south. Our Senior has had to do with fast-sailing ships for more than sixty years, and never ran thirteen knots in his life. We think she sails fully as well as a schooner as a cutter, and better for the seamen to handle. She sailed about a fortnight ago on another voyage to Africa, and has had a fine run.”

We leave our readers to make their own calculations upon the above statement: the rate of sailing appears unusual. It will be remembered that the yacht was designed and built by Mr. George Radfield Tovell, of the High Colchester, Essex, upon a novel form: she is very shallow, but has immense beam, and is remarkably stiff under sail. When she made her
D. 1.—VOL. V. G

appearance in the Thames amongst the English yachts in 1853, she ran before the wind at an astonishing rate: but as she never sailed a public match with any of the large yachts, no opportunity occurred for recording her yachting achievements.

The Margaret was a very unsightly looking craft as a yacht, and certainly had not sufficient canvas for match-sailing, except in a strong wind, she had many excellent qualities about her, and many peculiarities, some of which were not considered by all nautical men desirable. She was sold to some mercantile firm at Liverpool for trade purposes, and it appears has since been converted into a schooner, and we should imagine her bulwarks have been raised, they were too low for sea going purposes. Her crew were rather too freely and saucily greeted with spray, on a voyage made in this vessel to Smyrna in her original rig; of which somewhat creditable events we have already spoken in a precious volume.

Mr. Tovell is now building a fine vessel of 800 tons burthen, upon the same plan as the Margaret: we have made our voyage to his building yard and were thoroughly pleased with her powerful appearance, she is decidedly a beautiful vessel, and has unmistakeable signs of superior sailing qualities, in addition to which she has abundant carrying capacity, which the Margaret had not; she is also well and strongly built. This vessel is intended for Mr. Mann, (the former owner of the Margaret,) and is to be engaged in the East India trade, she will very shortly be ready for launching, and we shall look forward with every confidence to rapid voyages being performed by her. The model, as before stated, is peculiar, and entirely original. Mr. Tovell has patented his design, the peculiarities of which have often been brought before the public. One difficulty occurred to us whilst pacing the deck of this noble vessel, *i. e.*, the comparatively confined space for launching, the river being so exceedingly narrow and insignificant, that considerable caution, and a certain degree of skill will be required to effect that operation successfully.

We should like to see a twenty-five ton racing yacht built upon Mr. Tovell's principle, we imagine he could turn out a clipper, and at the present time there is an excellent opening for a new racing yacht of that tonnage.

A WHALE HUNT*—*From the Cruise of the Yacht Maria.**

We found the whales, in this instance, were being hunted into the harbour of Westmannshaven, a place sixteen miles distance by water; so that to save a long row round the south-eastern promontory of Stromoe, we crossed two miles of boggy mountain to Welbestadt, and there procured boat to take us the rest of the way.

The fjords, usually so quiet and lonely, were now dotted over by boats hastening to the spot, their crews rowing against one another in famo-

* Published by Longman & Co., London.

spirits; for, besides the capture of a herd of whales affording a valuable supply of food for the winter, the Feroese enjoy the excitement of the chase as much as we do a fox-hunt or horse-race. The row from Welbestadt occupied three hours—a time spent by us in a state of great suspense lest all these should have been killed, or escaped before our arrival; and as soon as we opened Westmannshaven bay, we looked eagerly up it to reassure ourselves that we were not too late. There we espied them, to our great delight, just perceptible in the distance, spouting numerous jets of water. It was a most curious sight, and the scenery was well calculated to set it off to advantage. The bay is about three miles long by three-quarters of a mile broad, and surrounded by steep rugged mountains, which looked particularly gloomy in the sombre twilight. Between the whales and the outlet to the sea, fully sixty boats were collected together, with crews of six or eight men each, who were lying lazily on their oars, while about a hundred natives on either side, were employed in dragging a net of ropes, some five hundred yards long, across the entrance. This net is only used in Westmannshaven where there are no sloping shallows upon which to drive the whales; it is of course, not intended to catch them in, for no net could be made sufficiently strong, but it is supposed to retard their escape when they attempt to get out to sea. The boats were the ordinary ones in common use; the only difference observable in them being, that they had now lances stuck upright, like masts, at the stem and stern, and attached to the benches by several fathoms of rope. More boats came dropping in for some time after our arrival, until at eleven o'clock we counted the number up to ninety; so that including the men on shore, not fewer than eight hundred must have been present—all of them dressed in the rusty brown jackets and black knee breeches of the country, with as much uniformity as a regiment of soldiers. The net was drawn further and further up the bay, great care being taken to avoid frightening the whales, who swam quietly before it, or rolled about at their ease, evidently quite unconscious of danger. When matters seemed approaching to a crisis, our party separated. Each of us got into a boat, and stood in the bows with a lance in our hands ready for action, and the fray commenced. Half of the boats remained outside the net to support the buoys, and the remainder, about fifty in number including ours, closed round their prey, and drove them, by shouting and throwing stones, towards the shore, the animals tamely submitting until they got close to it. They then turned, evidently in great alarm, and bore down upon us, looking most formidable, and surrounded by a great wave, which their impetus carried with them. Not knowing how the boats would behave, we tyros awaited the charge with no small misgivings, under an assumed air of great calmness. The natives, on the other hand, became frantic with excitement, yelling like maniacs, splashing the water with their spears, and seeming about to throw themselves into it, in the intense desire to head them back. All their efforts however, were to no purpose. The whole herd broke through our ranks though they were severely speared in passing. Many of the boats were lifted half out of the water in the collisions; while the cries of the boatmen,

mingling with the loud blowing of the whales, made a wild and not inappropriate chorus, which rang through the surrounding hills. When clear of us the animals continued their career at the same rapid pace, and came in contact with the net, which they carried back, as well as all the line of boats supporting it, several yards: and in a few seconds escaped, either under or through it, leaving a few of their number entangled in its folds, lashing the water up twenty and thirty feet high, in their desperate struggle to disengage themselves. After great opposition they succeeded in gaining the sea, when they dived under water, and remained nearly a minute out of sight. We then pulled after them as fast as we could. The scene resembled an enormous regatta, with a herd of whales as the turning buoy; and by dint of stones and shouts, they were headed back, again speared, and again broke through all the barriers opposed to them.

This operation was repeated three times. At last much wounded and harassed, they were forced into a narrower part of the bay. All their enemies pressed round them at once; and the animals, either wild with fear, or completely bewildered as to the direction of the sea, dashed towards the shore, carrying many of the boats with them in the rush. On a flatter beach they would all at once have been stranded; but this was so steep and rocky, that, after two or three minutes' *melee*, during which the boats and whales were all mixed up together in one fighting, struggling wave, only one third of them were killed, and the remainder reached deep water again. The real sport was, however, over, and what followed was merely a sickening, though useful piece of butchery, in which we took no part. Those which were not taken, having lost their leader, never reunited, but rolled groaning in the bay, quite blinded in their own blood, and thus fell victims in detail to their pursuers.

When a whale is sufficiently wounded and exhausted to be manageable, a boat is run alongside, and one of the men strikes a hook into the blubber, attached to a strong rope, by means of which the rest of the crew hold their boat fast to it, while a knife, stuck deep in behind the head, soon terminates its sufferings. Others, on shore, hook and despatch the whales which get aground in the same manner. After the herd was completely broken up and separated, we landed, and from a commanding cliff viewed with advantage the strange spectacle below. The bay was, without exaggeration, red with blood: some boats were towing dead whales ashore; others were spearing the few remaining lively ones; while all round the beach, men, up to their necks in the water, were actively engaged in the great work of slaughter. Occasionally the boatmen would hook one more lively than they supposed it to be, which would tow their boat rapidly about, or break from them, or lie lashing up clouds of water in its agony. Not a single fish escaped. The few that had an opportunity of doing so, returned in search of their leader, and shared the fate of their companions; and in two hours from the commencement the whole 212 were destroyed. When it was over, we accompanied the Sylliman to the factor's house; and the boats congregated in front, their crews laughing and singing, and waiting until the tide left the

stranded carcasses dry, when the division was to be made. From two to three thousand whales are annually captured in the Islands; and shoals are frequently secured with much less trouble than the one we witnessed, particularly in shallower bays. We believe boats are seldom upset in the conflict, as they are not lifted high enough out of the water to be capsized; in fact, the object of the animals being escape, and not attack, they generally endeavour to slip under the boats, and seldom come head on.

ROYAL LONDON YACHT CLUB.

THE annual festival of this club was celebrated on Wednesday the 21st of November, at Willis's spacious rooms, St. James's, which on this occasion shone with great brilliancy. The decorations were interspersed with the flags of our Allies, and formed a pleasing *coup d'œil* to the gay scene. The festive board was superbly and abundantly furnished, truly upholding the epicurean character of the great city, whose arms are emblazoned on the club ensign.

The Commodore, J. Goodson, Esq., was in the chair, supported by a large number of yachtsmen and gentlemen of the navy, army, and commercial interests.

The evening was enlivened by the musical talents of the Misses Henderson and Martindale, and Messrs. G. Genge, Perren, and Smithson.

Numerous toasts were given, and responded to, but the principal toast of the evening appeared to be "The Royal London Yacht Club;" in proposing which the Commodore said:—On the occasion of our anniversary there is a toast to which we give more especial attention than to others, as peculiarly identified with our feelings, and I feel now, as I have ever done heretofore, that it is unnecessary to prelude it with any very lengthened remarks. I have so often pointed out the advantage to yachtsmen of being members of the Royal London Yacht Club, that I feel it would be superfluous to do so now; but it was with pleasure that I advert to its continuing prosperity, and to the fact that it possesses a much larger number of members than on the occasion of our last meeting under this roof; and when I look around and see the enormous assemblage over which I have at this moment the honour to preside, I cannot help thinking that there must be something very good about this club, some intrinsic merit which is kindly appreciated, or I should not at this moment be so handsomely supported; and I think I shall not be saying too much when I prophecy that the future shall exceed the past, though this is an assembly the equal to which was never before congregated on a similar occasion in London out of the vast yachting community. It is an unequivocal earnest of the high estimation in which the club is held, and it is with the utmost pride and delight that I have watched its rapid progression to this height."

The night was far spent when the convivial bacchanals retired from the festive board.

ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON.

A SPECIAL general meeting of the members of the Royal Yacht Squadron, was held at the Thatched House Tavern, London, for the purpose of considering the offer made to the Squadron, of Cowes Castle, by the Marquis of Conyngham. The noble Commodore the Earl of Wilton, presided at the meeting, at which C. R. M. Talbot, Esq., M.P., and about twenty of the leading members were present. It was agreed to accept the offer of the Marquis of Conyngham, in reference to the transfer of the lease which had been made to him by the Lands Revenue, at the same time it was resolved to continue the present Squadron House. What further proceedings may be adopted in the matter we are ignorant of, at the same time, as the Squadron has selected the most picturesque and commanding views of the rendezvous and the Solent Sea, as their future Squadron House, the castle will probably become the head-quarters, and the former establishment the dormitory, since the present castle, without great additions to it, would be insufficient for the purpose.

ROYAL THAMES YACHT CLUB.

THIS club has received permission to enrol another royal personage amongst its members; at the last Meeting, December 5th, a letter was read from the Commodore, regretting that he was unable to attend, and informing the club that the King of Sardinia had consented to become a patron of the club.

A list of the names of such members as should not pay their subscriptions by the 31st December, was ordered to be suspended in the club-room, and it was announced that the number of defaulters was unusually small.

A letter from the Ramsgate Albion Club, to the effect that members of the R.T.Y.C. visiting Ramsgate in their yachts, were allowed the privileges of the Albion Club for three days once in each season, and might become members of the Albion Club for one month, on payment of 10s. 6d., was read and ordered to be acknowledged and entered on the minutes.

The next monthly meeting of the club was fixed for January 9th, and February 14th was appointed for the annual ball.

Our Editor's Locker.

UNIVERSAL YACHT LIST.

November 19th, 1855.

SIR.—There are many yachtsmen who with me regret that the Yacht List did not appear earlier in the season, had it been published a month or six weeks sooner, I am convinced that its increased sale would have satisfied the proprietors not only financially, but as to the desirability of issuing it early next year. I have observed several errors, but in saying this I have no wish to detract from the value or utility of the work, as a correct Yacht List is a desideratum with the yachtsman. To an editor living in London and deriving his information from the incorrect club lists it is absolutely impossible to collect correct facts about each and every yacht, but such facts are eas-

obtainable for any district or port. I know many yachtsmen who correct their Hunt's Lists, inserting all the latest additions, corrections of information, &c. Still each list thus improved is but partially perfect, the man at Liverpool or Dublin knows little or nothing of the doings at Cowes, and *vice versa*. But if you can induce a few yachtsmen to forward their corrected lists to the Editor in April next, the task of embodying the information thus collected would be simple enough, and thus Hunt's Yacht List for 1856, might be more nearly perfect than any of its predecessors, whilst its greater accuracy and earlier appearance, would I trust afford Mr. Hunt substantial proof that yachtsmen appreciate his labours.

Yours, &c.

To the Editor of H.Y.M.

P.

[Mr. Hunt has times out of number solicited yacht owners to give him correct information, and have sent circulars to all whose addresses could be obtained, but very few have returned the information sought.—Ed.]

ROYAL NORTHERN YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

SIR.—There is a mistake under the head of "Summary of winning yachts," in your December number. *Blue Belle* did not gain the *second* prize at Largs. The only two yachts entered for this prize were the *Foam* and *Onda*. The match was a drawn one, as the *Onda* did not arrive before 8 o'clock. The *Foam* having fouled a flag-boat.

I am, &c.

To the Editor of H.Y.M.

L.

THE ZULEIKA CUTTER YACHT.

Garraway's, Cornhill, December 20th, 1855.

SIR.—My attention having been directed to an article in your December number, on the subject of the build of the *Zuleika*, cutter, calculated, if unnoticed to damage her reputation, I shall feel much obliged by your causing this communication to appear in your next publication.

The writer of the article referred to, in his attempt to disparage the *Zuleika*, cannot help the admission that the *Phantom* yacht, which all the world knows had ever been recounted "a clipper of the first water," on more than one occasion has been beaten by the *Zuleika*, and which by the way should be borne in mind, as the writer's observations might otherwise have a tendency to depreciate the value of this vessel, now in the market.

I append the following extract to a letter from Morris King, Esq., the late owner, in reference to the actual performances of the yacht, that gentleman states (and I believe the fact is on record,) that "the *Zuleika* has won fourteen prizes," (eleven public and three private matches,) adding "for her size she is an excellent sea-boat, and as to her capabilities as a racer, I don't know her equal."

I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.,

JOHN T. CEBLY.

To the Editor of H.Y.M.

as an act of justice we give the above, and can assure the writer that we shall at all times be ready to correct any error that may appear.—Ed.]

YACHTING IN AUSTRALIA.

Melbourne, Australia, 25th September, 1855.

SIR.—As I am an old subscriber to the Magazine, I have just sent you an account of our regatta out here.

The match was for 150 guineas aside, between the two cutters *Volante* and *Petrel*, the latter allowing the *Volante* two and-a-half minutes.

Yachts Names.	Start.		Rounded Chequered Buoy.		Finish.
	h.	m.	h.	m.	
<i>Petrel</i>	12	30	2	12	First Capsized
<i>Volante</i>	12	30	2	17	

The wind was N.W., with squalls, and one of these striking the *Volante* when about one mile and-a-half behind the *Petrel* in the homeward run, capsized her. Mr. Loyd one of her backers was drowned.

The *Volante* all along had no chance with the *Petrel*, which is acknowledged the champion yacht of the Australian waters.

The *Vesta* steamer acted as flag-ship. The course was from a buoy off Sandridge to Brighton, and round the black buoy there and home.

The rowing match for a stake of £1. 1s. each with £40 added, was won by a boat called the *Age*.

I am, &c.

To the Editor of *H.Y.M.*

CHARLES DUVIN

P.S.—The *Volante* sunk, and the crew was picked up by the boats of H.M.S. *Electra*.

The *Wyvern* late the Duke of Marlborough's yacht, was bought by the Colonial Government, and sold again by them for £1,450.

[We thank our correspondent for the account, and hope he will continue to favor us with the yachting in the Colony.—Ed.]

YACHTING INTELLIGENCE.

THE ODALISQUE.—A yacht of fifty tons has been launched by Mr. Marshall of Ringsend, Dublin, built for a member of the Royal Western Yacht Club, who it is said has spared no expense in her construction.

The celebrated *Kitten*, we are informed by the agent is for sale; also *Ottilla*, and the yacht *Vesper*.

Mr. G. Inman, has several new yachts for sale of various tonnage. The celebrity this firm has acquired for yachts of superior speed and elegance, is a sufficient recommendation to all who seek those yachting essentials.

The beautiful and famed yacht *Mirage*, late the property of the Marquis of Ormonde, is fitted out for the fruit trade, the command being given to Mr. Jones, a first-rate seamen, and well acquainted with this branch of commerce. Previous to her departure, the owner gave the captain and crew a supper at the Globe Hotel, Cowes. She has left the harbour, and that her voyage may be speedy and prosperous is the sincere wish of every one.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Æ.—The diagram of the clipper will be given in our next.

LADY A.—The Channel Cruizers will be continued in our next.

E.

ven in
relative
a fine
divable
des, to
quick-
uestion
ich she
ver the
for the
ports to
matches

natches,
won on
in mid-

THE SOUTH SEA, 1899.

channel, is certainly not less than thirty-one miles, and may be a little more. We shall take it at this figure and we find that the

Sin.

acc

Th

Petr

Yas

Petr

Vola

Th

wher

sized

Th

the c

Th

Sand

Th

boat

To

P.s

Elect

Th

Color

[W

favor

THE

Rings

it is s

Th

and t

Mr.

celebr

suffici

Th

Ormo

Jones

Previ

Globe

speed

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

B.—The diagram of the clipper will be given in our next.

LADY A.—The Channel Cruizers will be continued in our next.

HUNT, Printer, Church Street, Edgware Road.

HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1856.

ON THE SPEED OF YACHTS.

BY PALINURUS.

A GOOD deal of misconception exists in the public mind, and even in that of the yachting world, as to both the absolute and the relative speed of yachts. A crack yacht in a racing match, with a fine whole sail breeze is generally believed to go at an almost inconceivable speed. She is seen to dash the spray from her bow and sides, to heel over at times to a fearful extent, to go about with great quickness, passing other vessels as if they were at anchor, and the question has never seriously been put, what, after all, is the rate at which she is travelling. We have been at some pains in looking over the matches in the river Thames and shall confine ourselves for the present to them, looking for our trusty friends at the outports to supply us with some statistics of a positive character, as to matches in which considerable speed has been attained.

The utmost pace that is noted in the yachting account of matches, and which we have got hold of, is that which the *Mosquito* won on the 30th June, 1853. The distance from Erith to the Nore, in mid-channel, is certainly not less than thirty-one miles, and may be a little more. We shall take it at this figure and we find that the

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

—The diagram of the clipper will be given in our next.
ADY A.—The Channel Cruizers will be continued in our next.

HUNT, Printer, Church Street, Edgware Road.

HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1856.

ON THE SPEED OF YACHTS.

BY PALINURUS.

A GOOD deal of misconception exists in the public mind, and even in that of the yachting world, as to both the absolute and the relative speed of yachts. A crack yacht in a racing match, with a fine whole sail breeze is generally believed to go at an almost inconceivable speed. She is seen to dash the spray from her bow and sides, to heel over at times to a fearful extent, to go about with great quickness, passing other vessels as if they were at anchor, and the question has never seriously been put, what, after all, is the rate at which she is travelling. We have been at some pains in looking over the matches in the river Thames and shall confine ourselves for the present to them, looking for our trusty friends at the outports to supply us with some statistics of a positive character, as to matches in which considerable speed has been attained.

The utmost pace that is noted in the yachting account of matches, and which we have got hold of, is that which the Mosquito won on the 30th June, 1853. The distance from Erith to the Nore, in mid-channel, is certainly not less than thirty-one miles, and may be a little more. We shall take it at this figure and we find that the

Mosquito ran this distance in two hours and eighteen minutes, or at the rate of $13\frac{1}{4}$ miles an hour. There was a strong wind from the S.W., being therefore on her starboard quarter. The tides are never very strong during the river matches, as an eight or nine o'clock tide is generally selected, which would run probably not more than two miles an hour. The speed of the Mosquito therefore was about $11\frac{1}{4}$ miles through the water, or 12 miles at the outside, if the tide be considered as gradually slackening the further she got down, for the matches are generally so arranged that the tide shall be nearly on the turn when the distance boat is rounded.

On the 14th May of the same year with the wind at W. N. W., being nearly aft, she travelled the distance nearly in the same time, or two hours and nineteen minutes, being nearly $13\frac{1}{4}$ miles in the hour, *over the ground*.

We find that the Thought of 28 tons went over the same course on the 22nd May, 1854 in a little more than two hours and twenty minutes, being at the rate of $13\frac{1}{4}$ miles in the hour, *over the ground*.

The Phantom on the same day did her 13 miles, or from 11 to $11\frac{1}{4}$ miles through the water.

We cannot find any records in which these speeds have been excelled in the river, and we turned with great expectation to the famous match between the America and Titania in order to test the much vaunted speed of the wonderful New Yorker. We looked at the account which appeared in *Hunt's Yacht List* of 1852, and if the figures there are right, and we have no reason to doubt the contrary, a most sorry display was made. The match was from a certain point to another twenty miles dead to leeward and to beat back to the ~~same~~ point. The wind was fresh, blowing hard in fact, and our readers will be astonished no doubt when they are told that the America took two hours and forty-eight minutes to accomplish this distance with a strong wind aft, or at the rate of only seven miles an hour. Could the sea have been so very rough, or was there any cross tide to complicate the matter? The Titania we consider was the winner in this part of the match, for she was only four minutes astern of the America which was double her size. Had the hull of the America been so very superior to that of the Titania, that run was the occasion to shew the superiority of her lines which she failed to do. When the vessels rounded for the beat, then appeared the sluggishness of the English vessel. But what was the reason? The other

was enabled by the superior arrangements of the propelling power to look a point nearer the wind, and by thus having a shorter distance to go, achieved a victory, which we consider due more to the sails than to the hull. And what was the speed obtained here? Only $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles in the hour towards the winning post or about $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles through the water, supposing she looked about $3\frac{1}{2}$ points near the wind. We do not remember that she ever achieved any great triumph in speed, and repeat that her success was mainly due to her sails.

We find the *Volante*, *Cynthia*, &c., going their 9, 10, and 11 miles; but it is perfectly certain that upon very few occasions indeed the fastest of our yachts pass through the water at a greater speed than 10 miles an hour, with the wind abeam or free.

Let us now examine their powers on a wind. The *Mosquito*, on the 30th of June, 1853, returned from the Nore to Erith in three hours and seventeen minutes, or at the rate of $9\frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour towards the winning buoy with the tide. Allowing $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour for this, as there must have been a good deal of slack, she advanced 8 miles an hour. To accomplish this, she must, in tacking, have divided the water at the rate of nearly 11 miles an hour, which we look upon as far more extraordinary than her pace in running down, for being close-hauled such a velocity could hardly have been expected.

Amongst vessels of a smaller class, the *Phantom* of 25 tons stands pre-eminent; she has won many matches and in every one she has been well handled.

On the 22nd of May, 1854, she travelled from Erith to the Nore at the rate of 13 miles *over the ground*, and beat back at the rate of $8\frac{1}{2}$ miles towards the winning buoy, with tide, and therefore about 10 miles an hour through the water.

On the same day the *Vampire*, a vessel which has won in almost every match she has sailed in, and which is about 18 or 19 tons by real measurement travelled at the rate of $12\frac{1}{2}$ down, and $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles up with tide, such as there was.

These we consider good specimens of the going of vessels of different classes, and we find therefore that size materially influences power. These specimens we must remember, are taken from a great number of matches, the average speed of which was considerably lower. So much depends upon the wind and the proper arrangement of the sails that the vessel itself plays only one part in the

general effect. How often do we find that the same hull will invariably win one year and lose another from some slight difference in ballast, or trim, or position of the mast and sails. The *Mosquito* won everything the first year she came out, but failed entirely on the second, after her mast was shifted and she fell into other hands. Sir Robert Stephenson some time since observed at a public dinner at Lowestoft, "that when we saw time after time vessels of totally different construction and lines come in within a few minutes, or even seconds of each other, we must say that little remains to be done in improving the hulls of our yachts, but that our efforts should now be directed to the better arrangement of the propelling power." It must be allowed by all men who have thought well on the subject, that although the cutter rig is the one best adapted for speed in running, reaching, and more especially in going to windward, still a great deal remains undone. Upon a future occasion we shall enlarge upon the defects of this rig, but in the mean time, we shall only direct attention to the variety of angles, at which the different sails and even the different parts of the sails are placed. Thus the lower part of the main-sail is between one and two points off the line of the vessel's motion, whereas the gaff is between three and four.

It is impossible that both can be right; the effective angle is perhaps between these, and therefore about half way up the sail. Again the mast part of the sail even when well cut is frequently ineffective, and the vessel is obliged to be kept away when the other parts of the sail are well filled in order that this part may cease shaking. With the jib and foresail, the same holds good. Their fore leaches are too far off the wind and the after leaches too flat. Again, how seldom it is that even the best topsail sits well on going to windward, for its yard is generally off the wind at a still greater angle than even the gaff of the mainsail. When sails can be made that every part shall set as well as another, and all be at the same effective angle, we shall then have a perfect propelling surface, but not till then.

We do not believe what some would-be nautical men have told us of their yachts sailing within $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 points from the wind; there is no yacht afloat which will sail effectively within $3\frac{1}{2}$ points, and simply because the present sails are improperly arranged. The time will come however, we have no doubt, when, at $2\frac{1}{2}$ points, the vessel will sail *effectively* and every sailor knows the immense advantage

gained by coming nearer and nearer into the wind's eye, when they see that every thing draws well. A vessel sailing 5 points off the wind has to travel 18 miles to get 10 miles to windward, while another sailing at 4 points has only to go over 14, and a third, whose sails are well cut and set ship-shape by looking $3\frac{1}{2}$ points, has only to travel 12.9 miles, and the latter vessel will go through the water at a greater proportionate speed than the others. Could we get our yacht to look $2\frac{1}{2}$ points from the wind, we should really have to go over very little more ground than a steamer which goes head to wind, so rapidly does the distance diminish with the angle.

After all, then, in a match, we should prefer sailing a badly formed hull with a good set of sails than a clipper with a slovenly ill-cut lot. We believe that by a little more attention to this point many of what are called second-rate vessels might come in first at the goal. The real difference between vessels in a match is so very slight: one comes in perhaps five minutes after another. Five minutes is a long time to wait with watch in hand, and people are heard to observe on the great relative slowness she displays. But what are these few minutes in an ordinary match—say of seven hours? Only an 1-84th part. And even the last *tub* that makes her appearance—say a quarter of an hour afterwards, and which is laughed at by aquatic spectators, is in reality only 1-25th slower. An ingenious writer in another nautical work has shewn this very clearly in an analysis of one of the river matches. If owners of vessels which are always on the point of winning but never do, were to devote more of their time on board their vessels to experiments in trimming their sails—if they were to set about it in earnest, getting some friend to sail his craft experimentally with them, it is highly probable they would arrive at better results. One inch or two of the main-sheet either one way or the other,—the jib-sheet rove through the wrong hole—the tack not brought well down,—things apparently the most trifling will soon make the difference of the 1-25th or the 1-84th.

In the smaller sized yachts which have sailed in the river of eight fms and under, we do not find that the speed is commensurate with the ideas generally held regarding them. We find no record of any of these vessels going more than their 10 miles with a strong wind at the quarter, and a two mile tide, thus reducing their speed to about 8 miles an hour. It is true that this is the average during the run, and that if they accomplish only 7 miles an hour in one reach,

they do their 9 in another, but it is better to take the average. It is curious too to see how in beating back, their speed is only at the best about 7 miles an hour, with tide, towards the winning buoy under the favouring circumstance of a strong breeze. In ordinary cases their speed in running is not more than 6 or 7 miles through the water, and from 4 to 5 in beating.

The object of writing these ideas, hastily thrown together, are to elicit others from yachtsmen who may be induced to pen them. Surely something more is to be accomplished in the rig of our yachts. The cutter and schooner rig is almost the same now as it was a 100 years ago. It is true that a yachtsman of any mind has to encounter the strenuous opposition of his hands and every one connected with him. Talk of the agricultural or stable mind!—the sailor is not a bit better about every new fangled notion, as he calls it, which his owner tries to introduce, long bows, iron yachts, wire rigging, flat sails: all have been ridiculed, and will yet be while one of the old sails remain.

Oh! for that thorough treat, to find a captain who listens with patience to your views on board your own ship, and who is really willing to try them. It may be that the man thinks them all bosh, but yet he shews an earnestness in doing what he is told. You feel for once that you are master, and you love the man and detest the others who have previously thwarted you.

Upon a future occasion we hope to spin another yarn on this interesting subject.

YACHT MEASUREMENT.

MR. EDITOR.—In your last number appeared an article under the head of "Yacht Measurement," which when it first arrested my attention I thought was about to enlighten us upon this subject; but really the author thereof will excuse me if I express it as my opinion, that he has enjoyed his nightcap and easy chair of late, rather more than was beneficial: and for the credit of the "twelve hundred," and the glorification of his own particular "Royal Yacht Club," in chief, he might have spent his time to more advantage, and his pen and ink more usefully, than telling us all that we knew before.

If he has been much beyond the waters of the Thames of late years, he must doubtless have known that a system of measurement for tonnage for racing purposes has elsewhere been adopted, which sets at defiance any attempt to cheat under the old system : the author of the article in question deserves credit however for urging the matter upon the notice of yachtsmen, and if these gentlemen will only direct their attention to the *universal* adoption of this rule of admeasurement, I think it will be found to work well ; at least until some one of the " twelve hundred " becomes inspired, and gives to the yachting fraternity a *better* system.

This rule of admeasurement runs thus :—

"The length shall be taken on a straight line on deck, from the fore part of the stem, to the after part of the stern post, from which, deducting the breadth, the remainder shall be deemed the just length to find the tonnage ; and the breadth shall be taken from the outside of the outside plank, in the broadest part of the yacht ; then multiplying the length by the breadth so taken, and the product by half the breadth, and dividing the whole by ninety-four, the quotient shall be deemed the true tonnage ; *provided always, that if any part of the stem, or stern post, or other part of the vessel below the load water line, project beyond the length taken, as above mentioned, such projection, or projections shall, for the purpose of finding the tonnage, be added to the length taken as above mentioned.*"

What we want, Mr. Editor, in our rules and regulations is simplicity and utility : here we have a simple rule, and that we have often seen tried, and invariably with this result, the honest fairly built yacht rarely varied in the tonnage, but the miserable cheat was stamped as a " lie " by the extra tonnage put upon her : it puts one somewhat in mind of Mr. Clifford's admirable plan for lowering ships' boats ; a committee of the *House* decided that an improved method of boat lowering was much required as well in the " war " as in the " mercantile " marine : genius set to work and triumphed, but the " Lords Commissioners " shake their sapient heads and pronounce it thing clever but needless : even so a yachtsman some years ago gave the before mentioned rule for admeasurement for the benefit of his brother yachtsmen, and although it has worked well, has never been found capable of evasion, and is considered a fair and reasonable method, yet an improved system is called for, whereas the universal adoption of this rule would at once meet the difficulty : but no, Mr.

Editor, this rule will not meet with universal adoption, like many other very requisite reformatations in yachting matters; and shall we tell the reason why?—it is simply this, that the rule is too sweeping, the existing tonnage cheaters will not stand the test; and their proprietors will have none of it; their “pets” must be preserved at all hazards,—and so on we go again John Chinaman, and no new lights in the Bristol Channel!

No, Sir, we clamour for a new system, and here is one tested, adopted by some, and negatived by others; but existing interests must be preserved; and therefore will it not be universally the system; until a few of the *right sort*—the *genuine salts*, take the management of matters in their own hands, and right glad am I to learn, that such a movement is afoot; I have heard a little rumour of it, I hope it may be true, that there is in course of organization an association of *thorough yachtsmen*, who will admit none *but such* within their ranks; and when this is accomplished we may look forward to the interests of yachting being properly cared for.

The rule of admeasurement I have quoted leaves the builder free and unshackled; by no process of ingenuity can he make a vessel one ton more or less, he is given the size of a deck to work from, and he may make her long or short, narrow or beamy, deep or shallow, fine as a knife, or bluff as a turnip, it is all the same, for every practical purpose she stands registered without a shadow of evasion, and the yachtsman may just as well have a fine slashing cutter built, as one of those abortions—those floating coffins—many of which I could name, but will not.

But, with all the cry out there is for a new system of measurement, that the old is bad, &c., and mark you, many that say so if you push them hard will answer thus—

“I have no other but a woman’s reason;
I think it so, because I think it so.”

we forget that the giant evil remains untouched, the cancer at the core is as yet undisturbed by the knife, and until that is utterly eradicated any existing system must be a rotten one, any future improvement must be tainted with the atmosphere of corruption; *get rid of shifting ballast*, prohibit it under the terror of expulsion, place a vessel that carries it in moral quarantine: shifting ballast has been the bane, the curse, of yacht building: banish it, let not its name even tolerated; let the man that uses it be regarded in the light of

nautical black-leg (and I would be one of them myself, for I have used it often and often,) *by all means banish shifting ballast.*

What has enabled the tonnage cheating machines to stand up beneath startling spars and clouds of canvas?—Shifting Ballast!

What has disgusted many good yachtsmen whose means will not allow them to go the whole expense of three or four tons of shot bags, and the ever recurring expense of extra hands to handle the same?—Why shifting ballast!

Why have we often seen at regattas, a crowded anchorage, and but three vessels starting for a valuable prize? Ask one of the many who come to see the fun why they don't start—and the answer will be:—Oh! we are *only* in cruising trim, we don't carry racing sails because we have no shifting ballast!

Ask many a good honest yachtsman, who sails his yacht from port to port, (*does not send her, and join himself by coach or rail,*) why he never appears at the starting buoys, and his answer will be:—My dear fellow I sail my vessel for pleasure; and I should like to see some of your clippers alongside of me under a close-reefed main-sail; I'm an ocean rover and always ready for fair or foul, but I carry only reasonable canvas, and would not let an ounce of shifting ballast into my cabin!

If it be but promulgated by Regatta Committees, that any yachtsman who allows shifting ballast, (let it be ever so nicely disguised as merely "trimming the vessel,") will be disqualified and his name published, and the fatal blow is struck at false measurement; let there then be but one system, incapable of evasion, adopted,—and the one we have advocated appears to me to be the only one at present extant;—and a wholesome reformation will have been commenced. Yacht building, and yacht sailing will have a fair chance of being brought to that perfection which we were vain enough to think we had attained, until our go-a-head neighbours taught us a sharp lesson, and we were fain to go to school again—"Savans" became "Sucking Philosophers," Cowes became a laughing stock to Cape Cod, and a "Kennebeck" boy could truthfully boast that the "Brits were whipped right off the reel!" Well, what have we done since? why lengthening by the bows,—(*Anglice*, Americanizing) has been the rage—and the original cods-head and mackerel stern, have undergone strange transformations; in many cases looking as if they had been "end for ended!" but the evils which caused our humilia-

tion remain as before,—recognised and allowed,—and up to the present hour not one of the famous “twelve hundred,” yachtsmen, set forth in *Hunt's Yacht List*, Mr. Editor, as stated by your correspondent last month; have had the pluck to unfurl a British burgee in New York Bay, or the manliness to say Brother Jonathan, “We acknowledge ourselves indebted for our lesson, and we come now to show you how we have profited by it!” No, no, Mr. Editor, not one word about that, but we'll talk and vapour about new rules of measurement, and shifting ballast and so forth, and what we ought to do, but don't; and here is a national disgrace still unrepaired. Jonathan ever wide awake, as he is go-a-head, strides out upon the ocean, culls his smartest sea going craft from out of a hardy race, famed from times long past,—the celebrated yankee pilot boats:—he then betakes himself to the building yard untrammelled by length of keel or rake of stern post, and he produces what no man can deny to be a beauty;—the hull completed, he says “I have just a third part of my task achieved, now for the spars and canvas!” Carefully are spars selected and fashioned, and not a thread of that canvas that is not reckoned upon, and “guessed” over, for many a cautiously spent hour: then when she was afloat, sparred and canvassed, two-thirds of the undertaking was accomplished; and now for the final move “the crew?”—they were *picked* also, and the deed was done. From the time the keel was laid until the last hammock was slung, Jonathan's mind was bent upon one thing; and that one thing was to lick the Britishers: he had tried every craft but the yachts, and *he guessed he could do that too*: did he go back to the olden ways that yachts had been built and rigged in America? He did to this extent; all the good points he retained, but there was no hesitation about the others: there was no “old country” talk about “what was done before ought to be done now!” And now, Mr. Editor, it is time that we should go and do likewise; therefore let the proprietors of such yachts as have been built according to the old and acknowledged to-be-faulty measurement give way with a good grace; let them not cast forth as a challenging reason that because it built upon the faith of such a system, that no such change can with justice be made; we have had quite enough of such logic, more than wholesome to be so often repeated; let us begin in time, don't botch our heads about giving *one or two hundred guineas* for a prize to the inventor of a system, that the chances are ten to one, no two y-

club committees would agree upon ; but let the yachtsmen of the British Islands put down their two pounds, or three, or if necessary five a head : let builders be selected and their lines and estimates laid before an experienced committee of *sailor* yachtsmen ; let them undertake to build a schooner and a cutter according to whatever system they choose, send that schooner and that cutter across to Yankee land, retrieve our national claim to supremacy on the deep ; and then adopt as a universal system, that upon which they have been built ; and it will be worth all the "prizes" and all the "gatherings" of yachtsmen you could have in London, from Michaelmas Day to May Day.} It would be practical and to the point ; the theory of a newly conceived plan might sound very well to a London assemblage, and we should be paying over our hundred or two of golden guineas, no doubt, to some very learned, and highly deserving disciple of science, but theory and practice are mighty different in many respects, and though we might all agree in the beauty of his theory, not one in ten of us might reduce it to practice. By uniting the question of our nationality with that of developing an improved system, and holding forth in addition, present profit, and prospective fame, we shall at once enlist the best energies of the best practical men, one of these selected by competent judges upon the evidence laid before them, will turn out we have little fear, to be "the right man in the right place!" Now, Mr. Editor, to the point—I have little doubt a Commodore of one of the principal yacht clubs will not refuse to receive subscriptions from the different yachtsmen, let a fund be formed for building the schooner and cutter, either *one* or *both*, and let us have a shy at brother Jonathan all fair and above board, let us all contribute according to our means, I for one will cheerfully drop my mite into the box and get many others to do likewise, and let us jog across the Atlantic some fine morning and stir up the *habitués* of Hoboken Club House. As we cannot get one of our body possessed of means, but deficient in pluck, to do so ; why for the honor of the British burgees let us do it in a body.

Heigho—ho—I only wish some respectable old gentleman, or amiable elderly lady, possessed of maritime tastes, and more money than my knew what to do with, would just oblige me with a few cool usands.

ELDERLY NICHOLAS.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT SHIFTING BALLAST.

BY MERCATOR.

"Doubtless the pleasures is as great,
Of being cheated, as to cheat.

As we are now on the eve of a new yachting season, it would prove of vast benefit to the interests of yachting, if the attention of yacht club committees were directed to the subject of shifting ballast. There can be little doubt that, unless we allow yacht building to degenerate, the practice of shifting ballast, must be put a stop to; therefore the sooner we tackle it the better; if it is not speedily abolished, then farewell to the fine old manly British contests; adieu to the merry sailing matches; and all hail to the long narrow built yacht—that moving mass of shot bags!

No! let not such things be; let yachtsmen at once and boldly set their faces against it, and we shall have fine wholesome cruising vessels, moderately sparred, and proportionately canvassed: many a yachtsman too will join in the merry match, secure that as far as fair sailing goes, he is as good as the best of them; and that no false appliances are at work to defeat him. How many a time and oft have we bantered an old shipmate into entering for a race, how glowingly we painted the excitement of the start, the creeping to the van, the rushing up alongside the Thunderer of the fleet, the hard fierce struggle inch by inch, and then "Old fellow only to think if we should show yon spider sparred, lean quartered racer the way in the Old A——?" This last that we meant to drive our argument home with, proved our downfall; "'Pshaw, my dear boy, just look you now, here we are, all in cruising trim, tanks full of water, chains, boats, cruising spars, cruising sails; and that fellow yonder is cleaned out, fine drawn as a well conditioned greyhound, nearly double as much our show of canvas, and three or four tons of *shifting ballast* to enable him to stand up to it!" This was a regular knock down argument, and two slow coaches went in to make the race for the clipper.

What we say is this; let the rule of racing be, every craft to star. cruising trim; anchors, chains, boats, but *NO shifting ballast*; let be the rule, and you'll see what a noble class of cruising yachts enter the racing lists: we shall have fourteen or fifteen, or perhaps twenty vessels rattling up to the buoys with merry shout and jocu

glee; no mysterious movements in the cabin to disturb their confidence in each other; everybody as good as his neighbour, and a fair open manly trial of seamanship and skill; this is what will give a healthy re-invigorating tone to yachting; *will make sailors*, creditable to our yacht clubs, and not what we have now,—*yachtsmen*, we cannot call them that:—no! but “Nautical Engineers,” who devise a patent safety route overland for themselves; whilst the long, lean ribbed clipper, *shifting ballast*, and all, is sent round to meet their Excellencies, who gilt buttons, gold band and etceteras, carry off a prize, from some few staid respectable cruisers; and forthwith enlighten a club audience as to what a wonderful sea-boat “the Greased Flash” is; how she scuds along under a close-reefed try-sail, lies-to in unheard of hurricanes, and never as much as damps a plank on deck! Descend in the scale of society, don the rough jacket, rugged trowsers, and tarpaulin hat; and scruple not to rub shoulder to shoulder with the hardy tars *who have sailed* the “Greased Flash” through the aforesaid terrific weather, and mayhap you may chance to hear some untutored son of Neptune, with more of truth than refinement exclaim, “I wish I had never slung a hammock in the —— hooker, it’s worse nor slave driving in Yankee land!”

I dare say we shall get blown up pretty roundly by some of the enthusiastic admirers of these beautiful craft—the models which are to serve as patterns for the Naval Architects of Britain! river sailors may shrug their eyebrows and shoulders,—men who have viewed these paragons of genius and skill from the decks of club steamers, as they struggled thro’ ‘Northfleet Hope’, or the ‘Galleons’, all may unite to condemn us, and perhaps tell us in a fit of virtuous indignation “That had we ever sailed in such craft, we would never have said so, that we know nothing about it, &c., &c.” with all the polite vituperation at the command of shallow enthusiasts; but we must beg to tell them that we have sailed and served our time in such craft since we were the height of a carpenter’s rule; and many a hard sailed match have we put in at the aforesaid Shot Bags, in company with *three* other good men and true, and the duce a thing did we but watch the word from deck, and then ’twas heave—heave with a will! and three or four tons of good shot would be hurled from locker

locker in less time than we take to write it. Imagine what a fine opportunity for learning the art of cutter-sailing; four hardy fellows as ever led on to a fall, contributing by their exertions *below* the chief element towards success, surely such triumphs gained by such means are contemptible. We once thought it glorious fun, quite an accomplishment, an indispensable requirement in fact in a cutter sailer’s education, to know

how ballast was to be shifted properly ; we are glad to say we have out-lived the fallacy, and now apologise to our conscience for the deadly wrong we have 'ere now inflicted on some simple, honest hearted antagonist, who came out to give us a trial ; and could not understand, that although we were twice as wet and laboured fearfully in the sea, yet we were carrying twice as much canvas, and leaving him astern, jogging along dry and comfortable.

The present system will not do ! We must get a class of cruising racers, long, beamy, powerful vessels, who shall be able to carry swaggering canvas by the abilities of the hull alone, and not by the adventitious aid of "Shifting Ballast." Often and often have we heard a good yacht groan and shriek as it were in anguish, as her frame writhed and twisted in the unnatural contest: surely all yachts and vessels are built to sail upon certain lines ; these lines are dignified by the names of water-lines ; but if a vessel be twisted like a willow basket with a dead weight of lead up in her weather quarter, and a pressure of canvas aloft big enough for a vessel of twice her strength, we should like very much to know what becomes of those prettily designed water lines. We have heard a great deal about vessels' hulls working in a sea-way,—about beams of slavers being sawn across, and then their making wonderful escapes: very wonderful yarns too ; travellers tell strange tales, because nobody was present that could contradict them. For ourselves we must beg to dissent from the theory that inculcates a "working hull" as necessary to high speed. You can bind a vessel most effectually, and more so with misplaced ballast, than with bulk-heads; with wrongly stepped mast, too heavy head sails, or ill-cut canvas, than with a stiff frame and bulky stringers.

Let your craft be lengthy, and beamy, moderate draught aft, a light fore foot, short bowsprit, ballast concentrated, a light jib, a handy fore-sail, a swaggering main-sail; and let your canvas be cut to a nicety,—no belly, no slack leach, or slovenly foot ; tough and light spars ; *plenty of play* in *spars* and *gear*, and my word for it, there is not a ballast shifter of them all you wont beat if they give a sea-going course and plenty of wind and sea.

THE MOSQUITO.

THIS celebrated craft was built of iron by Mr. C. Mare of Blackwall and was launched on the bosom of Old Thames in 1848. Shortly after her appearance she sailed in a race of the Royal Thames Yacht Club when she beat the Arrow, the clippers Heroine, Secret, &c. Thi

debut gave her a very high standing in the aquatic circles, and nothing but the Mosquito was heard of: her celebrity even in this one match caused her to be considered invincible. She then proceeded on a coasting expedition, gaining fresh laurels to her fame, and cups and prizes for her owner.

In 1849, a cloud passed over her glory, as she was twice unsuccessful in the Thames, being beaten by the Cynthia and Cygnet, and during the year she experienced several reverses.

In 1850, on the 5th of June, she won at the Royal Thames Yacht Club match £100, beating the Cygnet, Cynthia and Diana. July 5th, she won the Challenge Cup, beating the same yachts, and thus wresting the laurels from Cygnet the victor in 1849. After this match Lord Londesborough purchased her.

On her excursions round the coast she won at the Royal Yorkshire Regatta, Royal Southern beating Arrow, &c., but was beaten at Poole, and Cowes. During her journey she was entered at Great Yarmouth, on the 18th of July, but in consequence of a dispute respecting stations, between Lord Londesborough, her owner, and Mr. Wicks, owner of the Cynthia, no match took place. This was much regretted at the time, as more advantageous weather with a good whole sail breeze could not have been attained to try the relative merits of the yachts.

In 1851, she made so poor an exhibition of the season by losing two races on the Thames, that she was laid up for the remainder of the summer.

In 1852 her *debut* was not more auspicious as she lost the two Thames matches, whereupon her noble owner as a *dernier resort* secured the services of the renowned "Jack Nicholls," under whose pilotage she commenced at Lowestoft, and achieved a series of victories unequalled in the annals of yachting. In the latter part of this year, and in 1853 she gained the following prizes:—

Lowestoft	100 guineas.	Thames Yacht Club	100 guineas
Yarmouth	50 "	"	60 "
Plymouth	50 "	Lowestoft	100 "
"	50 "	Teignmouth Challenge Cup	
Torquay	50 "	Cowes	100 "
signmouth Challenge Cup		Weymouth	50 "
wes	100 guineas		

Making a total of about 900 guineas. Besides the above thirteen prizes, she was twice recalled, on each occasion being a head of her opponents. The only time she was beaten was at Ryde, and it must really be doubted whether her defeat did not add a fresh laurel to her fame. On

this occasion she beat the Arrow and America very considerably in going to windward, but of course the larger sails of these yachts gave them a decided advantage in going free in the smoother water inside the Wight. The race terminated in the bowsprit of the Arrow being declared by the Umpire to be about two or three feet in advance of that of the Mosquito, while the two English yachts were some minutes ahead of their formidable American adversary.

In these races she met and vanquished the following yachts of equal size or larger than herself,

1852 Alarm	1851 America	1852 Arrow
1847 Bacchante	1849 Cynthia	1851 Volante
1853 Osprey	1853 Aurora	1852 War-Hawk
1844 Zephyretta	1853 Julia	1852 May-fly
1852 Claymore	1852 Lavrock	

Of these yachts the Alarm, Arrow, Bacchante, Aurora and Zephyretta were winners of Queen's Cup at Cowes, and many of the others had either won the honors of the Royal Yacht Squadron, or had vanquished the Mosquito before the change of management. The date appended to each yacht shows the year in which she was last altered, built or lengthened, and it appears, that with two or three exceptions the Mosquito was comparatively an old vessel when she won her prizes.

Apart from the question of racing, the Mosquito is in some respects to be admired. She was almost the only successful racing yacht which has not been cut about or altered; she was roomy below with several inches more height in her cabin than that of the America of 208 tons, and she had more fittings and bulkheads than most yachts of double her tonnage.

There is a moral in her career which may be of use to many yachtsmen. When it is required to win races, unless the yachtsmen direct his whole energies to the subject success will seldom be obtained even if his vessel be a Mosquito; but if the requisite time, skill, and attention are bestowed upon the subject, even a small, and not over fast yacht may be made superior in point of speed to larger and faster vessels.

The dimensions of the Mosquito, are as follows:—

Length over all	-	-	68ft. 6in.
" Between the perpendiculars			51 9
Breadth extreme	-	-	15 3
Draft of water forward	-	-	7 6
" aft	-	-	11 4
Length of mast	-	-	61 6
Diameter of ditto	-	-	0 16½

A REMINISCENCE OF ST. HELENA, IN 1818.

BY A VETERAN YACHTSMAN.

"By Jove! there's a strange sail to windward," exclaimed Bedford, the smart signal midshipman of the R——n as she said "jackass frigate," lay at anchor between Barnes' Point and the Sugar Loaf Hill. The south-east trade wind blew unusually strong, and it was owing to this circumstance that *our* "mud hook" with some forty fathoms of chain cable attached to it, was at the bottom of the sea. The R——n was stationed by the Admiral to cruise on the weather-side of the Island of St. Helena within signal distance of some one of the numerous telegraph posts which encircled it, her duty being to board and overhaul all vessels approaching the Island: and in order to secure the most vigilant look out for these, the sum of five shillings was invariably awarded and given to that signal-man (on the shore) who was the first discoverer of a strange ship, but small as the amount was, it usually stimulated them to watchfulness, indeed it was nothing remarkable to get sight of a vessel when she was at least a distance of ninety miles from the Island: the land being nearly 3,000 feet above the level of the sea, added to the frequency of *mirage* in the locality, will at once explain these otherwise remarkable instances of "clairvoyance."

Having premised this much, we may proceed to account for the exclamation of young Bedford, with which we opened our little narrative—

"By Jove! there's a strange sail to windward."

"And not yet reported by any of the stations?" asked his messmate, Jack Maxwell.

"No," said Bedford, "we are the first discoverers although she is so close to the Island."

"Why you'll get the five shillings, old fellow," responded Maxwell: "the price of champagne is only eight dollars a bottle at Lowden's; of course you'll stand a couple of the long corks when the authorities tip you the fee."

"The five shillings, the champagne, and you be spitticated," growled Bedford. "I'm savage old fellow,—you know of course that Saul Blom made the mess a present of a bag of murphies by way of discount to his little bill, which the caterer paid when he went yesterday in the soft tack boat."

"Don't I know it?—can a duck swim?" said Jack, "but what makes *savage*?"

"Even *that*, old fellow. I've an amiable weakness for lobscause, which is just being carried into the berth, and I shall be done brown out of my whack by those cormorants, the idlers* of the mess, as I must now go signalising to the shore, owing to the appearance of this strange sail, and just at dinner time too : an' ye love me Jack (as you are going below,) ye'll shovel out a decent lot of it, with a due proportion of the murphies, for a vigilant officer who helps to keep the Ex-Emperor to his small helm, and saves you perhaps from the pleasure of wearing a wooden pin or the loss of a top-light."

"Oh, as to your vigilance, Bedford, that's gammon; and touching the wooden peg, my motto is 'a golden chain or a timbering toe,' and I heartily wish master Nap had contrived to help me to my Lieutenant's commission before he became such a bankrupt in power that his creditors seemed to have determined that their dividends shall be taken out of his carcase, as it is evident that his release can only be obtained by payment of the great debt of nature."

"Well, Jack" said the signal middy, "I can't stay to talk politics with you, Pll to the captain and report the new comer; but Jack remember I'm sharp set, look after my interests in the victualling department, and don't let that lanthorn jawed pill builder, or the rawboned quill driver, take out all the murphies. And I'll keep your watch for you when you want to go on shore."

"All right, Bedford," replied Maxwell, whilst the former descended to make his report to the Captain.

"A strange sail running down for the Island, sir," sung out the signal middy, as his tap at the after cabin door was answered by a "Come in" from Captain Salt,† who we may observe *en passant* was a perfect gentleman, and certainly studied the comforts of his officers and crew so closely, that the tedium and monotony of this vilest of all stations was greatly ameliorated by his commendable behaviour.

"What signal post first reported her, Mr. Bedford?" enquired the worthy Captain.

"Not any sir," was the reply, "we are the first discoverers."

"How far off is she?" questioned the chief.

"I should think about six or seven miles, sir," said Bedford. "Very strange" mused Captain Salt "that no one should have seen her until now."

* Idlers in a ship of war, include Clerks, Assistant Surgeons, Second Masters, and others whose duties do not require them to keep watch.

† Although the main incidents herein related are facts, yet the names given to the officers are purely fictitious.

"She is only just open of Barnes's Point, sir, or we should have discovered her long since."

"I know that, Mr. Bedford, as far as we are concerned; but I am at a loss to account for the blindness of all the look-outs at the signal stations to windward of the Island: however, if they have neglected their duty it is no reason why we should be remiss in ours, therefore make the signal for 'strange sail to windward' to the Sugar Loaf Hill station."

"Aye, aye, sir," answered Bedford, as he retired with a smart step from the cabin and ascended to the quarter-deck, three steps at a time up the after ladder on the main-deck; arriving there he found the first Lieutenant, Mr. Gustavus, to whom the circumstance of the strange sail had been reported by the mate of the watch. The signal midday conveyed to the Lieutenant the order he had received from the Captain, and in accordance therewith three flags in a few moments were displayed at the main track of the R——— indicating that a sail bearing S.S.E., was in sight from our ship, and as we were anchored at little more than a mile from Sugar Loaf, and the breeze blew the flags well out, there could be but a trifling difficulty in decyphering them, had the signal-man at the station have been on the alert, such however did not seem to be the case, and they remained unanswered.

"Very strange this," again remarked the Captain.

"'Tis singular, sir," said the first Lieutenant.

"Something *morally* wrong here," put in the Chaplain.

"It's *physically* impossible to understand it," said the Doctor.

"It's mighty *quare*," observed the Master, who was of the Emerald Isle.

"Uncommon rum start," said Bedford (*sotto voce*) to the midshipman of the watch.

"It beats cock fighting," was the opinion of the signal-man expressed to his mate, whilst an old quarter-master took up the ball and added, "Talk about cock fighting, why it bangs hookem snivey all to fits."

As nobody present called upon the quarter-master to explain the amount of science required of those who are anxious to amuse themselves at the game of "hookem snivey," we are unable to enlighten the reader on the subject, perhaps

"Where ignorance is bliss,
'Twere folly to be wise."

There were now two remarkable circumstances to be accounted for. First, that a strange vessel should be allowed to approach so near to the island and unnoticed by any of the numerous telegraphs; and secondly that the signal to the shore should remain unanswered, seeing the ships

proximity to the station. It was something to speculate on, and anything of an exciting nature to us poor devils was indeed a great treat, seeing that our monotonous cruising without hope of prize money, besides being half starved upon the vilest of salt provisions, was enough to break the spirits of the most volatile.

"Had we not better enforce the signal with a gun, sir?" asked the first Lieutenant.

"Do so if you please," answered the Captain.

One of the fore-castle twelve pounders was now loaded and fired, the report reverberating from the high rocks above us with a most deafening roar.

"That will open your peepers for you, my lad," said Bedford. "Be all ready to haul down the signal."

The order was however somewhat premature as there seemed but little chance of an acknowledgment of the message conveyed through the medium of the flags. In the mean time the stranger was made out to be a schooner, of a long, low, and rakish appearance, quite in the clipper style of build: it was further observed that she altered her course as if desirous of avoiding the proximity of the frigate. It should be stated here, that for some time previous, reports were circulated and believed that attempts were to be made to steal away (the once) great Napoleon Bonaparte: there were to be submerged vessels, aerial machines, Red Rovers, Phantom ships, &c., called into operation to effect this end; what wonder then that the apparently wilful neglect of all the signal stations, added to the suspicious movements and appearance of this schooner, should induce many on board to believe that the time was at length arrived for the experiment to be made, and although the suspected craft was now steering as if to pass the Island, yet (if they had the power of submerging themselves) their approach after nightfall would not be easy to discover, these conjectures were soon strengthened by a singular circumstance, which will develop itself in due time.

The signal had been flying more than twenty minutes, when the Captain ordered a second gun to be fired, adding, "I think we may as well put a shot in, and let us see if the gunner is marksman enough to hit that small spot near the cavity in the cliff."

"Mr. Bedford will direct his glass towards the mark and ascertain where the shot will strike," said the first Lieutenant.

"Aye, aye, sir," answered the signal midshipman.

The telescope was accordingly brought to bear; bang, went the gun and as the shot flew to its destination, and splintered the rock, to the infinite astonishment of Bedford up jumped a MAN, from within a few yards of where the projectile had dropped.

Now we are willing enough to admit that, as a general rule there is nothing very extraordinary in the discovery of a human being on the sea shore of an inhabited Island ; but in the instance here recorded the reader has to be informed that where this man was observed, the mystery in the matter was, how did he get there ? seeing that the precipitous cliffs above him were inaccessible, and that unless with the aid of a boat it would be impossible to arrive at the cove he was in by an undercliff road.

"Man the cutter," said Captain Salt, "and send her onshore with an officer, to see who the fellow is, and to find out how in the name of wonder he got there, and what is his business."

"Aye, aye, sir," answered the first Lieutenant. "Cutters away there, Mr. Okey," added he, addressing the midshipman of the watch.

The cutter was now lowered and manned, and a Lieutenant dispatched in her to the spot, to ascertain the particulars enumerated by the Captain. She speedily performed the service required, and on return of the officer he reported that the mysterious individual was no other than a poor fisherman, and his object, to capture rock fish, of which he had taken a goodly number. On being questioned by the officer as to how he contrived to get to a place so apparently unapproachable, the man seemed very unwilling to answer the question ; and it was only after some threats of the Lieutenant, that he would make a prisoner of him and have him sent to the Governor, that the poor fellow gave up a secret which had been in possession of his father and himself only, and they had taken advantage of it to pursue undisturbed (until the present moment) their piscatory profession. *The secret* was the knowledge of a subterranean passage of some extent, the particulars respecting which were forwarded without loss of time to Sir Hudson Lowe, the Governor, who doubtless caused a proper *surveillance* in that quarter. As to the strange schooner she was pursuing her course to the N.W., under all sail, and as it now appeared that she was not inclined to give us or the Island authorities any further trouble, it only remained to find out the cause of the very extraordinary negligence of the signal stations. Our signal to the Sugar Loaf look-out was flying one hour before it was answered, and it turned out on enquiry that the signal-man had left during the meal
 ar, and had ventured upon a visit to a small picket in the valley : of
 arse the act was a most reprehensible one. As to the windward look-
 ts, it is believed they endeavoured to excuse themselves on account of
 s unusual hainess which on that day prevailed, but there is little
 ut about their having been one and all mulcted of a few days' pay, to
 ;hten their optics on future occasions.

The affair we have now related underwent considerable discussion in the camp, and amongst the loungers in the public gardens, as well as in the store of Saul S—l—o—m—n; and amongst others "our own correspondent" proved to the world the fertility of his brain, by causing something like the following to be inserted in the English newspapers, viz.—

"OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT at St. Helena informs us that a most daring attempt to liberate Bonaparte from his captivity has been fortunately frustrated by the vigilance of Captain Salt, of H.M.S. the R——n.

"It appears that on the evening of the 9th ulto, a clipper schooner was observed to be hovering off the Island, as if awaiting the darkness of the night to prosecute some adventurous exploit. Captain Salt who is remarkable for being constantly on the *qui vive*, happened on that day to be engaged in examining the practicable landing places of the Island, when to his astonishment he discovered through the medium of his telescope, from the deck of the R——n, a man crouched behind a rock on the beach, and as there was no apparent road to or from the spot, the Captain lost no time in proceeding in his boat to the shore. The unknown finding himself the object of attention endeavoured to escape, but the activity of Captain Salt and his boat's crew succeeded in capturing him, just as he was about to disappear in the aperture of a subterranean passage, hitherto unknown to the authorities. On pulling their prisoner out by his legs; to the amazement of the jolly tars they discovered their prize to be no less a person than the Ex Emperor, personating a native fisherman, and having with him a dark lantern, and other means of signalling to a vessel or boat in the offing, of course there was little time lost in restoring him to safer keeping at Longwood. We understand that a most searching investigation is being prosecuted as to the circumstance, particulars of which, as they transpire will be forwarded the first opportunity to us by Our Own Correspondent."

SALMON SPEARING.

BY CLAPPER-CLAW.

"Will all Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clear from my hand?"

"SALMON Spearing! what, Salmon Spearing!" We can "phantasy-veelings" Mr. Editor, of some infuriate disciple of "Y" or "Ephemera's" of *Bell's Life*, upon reading the above. Ho! ho! I would not be within hand's grip for the worth of my neck: yet restrain thyself! mad disciple—worthy Y, or most excellent Ephemera; we flatter or

selves that, although not so accomplished, we are not a wit less an ardent brother of the Angle than any one of ye !

" Well, but what has 'Salmon Spearing' to do with *Hunt's Yachting Magazine* ? "

Och, bother, man alive, sure some of the best fishermen of the day are yachtsmen ; don't you see us going to Norway, and to Scotland, and to—but what's the use in talking. Any place that sport, frolic, or jollity can be had, there you may look out for yachtsmen ; that is the genuine yachtsman I mean ; for there's many a 'spalpeen' that keeps a 'crawft,' wears kid gloves for fear the damp ropes might give him cold, and sports a royal burgee to wit, whom it is a crying sin and mortal shame to designate as such.

To our yarn—trusting that it may be a warning to those who have salmon rivers ; and a gentle hint to those who have authority over streams, (salmon river feeders) to keep a bright look out in wintry weather.

We were cruising off the coast of Ireland very early one season, when without any premeditation on our part we found ourselves abreast of a locality celebrated for its trout fishing.

" Will we try it for the fun of the thing ? " was the suggestive enquiry.

" Ay to be sure, why not ? " was the ready response : we had a fine harbour a few hours' sail to the northward, so getting the gig alongside, we stowed away our angling gear, and sent the good little ship to seek a berth for her mud-hook until our piscatorial propensities were satiated.

Our first enquiry of course was as to whom we were to apply to for liberty to fish ; one of the most glorious little trout streams that ever angler's eye gloated upon meandered in the valley beneath us ; we stopped at a cabin on the outskirts of the village, although why we selected that particular spot for our enquiries I know not, except that T—— never failing excuse of lighting his pipe was the cause : it was a ruinous damp looking dwelling, the thatch old, decayed, and sunken ; white-wash was a stranger thereto, and the natural hue of the material which composed its walls—namely mud, strove hard for the mastery with the green damp which seemed to exude from their surface ; there was a huge old fashioned fire place, with an overspreading arch or canopy, beneath which blazed a comfortable fire, around which were killed some half dozen shock-haired urchins, importuning their mother a portion of the contents of a three legged iron pot of capacious dimensions, that was suspended by a hook from the centre of the earthen nace.

To T——'s enquiry came the ever Irish response.
, 'Ay and welkim yer honer !" and Norah O'Connor levelled two of the youngsters with the pot-stick in order to make way for "his honer."

"Do you know anything my good woman of the fishing in these parts ?" I enquired.

"Fishing! is id throuth fishing yer honer manes ? Och, musha, in throth ye put yer right leg foremaist whin ye got out uv bed this blessed mornin'; shure there he is in beyant, Avick Machree, that 'ill tell ye every maivement uv a throuth from this till Michaelmas, the blessings uv God be about us for the same !"

The strong smell of uumistakeably bad tobacco, informed, or led us to suspect, upon our entrance, that the worthy female speaker's help-mate was not far distant ; and the moment the name of " throuth " was uttered, we heard a clatter and a muttered oath proceeding from the other end of the cabin, which was partitioned off by a kind of bulkhead made of wattles and osiers interwoven.

Larry O'Connor made his appearance: a leathern apron constituted his principal garment, and a half soled brogue denoted that he was a cobbler by profession ; his keen eye glistened with delight as he caught our angling gear up with eager curiosity ; and he proceeded to introduce himself after a fashion which afforded us a hearty laugh.

" Larry O'Connor, yer honers, at yer sarvice ; a mighty purty rod by my sow! ; oh ! by the mass a raal beauty. I beg yer parding yer honer, bud as I was sayin', I'll mend shoes or sarve a process wid any man in the county; and as for brakin' a dog, markin' a pathridge, shootin' a snipe, or tyin' a fly, Nabocklish—musha, thin I don't doubt but yer honers is in the say service if I may make bold to ax ; well throth an sure I was in id meself for a start too : whin I was in the polis sure they sint us wid a gauger to watch an island in the Shannon where the poteen used to grow, in the ould times: ah, by my conscience I got enough uv say-farin' thin ; what betune the say-fogs, and the say-sickness. I— oh, thin glory be to goodness, bud thim is wondherful nate flies yer honor has on yer hat : musha, was yer honor fishin' here afore now, oh ! bedad its aisy seein' your a real sporther. Well, well, ids mighty quare, bud I was dhramin last night that somebody gev me a new cast of darlin' flies ; thank yer honer, long life to ye : och ! thin Norah jewel is'nt id aisy see where the raal gintleman is. Well, yer honer, as I was just sayin , was fishin' down in the curl by the big three beyant, I had hare's ear an yellow, and a spidher wran, and a black hackie wid an orange body a tail fly ; well, yer honer, I made as id might be, (*aside*—lie dov Muzzler I say and don't be taysin the cat !) I made a cast, well I g

one rise, and thin I wint on whippin' away to thry an' coax him agin whin my jewel there was a rush, an' a lep, my heart was in my mooth wid the fright, bad ids as thrue as yer all sittin' there; divil a sight no rod or line I ever seen since, it was a salmon, eighty pound if 'twas uv ounce! Oh! yes don't believe me?"

How far Mr. Larry O'Connor might have gone on but for our uproarious laughter I know not, suffice it to say that we secured Larry on the spot as our henchman, gave Norah the 1s. 10d. he ought to have earned, soleing the brogues, and ordered him to be with us at an early hour the following morning, whilst we proceeded to take our ease at our inn.

Up to time Larry made his appearance in the morning, and conducted us to a river, which he said nobody cared to own, and few fished in save himself: he was as communicative as ever, but his sole object seemed to be to find who we were and where we came from. We had admirable sport in small fish, but none of the fabulous size Larry informed us we should get. The second day passed, and the third, and Larry was as garrulous as before, but I still saw he was labouring hard to satisfy himself whether we could be depended upon or not. However when he learned that we were sailing about in our own ship, from one of the men whom our sailing master sent to us with some necessaries, and who moreover confirmed Larry's notions of a real sailor, by presenting him with a cake of Cavendish, all his reserve was at an end; and on the fourth morning Larry appeared earlier than usual. He carried the most ancient looking fishing rod that probably ever adorned the hand of the most ancient angler; a well washed bag was slung under his left arm, and a cast of unmistakeable flies was wound round his napless caubeen (*Anglice*—hat). Our surprise was great, as we had begun to regard Larry's boasts of what he could do himself, as being much on a par with the story of the eighty pound salmon; he looked every inch a varmint, and his manner and tone implied that now being satisfied that we were the right sort, he would show us what he was made of, and sport too. Well, Mr. Larry picked our flies and put them up for us all that day, but for every one he selected from our fly books for our own use, he selected two for himself, yet he was such an amusing rascal, that no one could be angry with him: there were three of us, and without egotism I may say, there are few men we would turn our backs to at fly-fishing; but Larry O'Connor made fools of us all: with his old lumbering rod, a reel that would take the tug of an elephant to get a turn out of, and an old horse hair line, with as many knots as hairs in it, he was picking out good weighty fish at every cast; if one of us whipped a likely fishing spot as directed by Larry, he was sure to be squatted down in

NO. 2.—VOL. V. L

the grass doing something with his rod or gear, but watching our movements with half-averted gaze and quiet merriment: when observing us moving on he would sneak quietly to the spot we had left, and in some little curl, beside a stone, or the lee of a fallen portion of bank or bunch of rushes, which we were sure to have thrashed a dozen times, Larry would drop his flies as light as gossamer, himself standing fully the length of the rod away from the river, and out he'd plump a trout as big as any three put together out of our baskets. We began to entertain a sort of respect for Larry, in fact to look up to him; as little men in art do to great men; when he again set us laughing at him by ever and anon shouting "There he is yer honer, forty pounds if he's an ounce!" We began to think he was haunted with the apparition of the salmon that had plundered him of his fishing rod, and laughed at him accordingly. We were looking for trout, but Larry was looking for salmon as well, and though at first he took no pains to deceive us, yet I began to think there was something more in his philosophy than we dreamed of: I would as soon have expected to see a salmon swimming up Pall Mall as the streamlet we had been catching trout in, of from a quarter to a pound weight, the latter but of rare occurrence indeed.

We had decided upon our last day, it was drawing to a close, and our baskets were fairly lined with the usual run of tidy little fish; I was tired, and whilst resting on a bank, lighted that never failing companion and adjunct to contemplation, a cigar; my eye roamed over moorland and hill, o'er turf, bog and heather; the gorse of the fox cover; the warren of the rabbit, and the rush grown snipe marsh; and many a merry hour of the past memory brought before me. T—— and C—— had turned an angle of the river and I fancied I was alone; a long drawn breath undeceived me, I turned and Larry O'Conner was behind me driving long puffs out of his short black pipe.

There was something mysterious in Larry's manner, an importance in his look, a certain uneasiness as if he was about to ask a favor, and yet to confer one: at last he drew near me, and whispered in hoarse accents, accompanied by a half suspicious grin; "Would yer honer like to spear a salmon?"

Here then at last I stood face to face with one of those arch-poachers, those salmon murderers, a fell destroyer of the monarchs of the river; my blood boiled in my veins, my brain became giddy, I felt an impulse to clutch and choke him on the spot, I longed to pitch into him, or him into the river, I gasped for breath, and——but reader spare my shame! I listened to the tempter, I thirsted to acquire knowledge, for I like to know everything practically; and the reflection that I might serve the

good cause, by acquainting myself with the secrets of crime, nerved me to the task; and bending upon Laurence O'Conner one of my most majestic looks, I said unto him—"Larry—I would!" A glare of triumph shone upon the demon's countenance,—he caught me by the arm and dragged me to the river's margin.

"Yer honer thought I lied when I told ye there was salmon here?"

He thrust the butt of the ancient looking rod in far beneath the rushes, a dark mass shot forth, flashing silvery white as it turned in the stream, and there stood Larry, pointing to the wave raised by a huge salmon, as he rushed up the shallows with the velocity of an oiled sunbeam; my mind was made up, Larry was ordered for ten in the morning; and I determined to learn the mysteries of Salmon Spearing.

How to break it to C—— and T—— I knew not; I mustered courage and did so; like the fallen one I painted my picture in glowing colours, and they fell too,—there we were, a trio of immaculate fishermen, salmon in particular.

Precisely at ten o'clock, Larry made his appearance, and we proceeded on our murderous expedition: we had sacrificed all feelings for the day, conscience was knocked on the head, and cowered down in fear, we were transformed into veritable poachers for the nonce; cautiously we approached the river, in the lee of hedgerows, down by lonely lanes and boreens; with assassin-like vigilance we peered about us fearful of detection; but Larry assured us with a laugh we could have choked the ruffian for it, "We needn't be the laste afeard, devil a polisman or guager was within miles of us!"

We had now reached the most lonely part of the river, and there stood Larry's "gorsoon," a strapping youth, who upon a signal from his pattern of a father, drew from beneath a furze bush three stout poles of some twelve feet in length, and two barbed spears, about nine inches in width, having seven prongs in each.

Larry now proceeded to business with all the tact of an adept in poaching; "Now, yer honer, just take that spear in your hand, balance it nately in the left, and give it a small dhrive wid the right: see now, aim for that tuft uv rushes there beyant. Arrah, begor more power! well done! I'll make a spearman uv ye yet: now give it to me, take this pole and just shove it under yer feet, there's a pike in that hole, wait now ma, 'till I get a good sight over the river. Oh, but isn't it a darlin' y, not a ripple an' as clear as buttermilk; now yer honer shove the pole aisy, ay, that's it my darlin', aisy now, aisy, I see the villian, here he nes, look at his wave yer honer; whoo, yer done for any way!"

And a fine pike of some ten or twelve pounds weight writhed up on of the water firmly transfixd by the barbed prongs.

Larry was a skilful tactician, he knew the weak points of human nature, and experimentalizing on a pike he allayed effectually all compunctions about salmon, it was like the sniff of blood to the slough-hound like the blast of the trumpet to the war-horse; in five minutes we were all as intent upon the chase as if it was the most legitimate and sporting occupation in the world: Larry put us in mind of a fine nosed beagle, not a haunt under a bank, a quiet pool, a curl in the lee of rock or rush clump, that he did not explore: now forcing his way through furze brakes and holly thickets, anon wading knee deep under thorn hedges; it must indeed have been a wary fish that escaped him. We had seen six or eight fine fish make a dash from their resting place, but they were safe from our inexperienced hands, for it requires no common practice to throw the spear with effect, even when you get the salmon on a rapid, where from the shallowness of the water he is partially exposed. Larry seemed to be getting disgusted at our want of skill, and at every ineffectual cast would ejaculate, "Och, murdhur, murdher, no cock's eye out yet!" At length he stopped at a shallow part of the river and beckoned me cautiously towards him; his attitude reminded me of an Indian hunter who had discovered a lost trail; bending downwards, his grey eyes flashing with triumphant excitement, he uttered in a half whisper; "They wor here last night yer honer, and they'r not far off now, here's the 'scower' they wor working in, we'll be sure to get one yer honer forninst the twisted oaks: ay, bedad, and he'll be the biggest salmon ye'll see this year! The gravel that Larry pointed to was freshly disturbed, a kind of bed or shallow trench was made, as if by a large fish working with his head up stream. The locality which Larry named as being likely to find our game was as beautiful a spot for fish to lie in as ever fisherman cast a line o'er: the river fell over a ledge of rock and small stones, and formed a wide and deep pool sheltered by rush grown banks on either side. Larry stationed us for the final onslaught; and this time, thought we a salmon is doomed. C—— and the gorsoon near the head of the pool, T—— opposite to them on the right bank, himself at the foot of the twisted oaks aforesaid to overlook all, and your humble servant, spear in hand, in the great rapid at the foot of the pond, down which he designed to force the salmon. At a given signal the gorsoon advanced cautiously to the edge of the bank, thrust the long pole in far beneath his feet every eye was upon him; there was a rush in the water, a warning cry, "There he goes, yer honer, mind his wave, mind his wave!" whilst Larry from the bank over my head shouted, "Now my darlin', here he comes, stand well back on the tail of the rapid, and let him far down before you strike, hurroo he's comin like a rac

horse: och, by the hooky if he's a pound he's forty,—Now,—now,—och, tear-an-agers, no cocks-eye out yet!"

Coming from the head of the pool rolled a stormy wave, swelling as it rapidly advanced in the shape of the letter V, I got well down on the rapid and balancing the spear aloft determined to retrieve my character with Larry, down came a gigantic salmon, bursting from the V shaped wave like a flash of silvery lightning,—on, on, he comes until his body was half exposed from the shallowness of the rapid; my heart failed me to strike the noble fish at such cowardly odds. "Now, now," shrieked Larry, wild with excitement: my victim was at my feet, and the fatal spear was poised aloft, when, with a dash of his huge tail he covered me with spray, and was away up the rapid again, and over the the further fall. I let drive in a flurry, missed my footing and nearly broke my head against a rock, scrambled to the bank soundly drenched, took deliberate aim, and lodged the spear in the trunk of one of the twisted oaks, in unpleasant proximity to Larry's head, who grinned forth, "Begor yer honor 'ill be great on salmon yet!"

We had our lesson, Mr. Editor, were initiated into the mysteries of salmon poaching, never knew so much of the haunts of river fish as we picked up from the redoubtable Larry, but we have never gone salmon spearing since.

CLIFFORD'S NEW PLAN FOR LOWERING SHIPS' BOATS.

AT LAST the knotty mechanical difficulty of "how to lower ships' boats?" has been cleared up, and that too by a landsman. At this we are not at all surprised for there are few nautical men who would not have shrunk from attempting it, deterred by the want of success that has attended all previous experiments. There are few nautical questions on which more time has been spent than on this, and we believe that not less than three hundred plans* have at various times been produced, but all having some mechanical objection to ever being practicable have sunk into disuse or have never found a friend. The only wonder when the simple way in which it is done by the invention we are about to describe is understood, is, why it has not been hit upon before? We must however bear mind that it is only long labour that has made it so, the inventor of present plan having been closely engaged on it for many years, ever since the loss of the Amazon in 1852. It is no adaptation of some old story, but a perfectly new mechanical contrivance by which the heavy

A full description, illustrated, of Mr. Lacon's plan will be found in our first issue, page 142.—*Ed. H.Y.M.*

strain of a boat load of men is reduced to the mere weight of one man, which acts as an equipoise, and this too not with any increase of the quantity of rope to be used, but only one fourth of that now required. The advantages possessed by this plan over any before used are so numerous, that until all the bearings are understood, it is impossible to appreciate its value, each part being made an essential, and nothing used that is not so, there is no complication, and the perfect freedom for almost any liability to accidents through carelessness, are its chief features: it is a plan too that every sailor would immediately comprehend. For those who wish to thoroughly appreciate the important ends accomplished, and to see the various arguments that support the correctness of the views taken, we refer them to Mr. Clifford's pamphlet, "How to Lower Ships' Boats, &c.," published by Simpkin & Co., Paternoster Row, and he must indeed be a shrewd sailor who can find anything more to say on the subject. We hope for the convenience of our aquatic friends some place of public resort will be furnished with a working model, where it can always be on view, at present it may be seen at Bell's, late Farley's, (the Dockyard,) Fleet Street, or at 5, Inner Temple Lane.

Of the dangers that attend the usual operation of lowering a ship's boat—the chief are, not letting the boat down on an even keel (or both ends at the same time), canting the boat or heeling over, and inability to disengage the boat from the ship at the proper moment when on the water. These various operations have heretofore been the joint labours of four or five men, two being required to lower, and two to disengage the boat from the hooks by which it is suspended when it reaches the water; any accident through carelessness of any one of these, causing a mishap, and too often fatal consequences.

Experiments were tried at Southampton on the 7th ult., to test Mr. Clifford's plan for unlashng, lowering, and entirely disengaging ships' boats, the trials proved very satisfactory to Her Majesty's Emigration Commissioners represented by the Chairman, Mr. Murdock, Mr. Walcott the Secretary, and Captain Lean, R.N., and Mr. Smith, the Emigration Officers of London and Southampton respectively. Captain Austin, R.N., of Her Majesty's Dockyard, Lieutenant O'Rielly, R.N., and Captains Simpson, Vincent, Hall, and Christian, with many other nautical authorities of the port, with the harbour-master were also present. Every trial bore out the advantages claimed for it, and the boat laden with an entire crew was lowered over and over again, and at a rate of speed, even in a few seconds, from the ordinary davits, although firmly lashed to the ship by the ordinary ship's gripes.

The same experiment was also tried with the boat swung out from t

boom, and it was lowered as evenly and perfectly from this as from the two davits. The ship was the *Aurora*, bound for Australia with emigrants.

The first public exhibition of the model of this plan was made in March last, at the Institution of Civil Engineers, upon the occasion of the discussion on Mr. Robinson's paper, "On the application of the Screw Propeller to the larger class of Sailing Vessels," before some of our most eminent naval engineers and commanders, amongst whom were Captain Claxton, R.N., and Captain Eldrede, the captain of the famous yankee clipper ship *Red Jacket*, to whom the efficiency of the plan was at once apparent. And, subsequently, when it was publicly exhibited at the Captains' Room at Lloyds, it met with the highest approval. A great public question is involved in the adoption of such an invention, which is no other than "whether the shipowner is or is not to be liable to the consequences of loss of life when caused by neglecting proper precautions." This has never yet been assented to by them, but the law that came in force on the 1st of October last, and which says that, "Of the various boats to be carried by every ship, according to tonnage, one shall be a long-boat, and one a properly fitted life-boat, which shall be carried in such a manner as to be most available for immediate service," under severe penalties, has, in our opinion, settled the question of liability in the event of death through negligence of proper precaution or remissness. Why are railway companies to be liable, and shipowners and steam companies to be free from like responsibility?

The *Engineering Journal* observes,—“We understand that it has been stated by the Admiralty authorities that such an invention is not wanted in Government service. (Have they no recollection of the horrid fate of Admiral Corpes' brave son, and the crew that pulled off to save him, and which such a means as the present would have remedied?) But we would draw the attention of the Government to the suitability of this invention for effecting a landing or throwing a body of men upon a given point in naval warfare, where celerity and sudden action might ensure success. Lying snug out of the way of shot, the ships' boats might be manned with their crews, ready for instant use, and the vessel, even when running rapidly through the water, might drop her freight of armed men at the exact spot required. Surely this would be better than dragging a number of boats astern, exposed to the enemy's fire, and lying, by the very nature of the process, the errand upon which they were engaged. We can see many situations in which this ready means of descent of an armed body of men in an instant might be of infinite importance.”

Mr. Clifford thus describes his invention :—

The unlashng, lowering, and disengaging, are all done by *one man in the boat*, whose simple weight, irrespective of any additional assistance whatever, is made to hold in equilibrium the weight or descending momentum of the boat with its entire crew, which he has thus the power to check or control at will. Each separate operation is the natural consequence of one act (slacking off a rope), and they are also necessary sequents, one of the other.

The means of reducing the strain due to the weight of the boat so that the man lowering has it under perfect control, is also made the means for preventing the boat canting in its descent; the passage of the rope by which the boat descends, being through a block of novel character and action.

He proposes to hoist boats up with the usual description of tackles, or pendants to davits, of the ordinary kind; his apparatus being solely employed to lower boats and disengage them. He employs—

1st. Two blocks of a peculiar construction, having three sheaves, not placed side by side as in an ordinary threefold block, but one below the other, as shown by Figs. 1 and 2.

2nd. A cylinder or barrel, turning on an axis, and fixed athwart the boat amidships, immediately below the centre thwart. Fig. 3, *a*.

3rd. Two leading single blocks secured to eye-bolts in the keel, at the same distance apart as the davits are to which the boat is hoisted up. Figs. 3 and 4, *b, b*.

4th. A pendant or rope splice to an eye-bolt at each davit end (similar to the usual man-ropes or life-lines, of which men retain a hold when lowered in quarter or stern boats). These ropes, for distinction, are called lowering pendants. Figs. 3 and 4, *c, d*.

The blocks *f*, Figs. 1 and 2, have an eye-bolt on each cheek, to which short pendants are spliced, and the other ends of which, fastened to eye-bolts in the boat's side, form slings or lifts, *g*, Figs. 3 and 4, and prevent any possibility of the boat's canting.

The cylinder or barrel, *a*, Figs. 3 and 4, is furnished with a rope, secured to it at one end near the side of the boat, and which we shall call a winding rope, its action being to regulate the revolutions of the barrel, and to wind and unwind the lowering pendants on it. This rope, by the act of lowering, is wound on to one end of the barrel as the lowering pendants run off from the centre. It must be somewhat longer than the height of the boat from the water when hoisted up. Hauling on it reeves the two lowering pendants equally, and slacking it off unreeves them alike by allowing the barrel to turn, insuring not only a descent on an even keel, but the release of each end of the boat at the same moment.

The striking features of this invention is the block *f*, which has a peculiarity, that when a rope is rove between the upper and middle, and the middle and lower sheaves, it will pass freely between them, and round the centre sheave when slack, but will nip all the sheaves when tightened (without chafing the rope), thereby enabling a person having control of the rope

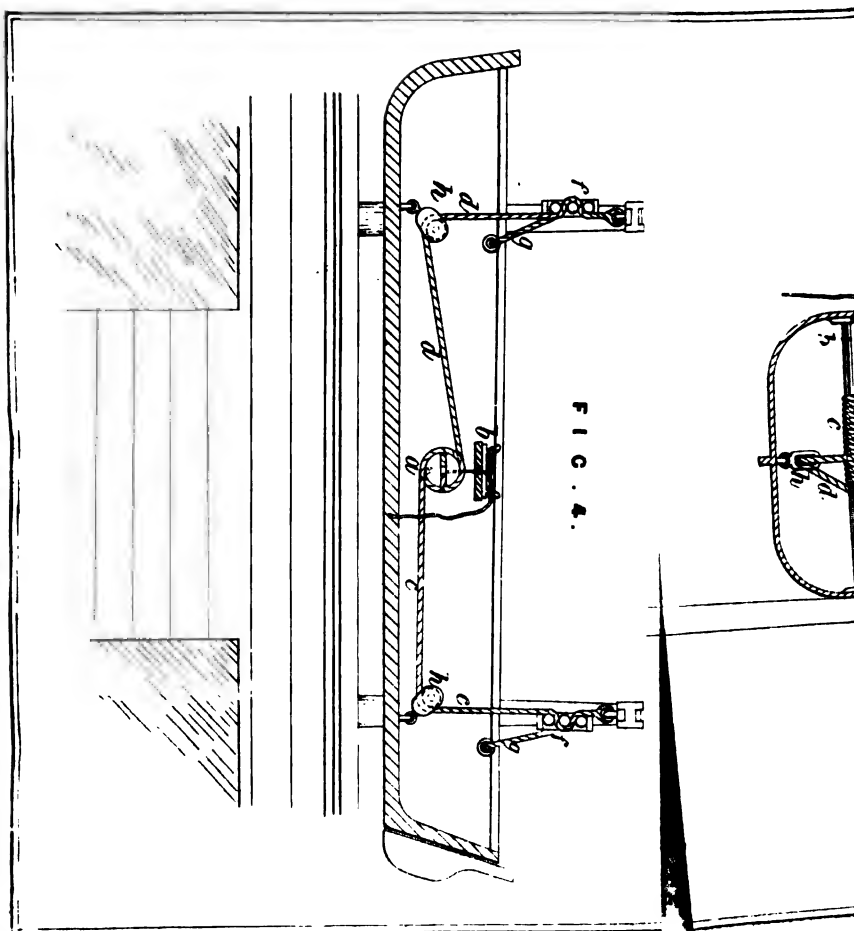
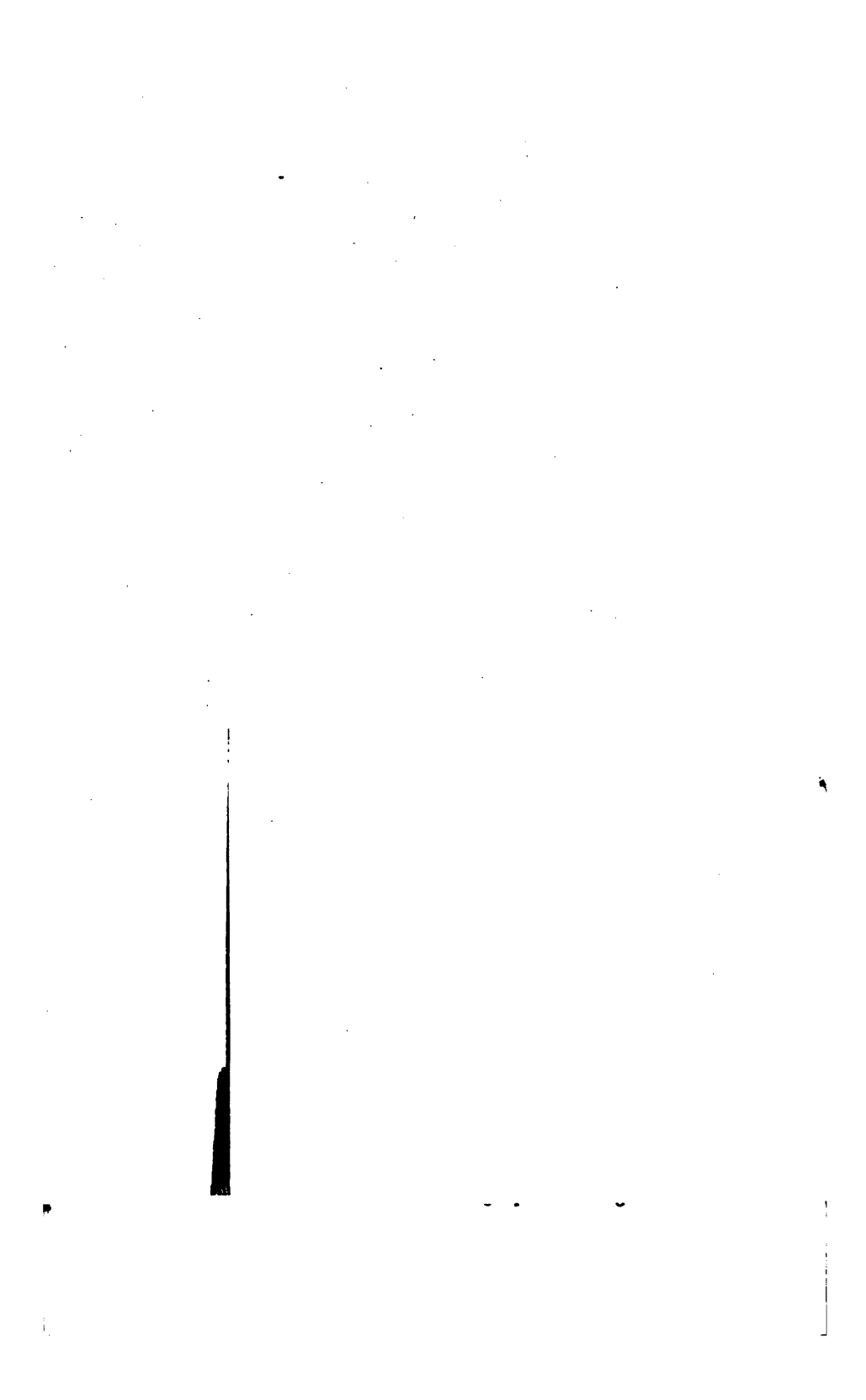


FIG. 2.

s of
ower
s whic
yet w
ities a
plans.

on this point. Although undoubtedly accidents of all kinds from mis-
g. 2.—VOL. V.



to have perfect command over any weight either attached to the rope if the block be fixed, or attached to the block if the rope be fixed, and the block allowed to traverse on it, which latter is the case in the operation of lowering a boat on Mr. Clifford's plan. The resistance of this block to the free passage of the rope through it is regulated by the relative positions of the sheaves to each other and the space between them, greater space giving freer action to the passage of the rope. Now, while it is required in lowering ships' boats to obtain such power of control as will enable one man lowering by the winding rope to have perfect control over the descending weight of the boat, it is of equal importance that all resistance to the free run of the lowering pendants should cease with the necessity for it; and both these important ends are insured by the block, on the proportions of those given in Figs. 1 and 2.

The mode of proceeding is as follows:—When the boat is hoisted up, reeve the lowering pendants *c* and *d* through the blocks *f*, as shown in Figs. 3 and 4, then through the leading blocks *h*, and lastly, having by revolving the barrel *a*, wound up on it the winding-line *b*, Figs. 3 and 4. point the extreme ends of the lowering pendants through a hole or holes made for the purpose through the centre of the barrel. By hauling on the winding-rope *b*, the barrel then revolves and winds equally on it the lowering pendants, in the same manner as in winding up a common humming-top. The end of the winding rope is then led through a hole in the thwart, immediately above it, where it is made fast to a cleat. The ordinary tackles, by which the boat has been hoisted up, being next slacked up and unhooked from her, she remains suspended by the lowering pendants, and is at the sole command of any person attending the winding rope. By slacking up that rope, the barrel revolves and unwinds the lowering pendants. As the latter are thus slacked up, the strain is (proportionately) taken off the sheaves of the blocks, and the blocks are drawn down the lowering pendants by the weight of the boat to which they are fastened, at a speed regulated by the man attending the winding rope; and at whatever point of contact the boat touches the water; letting go the winding rope releases it, as the ends of the pendants not being fastened to the barrel, but merely put into a hole in it, unreeve themselves. Thus is secured, by one act, the lowering the boat steadily, in an upright position, at any speed desirable, and, what is of still more importance, her detachment from both lowering pendants at the same moment.

The "Life-Boat, or Journal of the National Life-Boat Institution," draws public attention to the subject as follows:—

"The Parliamentary Committee appointed to enquire into the causes of the loss of the Amazon, in 1852, reported as follows:—"The means of lowering boats evenly, and of readily disengaging the tackles, together with plugs which re self-acting, are *desiderata* wanting throughout the naval service; yet we are now informed by Mr. Clifford that, on introducing it to the authorities at the Admiralty, he was told that the navy was not in need of any such plans. We feel bound to state that we entirely dissent from the Admiralty authorities on this point. Although undoubtedly accidents of all kinds from mis-

O. 2.—VOL. V.

management less frequently occur aboard men-of-war than in our merchant ships, owing to the superior discipline that is maintained on board them, the constant superintendence of intelligent officers, and the more liberal supply of all necessary stores and appurtenances; yet the serious defects of the ordinary mode of lowering boats at sea has long been apparent to every man-of-war's man, and numerous are the accidents arising therefrom which have been witnessed by most naval officers who have been any length of time in the service.

"We repeat, then, that not only on board our merchant steamers and emigrant vessels, but also in our men-of-war, the adoption of an improved system of lowering boats *at sea* is much required, and the inventor who accomplishes it will indeed be a public benefactor."

THE CENTRE-BOARD.

BY AMERICANUS.

VARIOUS are the opinions formed by yachting men respecting the advantages to be derived by vessels fitted with that which the Editor of *Hunt's Yachting Magazine*, is pleased to term "an abomination," such it may be in his estimation and also in that of many others; but still in a journal devoted to the information and gratification of the members of the "pleasure navy," we may claim the privilege of recording opinions without fear of being mis-judged.

The utility of the centre-board in a head wind particularly in river sailing, must be acknowledged, as it enables a vessel to hold her wind much longer than one without, and consequently need not tack so often. The subject is admirably explained in a work on shipbuilding,* and as the author is a person thoroughly conversant with that science in all its various details, the insertion here of his views of the centre-board will be more explanatory to those interested in yacht or boat sailing than any observations of a tyro in the practice.

The centre board, or centre slide keel, has proved itself to be of great advantage to vessels of light draught inasmuch as they are sometimes in deep water, when it can be lowered or dropped down to enable the vessel to hold a better wind, or to sail by the wind with less lee way. The slide keel is usually placed above the middle of the vessel longitudinally, and varies length according to the size of the vessel, from fifteen to twenty feet long; the trunk or well that contains and protects the board, and at the same time keeps the water out of the vessel's hold, is usually cut through the vessel at the side of the keel; the smaller rigged craft have the trunk thro

* "Marine and Naval Architecture."—By J. W. Griffiths, New York.

the middle of the keel; it is framed by placing a stanchion at each end of the trunk, which extends right through the frames, and as high as the top of the deck; the size must be sufficient in the transverse direction to form the opening for the board, but to this may be added the thickness of the plank with which the trunk is to be planked on both sides; in the fore and aft direction the stanchion should be large enough to receive all the fastening the trunk will require; the frames which are thus cut off, box into a piece of timber placed alongside of the keel, and extending below far enough to come flush with the bottom plank, and above high enough to bring the first seam of the trunk above the ceiling; the length of this side keel should be sufficient to cover several of the frames, both fore and aft of the trunk; thus it will be perceived that there is no seam in the wall of the trunk that cannot be readily caulked, this job should be well done, inasmuch as this kind of vessel has suffered severely in their reputation in consequence of leaky trunks. It cannot be denied that they are less strong than other vessels that have their frames entire; but if proper care is taken, and the short frames properly secured by an extra side keelson and knee'd to the trunk, they are sufficiently strong for navigating our rivers, and in some cases our sea-board, where many are now engaged. The board is usually hung by a single bolt at the forward end, about $\frac{1}{3}$ of the breadth of the board from the lower edge, and at such distance from the forward end as to admit of the exposure of $\frac{1}{3}$ of the board below the bottom of the keel; being thus hung, it will be perceived that when the edge of the board strikes the bottom of the river in shoal water, it will rise without damage to the vessel: and having a small chain appended to the upper edge of the board at the after end, it is readily raised by a small winch placed on deck at the after end of the trunk for that purpose.

It must be quite apparent even to the casual observer, that with a large lever extending quite through the vessel, and a number of feet below, acting in the one direction, and with another in the masts, extending many feet above the deck, acting in the opposite direction, must have a very powerful tendency to divide the vessel into two parts; hence we say, that extraordinary means are required to secure the vessel against the dividing tendency; and an extra amount of timber and fastenings are required to secure centre board vessels from consequent leakage upon any neglect in this particular.

In small vessels there are many parts where screw bolts should be used in lieu of blunt bolts, or those that are rivetted; the size of the bolts, both in diameter and length, or the small amount of surface presented by the reduced size of the timbers, renders it necessary that the bolt should possess more of a confining property than its surface on the sides presents; and in addition this, bolts in small timber are seldom driven harder than it is found to be perfectly safe to drive screw bolts, and yet possess all the drawing properties peculiar to the screw. With regard to the form of the lines of this class of vessels, it has been found that inasmuch as the very light draught they are required to draw presents such formation as would divide the fluid very different from another vessel of heavier draught; in this case the fluid must

be parted in a diagonal direction on the bow, and the parallel lines to that of flotation require to be very round, with a very considerable rake to the margin line of the stem; thus it will be perceived that the vessel slides partially over the fluid, rather than part it in a horizontal direction; the lines aft require to be quite hollow near the extremities, else the great breadth of the buttocks would prevent the retiring molecules from reaching the rudder before the strength of the current, caused by the moving vessel, had partially subsided. That a vessel's motions under some circumstances would be easier by having some dead-rise, there can be but little doubt; and we add, that an easier angle of resistance may also be obtained on the vessel having some vertical rise; and all vessels that are propelled by sails having no centre-board, should have some dead-rise to the floor, for the following reasons:—the bilge should not hang below the keel, which it undoubtedly would (when the wind was not directly aft) were there no dead-rise. If we have more than a sufficiency for this, which should seldom exceed 10 degrees (unless the vessel be a yacht or a pilot-boat) when every other consideration is sacrificed for sea qualities, and in such case 15 degrees would be as much as we could derive advantage from.

This fact should not be forgotten in modelling sailing vessels, viz., that by giving the vessel a large amount of dead-rise, we undermine the foundation for carrying sail, and cause the vessel to heel or incline from her vertical and proper position for speed more than she otherwise would. In a river where (with a head-wind) the sloop or schooner with perfectly flat bottom and centre-board is often found to outsail the pilot-boat, the reason will appear obvious: the sloop with her board partially or entirely out presents much greater lateral resistance, because she heels or inclines less, and farther, the sides of the board are vertical when the vessel is upright, while the bottom of the other on the lee side presents a plane parallel, or nearly so, to the surface, and the keel, from its inclination, does much less toward holding the vessel to windward than an equal amount of surface on the centre-board does. Hence we discover that the sloop is enabled to carry a greater amount of sail, and at the same time makes less lee way, and need not tack as often; but again, the great breadth of the sloop furnishes her with round side lines, and completely divests her of the straight or partially straight side that we have so fully deprecated in the preceding pages of this work; those round lines incline her to come to the wind, when the smallest impulse in the helm favours this course. This inequality of the two lines of flotation, although it causes all vessels to carry a weather helm, or compels the helmsman to keep his tiller to windward, is a bane in all, and more particular in sea-going vessels, on account of the increased submersion caused by the sea, and of comparatively straight side-line that this class of vessels usually possess; vessels of light draught it cannot be avoided, without the sacrifice of other equally important qualities. We have said that this round side-line enat the sloop or schooner to come into the wind quick, and in this respect would have the advantage of the pilot-boat or other vertically sharp vessel not only so but by having more bilge, more side surface is presented, whi

augments the rotundity we have appreciated for working quick. But again, it may be said the flat surface is also increased transversely, yet it need not be longitudinally, inasmuch as the lines of resistance on the flat vessel run more nearly in the direction of section lines, while on the sharper vessel they run in the direction of diagonal lines, they may each alike be divested of the straight as soon as we fairly get clear of the influence of the base line; the transversely flat bottom we have shown is an advantage for stability.

It must not be inferred from what has been shown, that the vessels engaged in river navigation are entirely free from discrepancies; but we feel quite safe in the assertion, that they are much better adapted to the objects for which they are designed than sea going vessels. We think that science alone cannot very materially add to the improvements in this class of vessels; there is, however, a slight discrepancy perceptible on some of the finest and fastest sloops on the Hudson river, the greatest breadth on the stern and quarter should be at the gunwale; this would enable the builder to more nearly equalize the two lines of flotation; the loss of buoyancy would be unworthy of being brought into the account, inasmuch as it would be above the load-line of flotation; and no matter in what light we may look at it, except that of appearance, it will be an advantage, and as for beauty, we have already defined it to be, fitness for purpose and proportion to effect the object designed.

It may be supposed, and reasonably so, that at sea the vertically sharp vessels, the pilot-boat for example, would prove not only the best sea vessel, but the fastest; and the reason we think will be quite clear, when we remember that the pilot-boat is parting the water, while the flat sloop or schooner is sliding over it, and the consequent round bow is continually brought in contact with the waves, unless the wind were directly aft, and then the chances would be more equal; but under any circumstances, the kinds of vessels each work best in the element for which they were designed. We have seen flat centre-board vessels at sea that performed well, but it cannot be expected that they should be as free from straining as the longitudinally sharper vessel; they must of necessity be full on the bow, which presents a surface for the sea to strike against, which not only retards the progress, but strains the vessel.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A SUMMER'S CRUISE.

BY ROBINSON CRUSOE.

PART II.

z Island of Jamaica at the time of our visit was the abode of slavery, during our sojourn there, and in the neighbouring isles, our ears were not assailed by the agonising cries produced by the fiendish torture

of evil-minded men. We acknowledge that when we first set foot on the island, and saw a number of our ebony fellow-creatures all smiles and gaiety, a dread was removed from the heart, for we went forth prejudiced. Let it be understood we are not advocates for the keeping in bondage any of God's creatures, and rejoice that the voice of humanity has been heard.

Unquestionably slavery was an evil, considering it in the abstract, but in a more extended sense are there not hundreds of degrees of slavery in the world. Where under the canopy of heaven shall we find a man truly and in every respect a free man? The sovereign upon the throne is not free—restraints environ all conditions: even the roaming savage is coerced; the liberty he seems undoubtedly to enjoy of going whither he will is but limited after all; he is under restraint—enemies environ him, hostile tribes prowl about his path, there is no safeguard even for life in such freedom, in fact it is not freedom, it is slavery in its worst form—nature herself constrains him to drag a lengthened chain. The greatest and most objectionable point in the situation of the negro-slave was his inability in all cases (many were allowed that liberty) to change his employer or master: in all else his condition, as we have had opportunities over and over again of observing, was preferable to that of the labourer of Europe. The bursting of the shackle, however light it may have rested, unquestionably was nothing less than a due tribute paid by the British government to the moral claims of the unfortunate African, whose slavery it had instituted, and enforced by laws which made it imperative on the planter or landholder to uphold the system.

The individuals we saw were well dressed, their linen white and clean presenting a pleasing contrast to the state of the working classes of England, who from smoke, wet, and poverty, are seldom seen otherwise than dirty and ill-clothed. There is one great blessing in a tropical climate, the whole body may be bathed as often as you please without the fear of consequences detrimental to health following, as is the case in cold regions: the generality of black people here, especially the females, appear to take a peculiar delight in keeping their persons clean, there is undoubtedly a strong necessity for it.

We started on our homeward voyage with joyous spirits, and after a pleasant run of eight days sighted St. Antonio, where we took a good supply of water for which this place is celebrated. And having delayed too long we were anxious to get through the Gulf, which had scarcely entered ere a change came o'er the scene; such baffling winds and cloudy weather, with frequent thunder and lightning, till when off Andros Island a perfect hurricane assailed us.

To those who never witnessed a hurricane it may not be uninteresting to know a few of the particulars of our providential escape. The first intimation we received (except we may consider a previous unsettled state of the weather as such warning,) was the fall of the barometer, still there was nothing to create alarm, as the circumstance had been observed two or three days previous, and our master considered it might denote a heavy fall of rain; however he took the wise precaution to be on the safe side come what may. It came on about 8h. 30m., A.M., although it had been blowing rather hard for three or four hours previously. The ocean became a boiling cauldron, the waves dashed the schooner wildly about, that it was impossible to keep on our legs: as all was battered down secure, we had no dread of shipping seas that would require attendance at the pumps. This continued until nearly night, when the wind lulled, and we sought refreshment which all hands needed. About midnight we could perceive fresh indications of a renewal of our anxieties; the wind shifted, and about 3h. A.M., it blew terrific, the previous hour's gale was as a fresh breeze to that we now encountered, it was truly appalling, and seemed as if heaven and earth were coming in contact, and a continuous livid flame was pouring from the clouds, illumining the sea. Our anchors fortunately held on bravely, as with only slight intermission mentioned it lasted nearly two days.

What were our feelings during these dreary hours we leave the reader to conjecture, still we did not despair, hope bore us up, and that Divine Providence who protects the helpless came to our relief, causing the winds to abate and the ocean to return to its quiescent state. On a careful survey of our little barkie we found our damage trivial to what we expected, thanks to our "ancient mariner" for the care he had taken in so snugly securing our top hamper, that only a few strands were out of order.

In the present stage of our proceedings it may not be out of place to quote a few observations respecting the barometer, which I have met with from the pen of a gentleman who had carefully studied that instrument in the West Indies.

The range of the mercury in the barometer, (except in storms,) is greater in the winter than in the summer months: in the West Indies, neither rises nor falls to anything like the extent to which it does in Europe, but the fluctuations, though small, are equally to be depended

upon. Rain in this climate has but little effect on the barometer, which seems to be operated upon principally by the wind, rising or falling according to the direction from whence it blows. Thus the barometer

will be much higher with winds from north to east, accompanied by rain, than when they blow from south to north-west without rain.

The barometer rises highest when the wind is north-east and falls lowest when it is north-west.

If during the winter months, say, from the beginning of November, to the end of March, the wind is steady at north-east, the barometer will stand at about 30 to 30.1 and 30.2; if then, the weather becomes squally and the barometer *rises* much, (say one-tenth of an inch more) it indicates, as far as I can judge from three instances, a gale or very stiff breeze from the same quarter; this is remarkable, for in all other cases of gales the barometer falls. If with the wind at north-east the mercury falls, the wind will become more easterly; if it continues to fall it will go round to the south-east, south, and so on to the north-west, which will be its lowest point; in ordinary north-westers about 29.9: but instead of sinking thus gradually, if it falls much, and suddenly with the wind at north-east, or at any intermediate point from that to south, the probability is, there will be a sudden lull, and the wind will fly round at once to the north-west. If, however, after the mercury has been gradually falling, and at any of these intermediate points it rises again, the wind will, in that case, back to the east or north-east, and will continue there until the mercury has again fallen. When the wind is at north-west, if the mercury continues low, the probability is that it will continue for some time at that point; but if it rises, it is a certain indication that the wind will go to the northward, and continuing to rise to the north-east; but if it falls with the wind at north, it will back again to the north-east; if the rise with the wind at north-west is much and rapid the wind will not remain at north, but will go at once to the north-east.

During the summer months the winds vary from north-east to south, the prevailing ones being between east and south; the barometer, will, therefore be found to fluctuate between about one-tenth of an inch above to one-tenth below thirty inches, being highest as before stated on the approach, and during the continuance of north-east winds; and lowest during, or previous to southerly ones, but there is frequently a very light south wind in the mornings and evenings, extending but a small distance from the shore, which I take to be of the nature of the land wind of larger islands, and this wind does not seem to affect the barometer.

When during the hurricane months, the barometer falls much, rapidly, preparations ought to be made for bad weather. Suppose instance, standing at 30.2 it were to fall rapidly as low as 29.8 ought to awaken suspicion; but if it were to fall one or two tenths more

there would be almost a certainty that a heavy gale would in a short period follow; this fall of the barometer might only be an hour, or half an hour before the hurricane, but a great deal might be done, for the security of vessels in that time.

Having repaired our slight damages we again got underway, and cleared the Gulf without further delay; we had light winds, throughout the passage, but mostly favorable, and we sighted Portland Bill, without let or hindrance; and finally brought up at Gravesend after an absence of about seven months, well pleased with ourselves, our master and our crew.

PRINCE OF WALES YACHT CLUB.

THE annual ball of this club took place on Wednesday 23rd ult, in the Great Hall of the Freemasons' Tavern, and went off with the same spirit and *eclat* that has characterized the balls of this club from the commencement. The stewards had done their utmost to make the arrangements as complete as possible, and they were faultless. The whole of the officers were present in their uniform, and the *tout ensemble* considerably enlivened by the presence of some two dozen officers and members of the Hon. Artillery Company, the Uxbridge Yeomanry, and Peckham Rifles, all of whom appeared in the uniform of their respective *corps*, and formed a union of the sister services at once agreeable and novel. This fraternization of what may be termed the military and naval amateur services, is calculated to promote a cordial feeling, the reciprocity of which will tend to the advantage of both. Many of the members of the Prince of Wales Yacht Club belong to military volunteer *corps*, and to be able to shoulder a musket as well as to hand, reef, and steer is an additional compliment, of which a man may be justly proud. The stewards on this occasion were the Commodore, Vice-Commodore, Treasurer, Secretary, Cup Bearer, and Messrs. A. Turner, N. Campbell, E. S. Balmer, R. Sadlier, W. Orrean, W. Chubb, N. Fenner, and J. Webber; Mr. C. F. Chubb, Hon. Sec., officiating as m.c.; and it is due to these gentlemen to state that they did all in their power to contribute to the general comfort and enjoyment of those present. The room was gaily decorated with nautical emblems and devices, under the able direction of Mr. H. Turner, and Mr. J. Swift. The numbers present were from 180 to 140, who sat down at one o'clock to a most *recherche* supper, which reflected the latest possible credit on the new management of the Freemasons' Tavern. There was a refinement of the delicacies that graced the board which the most fastidious taste could but appreciate. The wines were first-rate, and the assiduity of both the proprietors and their *employes* deserves all praise. Among the company, the supper, the music and the programme altogether into consideration, the Prince of Wales Yacht Club Ball of 1856 will long live in the memory of those who were fortunate enough to be present.

NO. 2.—VOL. V. N

and will never be surpassed in its character for selectness, spirit, and unalloyed enjoyment.

Our Editor's Locker.

YACHT MEASUREMENT.

Glasgow, January 25th, 1856.

SIR,—The attempt to settle that important and long argued subject, yacht measurement, certainly does great credit to the writer in your last number of the Magazine, but that he will ever be successful in rousing the dormant spirit in yachtsmen is very, very doubtful, for there appears an apathy about them which is unaccountable.

The subject of measurement has been years before the public, but no satisfactory results have ensued. Yet, Mr. Editor, if you continue in bringing it forward, it may ultimately do good. The plan proposed of offering a prize for the best method is excellent, but I fear from the cause stated above will not meet with support, although I believe every racing man would hail the boon with pleasure.

Were one general system adopted, it would be more agreeable to yacht owners, as then the trouble, and I may say annoyance, of measuring at every race would be avoided. During the last season I visited several places to contend for the prizes, but rarely entered, for at some I found such inconsistencies in the system adopted, that I was disgusted, and became a mere spectator of that sport in which I fully intended to participate.

Yours, &c,

A YACHT OWNER.

To the Editor of H.Y.M.

[We have received the following extract from a report of the proceedings, at the last meeting of the Royal London Yacht Club, and shall be thankful for any information from other clubs.—*Ed. H.Y.M.*]

"In the latter part of the evening, some interesting conversation took place on the vexed question of the measurement of yachts, from which it appeared that the leading members of the Club were very desirous that some uniform and practical system of measurement should be adopted by all Yacht Clubs."

ANGLESEY YACHT CLUB.

London, January 28th, 1856.

MR. EDITOR.—We live in strange times, and curious things we see and hear, but one of the most marvellous at the present eventful period happened at the New Yacht Club, yclept, the Anglesey, over which our esteemed friend C. F. Chubb, Esq., presides. At the last meeting of this club, we were astounded by hearing the following proposal from that gentleman. "That a committee be formed for the purpose of considering the expediency of inviting the entry into the club of proprietors of skiffs, and also of rowing gentlemen amateurs, and of providing suitable prizes for matches for the "

Surely he was in jest—Is the club to be remodelled, and its title altered? *certes*, such must be the case, provided the above motion is carried; and although a yachtsman myself, I should suggest in the event of the motion *being carried*, that it be called the Chelsea Sailing and Rowing Club, throwing the word "Anglesey Yacht" entirely overboard. Should the Commodore be in earnest, I hope the members will think seriously of the proposition before giving their votes.

Yours, &c,
SOUNDINGS.

To the Editor of *H. Y. M.*

YACHTING INTELLIGENCE.

THE schooner yacht *St. Ursula* sailed for Alexandria on the 10th, having on board Mr. H. Tennent, Mr. H. Tennent, junr., Mr. & Mrs. Paul, Mr. Brown and two Misses Tennent.

The *Vampire*, C. Wheeler, Esq., arrived at Southampton on the 1st., from Cowes, where she had been lengthened forward. She is now one of the sharpest, if not the sharpest yacht afloat, and will without doubt be a troublesome antagonist to the *Phantom* and *Thought* in light winds.

The alteration has given the *Vampire* considerable sheer forward, and she looks very narrow for her length, but on the whole she is as handsome a craft as could be desired.

The cutter *Haidee*, R. W. Wheeler, Esq., is undergoing the process of lengthening eight feet by the bows, at Spencer's yard, East Cowes.

The celebrated *Surprise*, T. Wilkinson Tetley, Esq., is also in the same yard, being lengthened six feet forward. This yacht was built by Hansen for W. H. Woodhouse, Esq., and has proved a real clipper during the last year or two; and should the alteration prove successful, some of the present cracks must look sharp to their laurels, for they will be in danger.

The *Plover*, Lord Macdonald, is at Spencer's, hauled up for the purpose of alterations.

The *Pearl* yacht, formerly belonging to the late Marquis of Anglesey, and which was recently purchased by — Dawson, Esq., of Liverpool, arrived at Cowes, on Sunday, January 13th, having been brought round from the East India Docks, under charge of Captain Daniel Corke. The yacht left the docks at 2 A.M., of the previous day, and after remaining two hours at Gravesend reached Cowes at 10 A.M., next day, so says our friend *Summa Jaga*.

The *Osprey* cutter, 16 tons, has been sold by her owner, A. W. Vincent, q., R. W. Y. C. (I.), who has built another of 25 tons, and named her the *Osair*. It is much to be regretted that gentlemen launching new yachts not look over *Hunt's Yacht List* in order to avoid names already afloat.

The *Beatrice* has been sold by Sir W. Carew, to J. E. W. Rolls, Esq., late owner of the *Camilla*, schooner.

The *Vesper* is sold by Mr. Roberts to Mr. Bevan of Carnarvon.

THE Birkenhead Model Yacht Club held its first meeting, we understand, at their New Club House, Birkenhead, on the 2nd ult., and the following meetings for the present year were agreed on.—February 6th, March 5th, April 2nd, (rules to be altered and amended, money to be voted for prizes, days to be fixed for races, opening cruise to be fixed), May 7th, June 4th, July 2nd, August 6th, September 3rd, (closing cruise to be fixed), October 1st, November 5th, December 3rd, (accounts to be brought forward, committee and officers to be elected for the year 1857).

HIGH WATER TIDE TABLE FOR FEBRUARY.

D M	High Water		The time of high water at the following places may be ascer-					
	Lon.	Bridge	tainied, by adding to, or subtracting from, the time at London					
	morn.	after	Bridge.					
	h.	m.	h.	m.	h.	m.	h.	m.
1	8	35	9	10	Aberystwith.....	add 5 23	Aberdeen.....	sub 0 56
2	9	50	10	28	Alderney.....	4 38	Aldborough.....	3 23
3	11	10	11	53	Bantry Bay.....	1 39	Belfast.....	4 2
4	—	—	0	28	Bridlington.....	2 23	Brighton.....	2 29
5	0	58	1	25	Carmarthen.....	4 3	Carnarvon.....	4 47
6	1	52	2	15	Cork Harbour.....	2 23	Cowes.....	3 22
7	2	40	3	8	Dartmouth.....	3 58	Dublin Bar.....	2 55
8	3	25	3	47	Dudgeon Light....	5 23	Dungeness.....	3 17
9	4	5	4	30	Eddystone.....	3 8	Folkestone.....	3 37
10	4	50	5	10	Exmouth Bar.....	4 18	Foreland, North..	2 22
11	5	35	5	55	Falmouth.....	3 8	Foreland, South..	2 47
12	6	15	6	35	Flamboro' Head...	2 23	Gravesend.....	0 37
13	6	55	7	20	Guernsey Pier.....	4 23	Greenwich.....	0 20
14	7	50	8	17	Hartlepool.....	1 38	Harwich.....	2 37
15	8	55	9	40	Humber Mouth...	3 23	Howth Harbour ..	2 59
16	10	25	11	10	Kinsale Harbour..	2 23	Ipswich.....	2 7
17	11	55	—	—	Lands End.....	2 23	Kentish Knock ...	2 37
18	0	35	1	2	Leith Pier.....	0 15	Lowestoft.....	3 37
19	1	30	1	50	Lynn Regis.....	4 38	Margate.....	2 2
20	2	10	2	29	Plymouth.....	3 26	Nore Light.....	0 58
21	2	45	3	5	Swansea.....	3 48	Portsmouth.....	2 27
22	3	20	3	35	Torbay.....	3 58	Sheerness.....	1 28
23	3	47	4	0	Waterford.....	3 43	Southampton	2 27
24	4	15	4	30	Weymouth.....	4 23	Spithead.....	4 37
25	4	45	5	0	Whitby.....	1 38	Yarmouth Roads .	5 27
26	5	15	5	27	Amsterdam.....	0 53	Calais.....	2 19
27	5	49	5	58	Antwerp.....	2 18	Dieppe.....	3 2
28	6	13	6	30	Bourdeaux.....	4 45	Havre de Grace...	4 15
29	6	52	7	15	Cherbourg.....	5 23	Ostende.....	1 12
					Hamburgh.....	3 53	Honfleur.....	4 37
					Brest.....	1 39	New York.....	5 7

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Amicus on Model Yacht Clubs is under consideration.

THOUGHT.—The article requested was in print some few years ago. We enquire about it.

BLUE PRIZES received.

All communications for the Editor to be addressed to No. 6, New Church Street, West, Edgware Road, London.

MARCH, 1856.

ON THE SPEED OF YACHTS.

BY PALINURUS.

"Ipee gubernator puppi Palinurus ab altâ—"

In a former page some remarks were made on the necessity of ceasing to dwell so continuously on the proper form for the hull of a yacht, and now to direct our attention and energies more to the improvement of the propelling surfaces. We stated that very little had been done towards this end, and that the rig of our vessels was very little changed or improved since the days of the Great Harry, or the opening trip of the Cork Water Club a century ago. The fact is that this subject lies more in the way of the civil engineer, than in that of the naval architect or yachtsman, and now that these gentlemen search for renown in distant shores on board their own vessels, we shall hope that as a pastime, if not in a graver mood, they will, while smoking the mild Havannah on the spotless deck, with the blue ter playing around, and the white canvas bellying aloft to the evening breeze, for a moment divert their attention from locomotives

10. 3.—VOL. V. 9

and rails, to the improvement of the shape of those snowy wings that look so rounded and perfect in the eyes of a painter, but which are so sadly deficient in the eyes of the philosopher. Not but what we think they have still enough to do on land, for if railways are the glory of our engineers, the common roads are their disgrace;—dusty in summer, muddy in autumn, slushy in winter and spring, expensive to make; and ruinous to keep up. A new system surely must be created, and we look with impatience for some new Stephenson or Bidder to arise and accomplish this most desirable improvement.

In the intervals of thinking on these subjects however, they might give us many a hint that might be valuable. Stephenson told us that the attention of yachtsmen should now be directed to the improvement of sails. Will he set us the example?

In the last paper on this subject we stated that even in the cutter rig, which is confessedly the best adapted for the purpose of match sailing, there are defects of so enormous an amount, that the wonder is they should stand still uncorrected. The foot of the main-sail for example, is so nearly in a line with that of the vessel that it is only effective in promoting lee way. The upper part or the head of the sail is so nearly in a line with that of the wind, that although more effective in propelling than the foot, it is still not so efficient as if it were more inboard. Is there no way, in which, while the head of the sail could be brought a little more to windward, the foot of the sail (with the boom, of course) could be eased off so as to make it also a propelling power. At present the position of the gaff is almost entirely dependent on the main sheet,—when this is eased off the head of the sail sags to leeward and becomes useless. Again when the boom is hauled moderately on board, the head of the sail is brought more on board also and becomes more effective, but the foot of the sail is almost useless, and the lower part of the after leach is almost, if not quite, a back sail.

At one time we believed that something might be done by the use of guys from the gaff end to the quarters, or vang as they are called, when applied to the spanker of a square rigged vessel, but although satisfied that good resulted, and that the vessel went faster through the water, the plan had practical defects. "Ah! sir," said our Captain Mr. Abraham Pighead, "if you haul the peak of your gaff to weather with them taunt lines, the sail will have no play at all, and the crew will stand at ease and laugh at us."

"Now, Abraham," we spoke mildly, for we always talk in a mild and paternal manner to our captain, "the object of this vang is not to haul the head of the sail too much to weather but to prevent it sagging too much to leeward while we ease off the sheet." Abraham with all his obstinacy is decidedly a decent and worthy man, he grumbles but obeys, and eases the sheet off accordingly.

The wind was moderate, the day was pleasant, we had been trying to catch one of Hewett's noble smacks which was beating up Sea Reach against a westerly wind, but we only had held our own. Our little cutter instead of grinning at us, as Mr. Abraham Pighead intimated she would, actually seemed pleased that so much of her tether was eased, and like a greyhound she bounded ahead. The difference was perceptible in a few minutes,—in ten more we were close in her wake, and in another quarter of hour, she was under our lee. We looked at Abraham knowingly, "Well, now sir," said he "I do believe we should never have cotched this here fisherman, hadn't that 'ere lucky puff o' wind brought us clean up to him, and then that other slant shoved us right ahead."

We are naturally quiet, slow to anger, and of a forgiving disposition. Abraham did not seem to wince under the sudden flash of anger and disgust that for once lit up the usually complacent countenance of the unworthy writer of these lucubrations, but continued "I'll tell you what, sir, them 'ere gew-gaws and notions are all very well for playthings, but come a squall and where are ye."

At this moment a squall did come with the wind more abeam, our little craft heeled over as if she never were to right again: "Ease off the sheet there," but she still seemed settling over, the water rushing over the lee deck, when bang went something aloft, a slap across our face from the lower part of the guy told us what had happened, away went the gaff to leeward, the barkie righted and on she flew ploughing through Old Father Thames as gaily as ever.

Now, this little episode made us wiser than we had been before, it evidently showed that our principle was good, but that the application as detestable; and that some other mode of carrying it out must be discovered.

"What think you of the lugger rig," said our excellent friend of London, who accompanied us in all the glory of his buttons, "depend upon it there is nothing like it for going to windward, because an object of bringing the head of the sail more inboard is obtained

by part of the gaff, or the yard rather, being before the mast, and by the pressure of the wind, and the fore-part of the sail being forced to leeward, the after part of the head is allowed to come up to the wind, and you have the less occasion to make use of your main sheet, to spoil the foot of your sail."

"But the lugger rig would never do for match sailing," said we musingly, and with a half doubting expression: upon which a gentle reverie fell over us until the sight of Erith woke us to our duties.

* * * * *

The Chinaman who first put battens across his sails deserves a monument erected to his memory. We have no hesitation in saying that some modification of this idea embodied in a square or lug sail approaches nearer to our idea of perfection in a sail than anything else. No doubt there are many who would ridicule the idea, but we do not believe the craft would look so very ridiculous, when she stood within $2\frac{1}{2}$ points of the wind, and came in half an hour ahead of her competitors. A sail, after all, is only a mechanical power of the order of the inclined plane, made to move in consequence of the minute particles of which the wind is composed, impinging on it at certain angles. The more belly there is in your sail, the more you must bear away from your true course to fill it. Make that as shallow as possible, and the nearer you can look to the wind, the more effective your sail. This is no idle theory,—we have seen a sail not only set as flat as a board, but one made of *board itself*. Its power was unquestionable in running, reaching, and above all in going to windward, and the boat in which it was applied gave the go-bye to many others when on a wind. Of course the unwielding nature of the material rendered it useless for ordinary work, but the experiments were perfectly successful as proving the correctness of the theory that the flatter the canvas the better. Can there be no sail club established to try all these things? Why should not the spirit of emulation and improvement be brought to bear on this point as well as on the hulls of yachts, which are so much near perfection?

ON THE RIG OF YACHTS.

BY SPAN-SHACKLE.

THERE exists much diversity of opinion amongst yachtsmen as to the rig of yachts; some hold out for the good old orthodox rig of the cutter, whilst others as stoutly maintain that a schooner is the perfection of rig for all purposes. American authorities hold that with respect to the means of propulsion, if it can be entirely concentrated in effect, the more direct will be its action, and consequently the more powerful; and as an example thereof they point out their sloop-rigged vessels as the perfection of rig for speed. Now there exists precisely the same difference between the Yankee sloop and the Yankee schooner, as between the English cutter and the English schooner: and that is, that neither sloop nor cutter can be strictly termed sea-going vessels of a comfortable class. The sloop-rigged vessel is by no means adapted for sea-work, and is about the most dangerous craft a novice could handle in squally latitudes; her canvas being all concentrated into an enormous main-sail, and proportionably large stay-sail, necessarily entails gigantic spars; her sails cannot be reduced with so much facility as even an English cutter, and when labouring in a sea-way her heavy sticks tell fearfully on the straining hull. In smooth water, along low lying shores,—on a wind,—reaching or running, we question much if any rig would touch an American sloop;—but once lead her into troubled waters and her supremacy is at an end.

The English cutter is as much superior to the Yankee sloop, as the Yankee schooner is to her British sister. By some it may be said that this is owing to the English cutter drawing more water and being a deeper bodied vessel; no such thing!—we have seen a large English cutter American sloop-rigged, and she could do nothing in the chopping sea of the English Channel; every time a wave met her she seemed to stop, and it was only when the boom lacerings were set off that she appeared to have any life at all, and then the work of her ponderous spars were of such a nature, as that no British cutter sailer would wish to risk during a dark and stormy night; other and even more fatal objection to the sloop rig for our waters

is, that should you by any of the chances or accidents to which rovers of the sea are subject, happen to carry away your forestay, either of itself, or by the loss of your bumpkin: ten to one that your mast does not follow before a halliard can be let go to save it.

An English cutter can be worked in any sea, and when properly sparred, canvassed, and handled, may be considered the perfection of a fore-and-aft rigged vessel: there is only one great objection to this description of rig, and that is the weight of the boom: this is certainly an important drawback, as any yachtsman will bear testimony to, especially when running before a gale, accompanied by a heavy quarterly sea, then it is that on the weather roll she will be felt to shake to her very keelson. The boom guy with the purchase hove taut, will, to a certain extent, remedy this; but the only proper relief you can give a cutter from the weight of her boom in such weather is, by setting your trysail: this sail will relieve her at once, and if sailing masters and crews would not be so chary of giving themselves a little trouble, we should hear very little, in comparison, to what we do, of the weight of a cutter's boom: they generally however contrive to have the trysail so snugly stowed away, and the trouble of stowing the main-sail, and setting the storm canvas is esteemed so contrary to their notions of labour saved, that the vessel is left to struggle through the fierce wild sea as best she may; aye, sometimes down to a balance reef, and then forsooth the main-sail boom is blamed for it all. Oftentimes indeed, the sailing masters and crew are not alone to blame: the owner may be nervous, he funks a breeze in fact; and the setting of storm canvas looks nasty, it is an ill-omened event and preludes disaster and wreck; whereas, preparations to do battle with a gale should be regarded in much the same light as putting on an oilskin coat and sou'wester to cheat a drenching shower.

Cutters may however be overdone, that is they may be of too large a tonnage; from our experience we should say 50 tons would be found the most satisfactory size for a cutter; 80 tons would certainly be the maximum size for racing purposes; but beyond 50 tons for cruising purposes, a schooner is decidedly the rig. A large cutter of from 70 to 100 tons will be found a very far more expensive vessel to handle than a schooner of equal tonnage; irrespective of the additional number of hands it will require to work her, should any spar be carried away, for spars will be lost occasionally in the very best handled vessels, it is no easy task to replace them when of such large

size, A 70 or 80 ton racing cutter may however be converted into a comfortable cruising vessel, by having a second suit of sails and appropriate spars, and thus transforming her into a yawl when bound upon a lengthy cruise. This rig is very handy and safe, but the additional expense is no doubt a considerable objection, although it renders such a vessel very complete indeed.

Schooners over 50 tons are no doubt the best description of rig for cruising, the spars are light, neat and handy, and if sprung or carried away can be easily replaced, and at moderate expense, at most, if not at all, the ports at which a yachting cruiser may touch. Shortening sail is much easier of performance, and with less hands, in a schooner than in a cutter, or in fact in any other rig, that is, always bearing in mind that we are treating of yachts of our usual cruising and racing tonnage: take in the jib and brail up the fore-sail of a fore-and-aft schooner, and you have her at once under sail that will enable you to handle her in any emergency save a white squall, a typhoon, or a tornado;—at least until you can get time to breathe, and the storm canvas ready to clap on her: she will neither labour nor work so much as a cutter; her greater length and longer floor, will enable her to ride easier over the seas, her lighter spars will not bury her so much, and running or reaching if she has any decent speed at all she will hold her own; but once come to haul her on a wind with a cutter as her antagonist, none of our present schooners that we know anything of will see the way *she* goes.

A schooner will lie-to for the reasons above adduced with greater comfort and security: we confess we are not by any means admirers of square-topsail schooners; they are neither one thing nor the other, and to our view it appears anomalous to expect that a square sail can ever be brought to stand with a fore-and-aft sail on a wind. Perhaps some more skilful sailor may be good enough to enlighten us, and if he does he will confer a boon upon us all; but we never have seen it done, and doubt if it can be with advantage to the vessel. The handling of square-rigged vessels, and fore-and aft rigged vessels, are different both in theory and practice, as that of a penny Thames barge from a flying proa. Take a smart brig sailer and put him on board a cutter, and see what a fist he will make of her; the chances are that he will have her in irons for half an hour before he can get her stir out of her, and *vice versa* with a fore and aft rig sailer; clap her on board a brig and he will be equally astray at getting underway;

let both however get fairly underway, and we'll back the cutter sailer to get more out of the brig than the brig's man will take out of the cutter on a taut bowline; and yet the best cutter sailer of them all will not drive a square topsail schooner to windward of a fore-and-aft schooner of equal tonnage and speed.

There is an important subject in the matter of rigs, that we conceive has never been properly attended to until the *America* came amongst us; and that is the cut of the canvas. It has always been our belief that a schooner could not show alongside of a cutter going to windward: past, and we may say present experience goes far to confirm us in this belief. The *America* was the first vessel that enlightened us under this head; but the lesson she taught us will have more effect upon our cutters, and the consequence will be that the schooners will be as far to leeward as ever: men will now begin to study the cut and standing of the canvass, and slack leaches and hollow sails will scarcely find favour save when running with the wind over the taffrail; to bring the schooner rig up to the cutter you must alter the form of the hull still more,—so as to let the mainsail be *the* sail, a good swaggering sail with great peak, a neat small fore-sail, a handy stay-sail, and *no* jib: proportion the hull to the action of such sails, carry your beam well, but not too much aft,—let your fore and main masts be closer together, the fore well forward; a light fore-foot and a deep heel, with good length of floor and a round side, for which you must have plenty of beam; and we think such a vessel and such a rig will look at a cutter saucily. On the Irish coast there exists a peculiar class of vessels called Skerries Hookers, these vessels are, we understand, termed “hookers,” not from their pertaining to the class so denominated in the south and west of Ireland, but from their being used upon the North East coast in hook-and-line deep-sea fishing: these vessels are schooner rigged, the main-mast is raked moderately and stepped well in the body of the vessel; the fore-mast has very little rake, and is stepped very far forward; they have no forestay,—a running bowsprit, and staysail and jib are in one: they have very little draught forward, great beam, and fine round sides. These same Skerries Hookers will thrash to windward w anything afloat, and the harder it blows the better they like: Many of our yachtsmen would not do amiss if they would huml themselves a little, and not despise taking a wrinkle now and th from our coast fishermen, both as to rig and build. Ugly, bla

and repulsive as these very craft may appear in the eyes of the dandy yachtsman, yet are they most worthy of observation; and many a wholesome lesson is to be learned from them. Take for instance the fleet of the St. Ives, Penzance, and Mounts' Bay men; where can be seen better appointed or better handled vessels: to see these vessels working in a gale of wind is indeed a picture worthy a sailor's eye, and yet this is one of the most troublesome of British rigs to handle; for in going to windward the dipping of the "lug-sail" is incessant in short tacks. Well then, up North, take a look at the Clyde fishing boats, some of the smartest little cutters afloat; you will get a lesson there worth many a miles travel to know, and that is the proper set of canvas, which the Clydesmen *do* understand: come down the Irish Channel then and take a look at the Manx Herring Fleet, similar in shape; but a prettier model of boat by far, to our mind, than the Cornish boats, and differing in rig: instead of the fore-lug, the Manx man carries a fore-and-aft main-sail and mizen; are very handy vessels, run well, reach well; and shew a tidy pair of heels to windward. Then have a look at the Liverpool Shrimpers, with their little peaked main-sail, and fore-sail only, little busybody craft that are constantly poking their slint beamy carcasses into all sorts of out of the way creeks and corners: and then away with you where the broad Atlantic heaves its giant billows; there you will see another style of hull and rig, namely the Kinsale and Chaddagh Hookers; great sea boats and fast ones too; and mind you, good reader, to observe, that nearly every one of these noted fishing boats pin their faith upon the action of the main-sail; all other sails are comparatively small, light, and easily handled; their great motive power is their main-sail; they concentrate their canvas as much inboard as possible; and we believe that yachtsmen would do well to study this a little more than they do. A great stick for a bowsprit, and a main-boom projecting *from* bow and *over* taffrail, may look uncommonly picturesque and racing like: "tapering spars rearing their proud heads amongst the clouds!" reads very prettily alongside a comfortable fire upon a winter's evening; "a gle of snowy canvas!" brings up romantic pilots and inspiring rates in our imaginative fancy: the more taunt the spars, and the more square yards of canvas a vessel carries, no matter how it is distributed over her, the faster we expect her to go, merely because it is a "yacht," and consequently *ought* to go. No, gentle reader,

we must alter our system a little; our rigs are very good, but we have been overdoing them; as we have increased both spars and canvas for racing purposes, so have we added ballast to the hull, and then comes that bane to all progress in the true science of yachting—"Shifting Ballast."

Let us wander coastwise a bit during this very present time and rough it a night or two amongst our fishermen; their gear, rigging, spars, and sails are small, light and handy, but strong; their ballast is scanty and easily stowed; 'tis true it may be said they are winter rigged, yet we see the self same boats making first-rate sailing during summer weather too. Now had these same fishermen the same opportunities for turning out the hulls of their vessels as yachtsmen have, where would our yachts be. We are too prone to think that a vessel neatly coppered, painted, *beautifully* fitted *inside*, nicely varnished spars, spotless sails, snowy decks, a smart gig, with bright brass rowlocks, and above all a brilliantly polished brass yoke and no end of white lines; everything spick and span from the builder's hands,—constitutes a perfect yacht; and we wonder how it is that occasionally older yachts, and not half so nice looking, gives us a most confounded thrashing. If we thought less of the varnish and paint, and the fine mahogany fittings below, and paid more attention to the spars, sails, and the gear aloft, we would be gradually approaching towards that perfection of hull and rig which we certainly have not as yet attained.

MY CRADLE BOAT.

—
BY TOMMY BLUFFBOW.
—

CHAPTER III.

AS SOON as I had recovered from the excitement and disappointment of the race with the Stranger, I felt that I had no reason to be dissatisfied with the performances of the Harebell. She had sailed an exceedingly close match, and had it not been for the mishap with the bowsprit, we should in all probability have been the winner; I was therefore doubly anxious to make another match with my rival as early as possible. A competitor

check however, was put upon my plans by my father, who had heard of the desperate race with Bob Hart; and being no sailor himself, the result of that match had been pictured to him in the most perilous colours; and so strongly were his fears aroused and his indignation excited at my "reckless conduct," as he expressed it, that he ordered the yacht to be dismantled and laid by. All the reasoning I could offer, and the entreaties I made were of no avail: my father was firm and resolute.

This was the bitterest cup I ever drank, I never felt my pride so completely levelled, nor my pleasures so entirely checked as now.

"But you will not deny me the use of the Swallow, Sir," said I.

"No," he said, "you may make use of the Swallow, provided you promise not to race with her."

How long this state of affairs was to last I could not tell; certain unruly passions lurked in my bosom which almost tempted my to disobedience; but as I was then but eighteen years old, I thought that to be obstreperous would only make matters worse, particularly as my father was a firm, stern man.

For one whole month I contented myself with the Swallow, occasionally joining my friend Bob on a stolen cruise with him in the *Stranger*. Bob deeply sympathized with me, and in a short time we had become on more intimate terms than ever, and by far the greater part of my time was spent with him aboard the *Stranger*. As we shared our pleasures on the water so we shared them ashore; we were constant companions, and our tastes exactly alike. We were particularly fond of the company of old sailors and fishermen; indeed there was scarcely one in the neighbourhood but we were on visiting terms with, frequently calling at their cottages, and spinning a tough yarn over a pipe and pewter pot.

But these visits, as is invariably the case with young men, were productive of ill effects in more than one respect. One of these men, Joe Murray, had a beautiful daughter, who used to welcome us with such winning smiles and innocent blushes, that our visits were very frequent at the old man's cottage. Her black hair which hung in loose ringlets over her ruddy cheeks, in careless profusion, partly shaded a pair of the darkest and softest eyes I had ever seen; whilst her faultless form and lightly manner so won upon me that I felt more regard for this poor age beauty than any girl I had met with in higher circles. My friend Bob used to joke me about her a good deal, and said he expected some day or other I should be fool enough to marry her; I told him I did not for my family's sake.

My visits became so frequent at the cottage that a report soon spread

through the village that the young gentleman from H—— Hall was going to marry Kitty Murray. As may be supposed, this bit of scandal soon reached my father's ears, and I was not sorry it had done so ; for having been three months without my Harebell, I thought it a glorious revenge upon him for prohibiting my indulgence in a more innocent amusement : and I made no doubt but when he heard of it he would be induced to let me have the yacht again, that my attention might be turned from the pretty Kitty.

"I am sorry to find you have formed some low acquaintances in the village Thomas," said my father one morning.

I replied "I hoped he would not give credit to all he heard, although I confessed I had frequently been at Murray's cottage to talk with him upon boating affairs; and as I had been deprived of the use of my little yacht, I had nothing better to amuse myself. I also told him I should be glad to know if I was ever to be allowed to use the Harebell again, or if she was to lay by and spoil."

To this speech my stern parent made no reply, but I could plainly see by the expression of his features that I had made some impression, and hoped it would end according to my wishes.

The day following I found he had given orders for the Harebell to be refitted, an order which was readily obeyed by those intrusted with the charge of her, for I believe it was the unanimous feeling of the whole fraternity of nautical men in the neighbourhood, that I had been too severely dealt with : and every one appeared pleased to find I was again to be permitted to indulge in my favourite sport.

"The Harebell will be ready for you in a few days," said my father—two days after our previous conversation. "And I wish you to understand that I will allow no racing with Bob Hart's yacht: and I also hope I shall hear no more of your visits at Murray's cottage, or I shall again put a stop to your yachting pursuits. Be careful and do not carry too much sail."

I replied "I will incur no risks, Sir ; but I cannot promise not to sail a return match with Bob Hart. It is not probable that it will blow another gale on the day we fix, and if it does I promise you the race shall be postponed ; but I cannot submit to the defeat by Hart's boat, without an effort to retrieve my laurels, particularly as it is well known that the Harebell is the faster yacht."

I made this statement with all the firmness I could muster, and my father saw at a glance it would be useless to rein me too tightly ; he therefore made me no reply. I thanked him for the Harebell, which I now considered entirely my own, and left the room.

I used often to wish my Grandfather were living, for I believe he would have impressed my father with more confidence as to my sailor tastes and experience in boating affairs. But as matters were I found it difficult to make him believe I was just as safe, in fact safer, on the water than on land.

On my refit I ordered a new gaff-topsail of larger dimensions than any I had hitherto used : the Harebell was not over sparred, nor was she by any means too much crowded with canvas, and I was induced to believe I had not yet sufficiently tested her powers in fine weather ; although I had clearly done so in a gale. I ordered a ton of the iron ballast to be removed, and a ton-and-a-half of lead to be substituted : but the whole was well secured beneath the platform. *Shifting ballast* during a sailing match in those days would have been a crime for which nothing short of a month's imprisonment in the County gaol would have compensated ; but alas ! for the *fashion* of the present day : the yacht that carries the greatest quantity of shifting ballast is looked upon as the master-piece of Naval Architecture, and dubbed a *clipper*. A trace to such child's toys : they would have been spurned, run down, crushed, in the 'days to which my tale alludes : and the men who sailed in such vessels would have been treated with scorn, no sailor would have allowed them a berth on the same thwart with him, nor would he have drank from the same jug.

Although the Harebell was but six tons, her cabin was as commodious and convenient as any cabin I have seen in yachts of the same tonnage at the present day ; but her stern was not so perfect or graceful looking as the overhanging *polka sterns* of 1855.

In a few days I found myself at sea one more ; my only shipmate being old Joe Murray : for one whole fortnight I set sail every day, and used every endeavour to get my little yacht into perfect trim. I listened to Murray's suggestions, and made so many little improvements, until I began to think I had a thorough knowledge of the yacht's best qualities and highest point of speed. Twice I had fallen in with Bob Hart and the Stranger, and beaten him on both occasions. With every confidence in my vessel ; far more than I ever had before, I sat down and wrote the following challenge:—

MY DEAR HART.—The match I sailed with you in May last, (and which I so gallantly won with the Stranger) was in some respects unsatisfactory to me. I am therefore anxious to sail another, over the same course, and under the same regulations as before, and now challenge you to a match for £10, or a Cup of that value, (which ever you please,) on any day you choose to name within one fortnight from this date.

Very truly yours,

— Hall, September 7th, 18—.

TOMMY BLUFFBOW

To this letter I received the following reply:—

MY DEAR BLUFFBOW.—I accept your challenge to a sailing match for £25 over the same course, and under the same regulations as before; and as you have requested me to name the day, I propose this day week the 14th inst.; and to start at 11 o'clock A.M.

I remain, my Dear Bluffbow,

Yours very truly,

ROBERT HART.

P.S.—I have lost my conceit in the Stranger, since your re-launch: and although I intend to do my best, shall quite expect to be well beaten.—R.H.

Our previous match had been kept as private as possible; but this was known to all the neighbourhood for many miles around; and I even told my father of it, and he (contrary to my expectations) expressed a wish to see it. Every available boat was engaged on the morning of the match, flags were flying on every vessel in the port, and the scene altogether wore the aspect of a regatta. The spirited and almost unprecedented excitement occasioned by the report of the previous match, had rendered the anticipated one an object of great attraction, particularly as the wind was blowing heavily; but not too heavy for the match, nor so desperately as on the previous occasion.

I went to my moorings with one of the same crew as before, the other hand being old Murray, and took up my station with due precision. As there was yet half an hour before the start, I proceeded in my skiff alongside the Stranger, and greeted my friend Hart with a cordial shake of the hands, and invited him aboard the Harebell. The utmost good feeling existed between us, and Hart remained on board my little vessel until the signal was fired to prepare, when he immediately went aboard his own yacht: ten minutes elapsed and we were off with a rush for the lead. On the first part of our course we had the wind free. The Stranger had set her top-sail some minutes before me: my fore-mast man having made a shocking blunder, and jammed his foot in an awkward and dangerous manner, between the main-halliard-block and the mast. I saw his perilous position, and called old Murray to the helm, and instantly went up by the shrouds, released the bungling sailor, and sent him down by the halliards; whilst I set the gaff-top-sail myself as quickly as ever I set one in my life: the whole proceeding scarcely occupied two minutes.

On resuming the helm I was sorry to see my best hand limping and in great pain from his foot, and feared it might be the means of preventing my winning the race. Our mishap had given the Stranger an opportunity of getting a good lead, and she had evidently made the most

of it : for several miles we kept on our course with but slight alteration of position : a jibe was now necessary, the Stranger performed it *all standing*, and apparently with perfect safety. I hesitated an instant as to the propriety of following her example, for I knew my spars were none to stiff for so hazardous an undertaking ; however, " here goes," said I, and over went the boom with a tremendous sway, rolling our vessel on her side until she exposed her naked bottom to all and every one to windward of her.

A run dead before the wind for several miles did not change our positions materially, although I had gained slightly on my opponent. The farthest flag-boat is reached, and the Stranger has doused her gaff-top-sail, and is hauling her wind. Her example is quickly followed by us, and our best skill exercised : plenty of wind, almost too much for a whole main-sail, still we furrowed along with determined efforts ; and on our fourth tack I saw I had the advantage of my opponent, and weathered her on the eighth tack. Jack appeared to forget his lame foot, and shifted the jib-tack with his usual alacrity, and before we had worked half our homeward course I had the pleasure to find the Harebell considerably in advance of the Stranger : but in the next reach I learnt that the cup was anything but certain with us, for another mishap befel us which made it a matter of considerable uncertainty.

On re-setting our gaff-top-sail for a reaching course, through a channel two miles in length, I found the wind much heavier, and my top-mast was bending with great violence, so that I had the greatest fear of carrying it away ; I directly ordered a smaller top-sail to be ready, and was in the act of giving the order to lower the other, when down it came with a crash : the top-mast had given way, leaving a stump of about a foot in length above the main-mast. I turned to look at my opponent, he was coming up with me hand over hand ; but buried in foam, gunwale under, and reeling under great pressure of sail.

" All is up with us now," I said.

" I am in hopes not," said Jack, " we are more than half way through this reach, and all the rest of our course lies dead to windward, where gaff-top-sails will be of no use to either of us."

Having cleared away the loose ropes and broken spar, every thing is made snug for our last efforts, and the Stranger swept past us in sheet of white foam, and was nearly half-a-mile a-head when he hauled wind and lowered top-sail to tack to windward : he was making the most of every moment of time, and handling his yacht with exquisite skill ; the wind was decidedly heavier than ever, and we felt the advantage of being lightened aloft : after a few tacks it was evident we were

gaining slightly upon our opponent, the greatest nicety was observed in the adjustment of our tacks and sheets, and I put my best efforts in play to weather my formidable rival.

"Keep her at it, sir, with all your might," said Murray, "and I think you will just do it."

"It will be a *very very* close match," said I.

We were now within a dozen tacks of the winning goal, and the Stranger is still the leader, with two or three tacks to spare. "Now," said old Murray "make a short tack this instant, Mr. Hart is going too much in the tideway."

The old man's suggestion was instantly adopted, and in less than a minute the advantage gained was clearly apparent; for I hoped to weather the Stranger on the next tack. The shouts of the spectators ashore at this manoeuvre were distinctly heard as we weathered our gallant opponent, and arrived at the starting vessel one minute and five seconds a-head of him.

Each little yacht was greeted on her arrival with deafening shouts: and amongst those who were first to congratulate me upon my success, and Hart for his splendid exertions, *was my father*, he had watched the match with as much interest and excitement as any one ashore. From that day he encouraged yacht-racing with all the ardour of a genuine yachtsman, and never again checked or discouraged me in my yachting pursuits.

THE NEW YEAR.

Listen to the merry bell,
How its glad notes sweetly swell
Through the midnight air:
Hark! how cheerily the ring,
Through the valleys echoing
Welcome to the new born year.

See his bright laughing eye through the curtain is peeping.
In the sunlight of joy ev'ry heart he is steeping;
He looks on the brother so recently dead,
Not a sigh does he heave, not a tear does he shed;
But he boasts in his pride of the good he will do,
Of the gems he will scatter, the treasures he'll strew,
Yet he breaths not a word of the blossoms he'll blight:
He tells not of a storm-cloud, he speaks not of night.
If his story were true it would always be day,—
He knows not December, he speaks but of May.
The old year hath bade us be ready to die—
'Life's a flower strewn path' is the new one's reply;
But now he'll turn round and full gravely will chide
Our folly, for heeding his speeches of pride.
Then hope for the best in the year that's to come,
But look not for sunlight unmingled with gloom.

Nugent House, Ryde.

FAXN

YARNS OF A YACHTSMAN.*

LA BALLERINA.

CHAP. IV.

"Not Cleopatra, on her galley's deck
Displayed so much of leg, or more of neck"—BYRON.

It is now many months since we left that able yachtsman, Sir Harry Arden, and his *fidus Achates*, Maxwell, on board their trusty schooner the *Anastasia*, 150 tons O.M., navigating the Solent Sea, on their way to the Mediterranean. If our readers have forgotten their previous doings they will find them duly chronicled in the first volume of this Magazine.

Beautiful weather and favouring breezes attended the voyagers in their southern progress, and they safely anchored in the Tagus, within little more than a week from the time they lost sight of the Wight. Both Sir Harry and his companion were delighted with Lisbon, and they agreed that in many points, especially the breadth and stateliness of its streets, it more resembled the fair capital of Scotland than any place they had seen. They had already been some days in the river, and had made excellent use of their time.

A visit to the famous aqueduct, where a guard is placed at either end to prevent the lovesick Lusitanians seeking a *quietus* to their sorrows by plunging into the depths beneath its lofty arches, had occupied one day, while another had been pleasantly spent in a ramble among the orange groves of Mafra and Cintra. Sitting on the evening of the third day over a cool bottle of claret, which the still warm weather made very palatable liquor, Maxwell proposed that they should visit the Opera, where they had not yet been. To this Sir Harry willingly consented, and the gig was accordingly ready by the hour at which it was necessary to go on shore, from which they lay not much above a hundred yards, and nearly abreast of the Custom House.

The theatre is of moderate size but rather handsome, and in a box close to the stage on the right hand of the house they found, the then *Queen*, Donna Maria de Gloria Segunda, and her very handsome husband. Her obesity at first rather astonished Sir Harry, but when he had time to remark the perpetual consumption of comestibles, when he went on in the Royal Box, during the performances, his wonder

We shall with much pleasure the return of the author of these Yarns, the former chapters of which are logged in vol. i. pp. 320, 378, 431.—Ed.

ceased, he could not exactly tell what her Majesty did eat, but he soon satisfied himself that sandwiches would be preferred to songs, and beer to the ballet.

The house was but moderately filled, so that any new arrivals made a sensation. In a box near where our yachtsmen entered was a young man in a naval uniform, who eyed them very hard, as they took their seats. "Who can that youngster be? he does not seem much like a sailor for all his gay clothing," said Sir H., after they had been seated for a few minutes. The wearer of the blue and gold immediately took a place beside our two friends, and was not a little delighted to meet with countrymen, as all Englishmen abroad are, who are not too sulky or too shy. On further acquaintance he turned out to be assistant-surgeon of the S——, a little steamer recently driven into the Tagus by stress of weather, after being near the Cape de Verde Islands. She was bound to Fernando Po, being one of a squadron sent to explore the coast of Africa, and ascend some of its rivers. They found him a raw youth, taken out of some apothecary's shop, ignorant of aught beyond the mortar and pestle, and bribed by double pay; and, as he admitted, hopes of knighthood, (Heaven save the mark!) to peril his life in this dangerous expedition. After the performances, which were indifferent enough, the ballet excepted, they adjourned along with the doctor to Madam Belem's hotel, where they had some supper, and then piloting their medical companion down to the river where he was to meet one of the steamer's boats, they left him with many wishes for his safe return to enjoy the mighty honours he believed were in store for him. Poor fellow, he was one of the first who fell a sacrifice to that pestilential climate. His bones and those of most of his shipmates now lie bleaching on the banks of that white man's grave,—the river Niger.

The night having turned out stormy, and threatening heavy rain, Sir Harry and his friend were very glad to get on board the schooner and seek refuge in their own comfortable cabins. No sooner were they below than they turned in with reasonable expectations of a hearty snooze. One of them however, was not destined on this occasion to enjoy his repose long undisturbed, for just as Maxwell, who occupied the state-room at the foot of the companion, was falling into his first sleep, he was awakened by Wull Muir's voice, who was on deck in charge of the watch, in angry altercation with some one apparently in a boat alongside.

"Na—na—there's naeboddy here speaks that gibberish, ye've mis-
your gate my woman. Ye'll be for ane of thae furin craft lying ahin
or maybe for the wee Englisher steamer that's awa' doon yonder :
ha'e a lot o' heathenish black cattle aboard, thay ca' Kroomen ; they

ca' them anything they like, but they are a devilish funny croo at ony rate: it 'ill be them ye're seekin',—ye canna come here."

To this gruff remonstrance a complaining voice like that of a female in distress seemed to reply, but what it said, or what language it spoke, Maxwell could not ascertain. Jumping out of bed he threw on some clothes and hastened on deck, where he found Wull addressing his remonstrances with great vehemence of word and action to a party in a shore boat alongside. As well as the dark night, it was now wet and windy, would permit him to distinguish, the boat seemed to contain two men, her crew, and two women, her passengers, one of whom was standing up in the stern sheets, and seemed in the most earnest manner to beg to be allowed to come on board, what she said was very indistinctly heard between the noise of the wind whistling through the yacht's rigging and the observations of the excited Wull; but from a word which now and then met his ear he thought she spoke French. He found Muir much puzzled to know what was wanted, but at all events resolved they should not come aboard:

Though equally in ignorance of what they would be at, Maxwell desired him, to open the gangway port and help the women up, as he would then more readily have a chance of discovering what they sought. A couple of figures, apparently females, speedily stood on the schooner's deck, but young or old, handsome or ugly, black or white, the darkness and the huge cloaks they wore rendered it impossible to guess. One of them, the taller of the two, and the one whose eloquence had so violently excited Wull's wrath; now turned to Maxwell, and with extraordinary volubility poured forth a torrent of French, which to his unaccustomed ears, was all, but meaningless. He however was able to discover that she mistook the yacht for a French war schooner, also lying in the Tagus, but much further down, indeed near Belem, and the shore boatmen, either to save themselves the additional trouble, or really deceived in the vessels, had brought her alongside the nearest one. Maxwell mustered his best French and explained the mistake as well as he could.

"*Ah! mon dieu! c'est un bâtiment Anglais.* Ah! dat is one grand pity, vat shall I do? it blow so strong I cannot go to Belem *cette nuit.* *Oh! non, non,* I shall be dead." and here the poor creature burst into
 " of hysterical sobbing.

Maxwell who was a kind hearted fellow felt really sorry for her, and night being too bad to think of her going to search for the French al, proposed that she should go on shore again, and if she was frightened to go in the very small boat she had come off in he offered to send one of the schooner's gigs.

"*Oh! miséricorde, miséricorde, Monsieur*, don't say you vill send me on shore, they vill me seize, me kill, me rob. Oh! my dear sair, let me stay wid you all night: I vill rest in dis place; I vill sleep here on deck very well; I vill not disturb you at all, I and *pauvre* Nannette," and with this she fell on her knees, and seizing Maxwell's hands bathed them with tears, and would not let him go till he would consent to her remaining. Unwilling to turn the poor wanderers out in such a night, he at length consented, thinking no great harm could come of letting them remain all night on board, as they could be sent to their country folks the first thing in the morning. Ordering Muir to dismiss the shore-boat, he hastened with his visitors, to seek the shelter of the cabin, as the night was now most inclement, and he felt some curiosity to know who, and what they might be, who were perambulating the river at such an untimely season.

The lamps had been extinguished in the principal cabin, but leading them in, dark as it was, he set them down on one of the sofas, and desiring Muir to call the Steward to get lights, he went into his own cabin to get his dress made a little more complete before venturing into female society. He was delayed a few minutes before he could strike a light, and get the necessary articles he wanted, so that by the time he got back to the main cabin he found the lamps had been lit, and all appeared light and comfortable. He was, however, somewhat surprised at the sight he beheld as he entered the cabin door. Immediately opposite him busily employed with the assistance of what seemed a smart soubrette, stood a tall handsome figure, supported by a pair of well-formed pink legs, attired in the brief drapery which the costume of the Parisian danseuse permits, but which amply made up in width for its brevity, protruding in imposing folds of white muslin to an immense circumference from a very *petite* waist, which, and as far above as any clothing extended, was encased in a *corsage* as tight as the lower garments were loose, add to this a plentiful display of white bust and neck, a well turned head with abundance of dark glossy hair, and a pair of sparkling black eyes, which Maxwell saw reflected in the glass as he advanced, and you have a picture of Mademoiselle Natalie Miardot, formerly of the *Academie de Musique a Paris*, and presently *prima ballerina* of the Opera at Lisbon; for such Maxwell speedily detected her to be, she having, in precisely the same attire, danced a *pas seul* which had greatly delighted Sir Harry an hour or two previously.

"Ah, sair, I have just escaped *un grand malheur*," said Mademoiselle as she turned towards Maxwell, fixing the clasp of a handsome brace, connected by a small chain with a ring on her left hand in the mo-

nonchalant manner in the world. "If it had not been this *petite* dear little chain I would have lost this *bijou* in that nasty filthy boat, and that would have been very *triste* indeed. It is a *gage d'amitie* from *cher* Lord Villiam, he is one very kind friend of mine, and taught me *parler l'Anglais*. But, Sair, this is a *charmant salon*, it is so like my *boudoir* in the Rue St. Honoré in dear Paris. *Hélas, mon Dieu!* how I wish I was in dear Paris again; however this vill do very well *à présent*." Maxwell thought it would be much more to the purpose if she would tell him what the deuce brought her there, though he could not help being amused at the free and easy manner in which she made herself at home. "I presume I have the felicity of addressing Mademoiselle Miardot" said he, "whose very facinating performances I had the pleasure of witnessing this evening at the Opera. May I venture to enquire what has induced Mademoiselle to go boating at this hour, on such a night, and if I may venture to add in such a costume."

"Oh, dat is very easily told," said Natalie continuing her toilet, by applying her delicately laced handkerchief to some small traces her tears had left on her rather suspiciously blooming cheek:—"It is de fault of that *mechante la Comtesse P*——, she be of me very jealous, and she tink de Comte too fond of Natalie: he give me some *souvenirs*, de leetle, very leetle things, these be-mooch de best" givint a very careless fillip with her finger to one of the handsome emerald pendants which adorned her ears, "I did not want to have dem at all, he made me take them, so I did think I could not but wear them von night; but they be *trop grands pour la danse*, ven I finish *la pirouette* at de end of de ballet, me tink my poor leetle ear *toute déchirée*, that is torn, I vont have dem any longer;" and in a moment she had the jewels out of her ears, and lying on the cabin floor. Stamping her foot she added, "I do not care one vat you call pin for Monsieur la Comte,—but dat *sauvage ogresse, la Comtesse*, ven she saw me wearing these nasty tings knowed dem, and swore one great big lie, that I stole them from her; and I had just time to get away as I vas dressed for the ballet before the *Gens d'arme* arrived to seize me. *Le Comte* is in *la Campagne* and I have nobody to defend me from *Le Comtesse*. She should not be so jealous of poor me, *Le Comte* is one great admirer of mine; but dat is noting, Natalie has de great number of admirers, but she can't help dat: can she Monsieur?"

"Indeed you cannot," said Maxwell, amused with her *naïveté*, "and by Mademoiselle what do you propose doing? Will you give yourself, and trust to your innocence for your defence."

"No I wont! I'll sooner throw myself into the *rivière*, into *la Tage*, n dat: the law here is a very strict one, and if poor Natalie vonce in a nasty Bastile she vill nevere get out any more. No, I wish to put

myself under the protection of my countrymen of the, how do you say, *le pavillon* of la Grande Nation, and I know Monsieur le Capitaine of La Sylphide which is in de riviere, and I meant to go on board her, when instead I find myself on board one ship *De la Reine de la Grande Bretagne*, vere I hope I am equally safe. *Eh, mon cher Monsieur*, am I not? You vill never give me up to de furious Comtesse"; so saying she turned to Maxwell who was leaning against the cabin table near her, and clasping his hand in both of hers fell upon her knee in a style of melo-dramatic elegance which would have made her fortune in a ballet, and gazing up with her pretty black eyes, she earnestly whispered "*Non, Monsieur, non.*"

Maxwell though by no means a gay Lothario, being so much the reverse, that Muir's character of him to Sir Henry's aunt when he heard he was going with her nephew was, "I am unco glad to hear it, for Mr. Maxwell was a doose quiet weel leevin' lad;" and, he added, tho' too low for her to hear "and there's nae doot Sir H. is whiles a wee camsteary and will be nain the worse o' a bit tow o' a'tether." Still he was not impervious to the fascinations of the softer sex, and Mademoiselle Natalie really looked so graceful and pretty in her suppliant posture, that he could not have felt in his heart to have refused her almost any thing he had the power to grant.

"Why, my dear madam, you mistake the character of this vessel, she is not a Queen's ship, neither is she a merchantman: she is what in England we call a yacht, and if she were my property I would willingly promise you a shelter from your persecutors as long as I had the power to give it you: she is not mine, but the property of a friend, Sir Harry Arden, who is now asleep. Stay here however quietly till morning, take what repose you can on these couches, and when Sir Harry rises we will see what can be done for you. I am sure he will be as willing as myself to assist you, he is somewhat Quixotic in his temper, and he has enough of the spirit of the Preux Chevalier to be glad of an opportunity of aiding a lady in distress;" and raising Mademoiselle, he kindly pressed her hand, and begged to offer any assistance the vessel could afford to help her to pass the night comfortably. "I am sorry" he added "that our after cabin is full of lumber; but I hope you will be able to get some repose here, which I would strongly recommend as you really seem much fatigued by the adventures of the evening."

"Our tings are all on de shore," said Natalie, "but wid our cloas and de *canopies*, we vill do very well, so vid one thousand apologies for keeping you so long out of bed, I vill bid you adieu for dis night: *revoir Monsieur.*"

Maxwell on returning to his cabin could not but reflect on the

incident of the evening, he was not altogether free from anxiety, and he would have much preferred it had it not occurred, even admitting that the *danseuse* was innocent of the crime laid to her charge; and so much had her pleasant looks and seeming simplicity gained on Maxwell, that he could not believe her otherwise. The aiding her in escaping from the police might be attended with much trouble, yet he was satisfied Sir H. would not hear of giving her up. He was also somewhat uneasy on Sir H's. own account, as his feelings were somewhat susceptible; being several years the senior, Maxwell had got great charges from Sir H's. aunt if possible to keep him out of any entanglements with the fair sex, and yet here he had been the means of introducing a very fascinating young woman on board the yacht, and that too in the interesting position of a wronged and aggrieved *dulcinea* seeking protection. Probably the first use she would make of her opportunities would be to entrap the affections of the wealthy young baronet. 'Ere he fell asleep he had come to the conclusion that the sooner Mademoiselle Natalie could be got out of the schooner the better, and he had made up his mind to despatch her to the Sylphide before Sir H. should make his appearance next morning, *dis aliter visum*.

When Natalie and her maid were left to themselves they speedily made such preparations as were in their power for getting some repose for the remainder of the night; these were easily completed; for having no other clothes than those they stood in, they were obliged to lie down just as they came on board, each on one of the opposite sofas. Covering themselves with their cloaks, they were soon with that lightness of heart, peculiar to the French character, and more especially to the females of that nation, wrapt in sound and refreshing repose.

Whether it was that Sir H's. slumbers had, though not absolutely broken, been rendered less sound by the various events of the night, occurring so near his berth, or whether it was that his supper at Madam Belem's had not agreed with him, it is bootless now to enquire; but certain it is, that the following morning saw him out of bed by six o'clock: at least a couple of hours before his usual time. Now it so happened that his cabin being somewhat small, he was in the habit of keeping his clean linen in a locker formed under the sofa of the main-cabin next to his state-room door, the seat of the sofa lifting up like a lid. Indeed he not frequently used the saloon as a dressing room, the light being much better than in his own cabin, which was only lit by a bull's-eye on deck. In the morning from the early hour and the state of the atmosphere, was very dark indeed, and after applying the soap to his face he found shaving without more light impossible, so opening the state-room door he

emerged into the saloon a very odd figure, attired from neck to heels in an old tartan dressing gown, for which he had a strange fancy, and would persist in using, notwithstanding all Maxwell's jeers at its musty worse-of-the-wear aspect; his face covered with lather, and in one hand a razor, and in the other a shaving brush. Some of the crew happened just at the moment to be getting the fore-sail up in order that it might dry after the drenching of last night's rain, and the heavy folds of wet canvas covering the skylight, and the lamps out, Sir H. found the saloon literally in a state of outer darkness. Shaving, or anything else requiring light, being out of the question until the sail was hoisted, he bethought himself of getting out a clean shirt in the mean time: on attempting however to raise the seat of the sofa, he was surprised to feel it much heavier than usual, for it was too dark to detect any object lying on it; but imagining the weight to be caused by some things that the steward had left the previous evening, he boldly pushed it up with both hands, exerting his full strength, which was but a trifle less than Sampson's, and was stooping down to take out what he wanted, when his ears were saluted with a piercing shriek.

"Oh! grace de Dieu! j'etouffe, je suis tuée, mon pauvre pied il est démis, il est rompu."

At this extraordinary outcry Sir H. let fall the sofa, and at the apparition of Mademoiselle Natalie, which the removal of the sail now made distinctly visible, he started back, clearing one half of the cabin at a bound, when his further progress was stopped by his coming in contact with Nannette, who at her mistress's scream had rushed to her assistance. The way Sir H. had on, as he would himself have expressed it, fairly launched the poor little soubrette over, and something tripping his own foot at the moment, he fell after her, and in a second they were both lying in a heap in a corner of the cabin; the maid shouting out murder at the pitch of her voice, and Sir H. so utterly flabbergasted as to be unable to articulate a word.

Natalie's first shriek aroused Maxwell, and fearing some mishap he rushed into the cabin, where a most absurd scene presented itself. In the corner lay poor Nannette and Sir H's. long body athwart her. His head having fallen on the corner of the sofa, opposite to the one where Mademoiselle Miardot had lain, he had really received a severe blow, and between the novelty of his situation and the effects of the fall, he was unable to collect his ideas sufficiently to get on his legs. Stooping over the prostrate couple and pulling most lustily at the tails of Sir H. robe-de-chambre, stood Natalie not much different from what she was the previous night, and not apparently much the worse for her squeeze.

Her well starched garments protruded at an immense angle behind her as she bent her body over Sir H., and her little foot still encased in its pink stocking and white satin shoe, beat the floor quickly in her rage, at her inability to remove the lengthy carcase that seemed to be smothering Nannette. She was too excited to speak, but not a few *sacres*, and some rather uncomplimentary epithets to Sir H. forced themselves from between her teeth. Maxwell had just come in good time, for finding her efforts all ineffectual to remove Sir H. by pulling, she had taken to kicking him, and although the satin shoe was not a very dangerous implement, she doubtless, would soon, as most women when pushed to extremities will do, have taken to the feline weapons with which nature had furnished her—her nails.

Maxwell's first task was to raise Sir H., who between the soap-suds on his face, and the paleness created by his fall, really looked very ghastly indeed, he was able however with Maxwell's assistance to get on his feet, and in a few seconds came sufficiently to himself to demand an explanation of the very extraordinary position in which he found himself.

Sir H. was at first disposed to be a little angry with his friend, for not having roused him the previous night, to inform him of his unexpected guests; but his anger was never very lasting, and he was soon satisfied with Maxwell's explanations. He now took such an interest in Mademoiselle Miardot's wrongs that he forgot his own absurd introduction, and he had no sooner got himself properly attired than he was disposed to go ashore to enquire as to whether the prosecution of the poor *dansusee* was likely to be continued, never for a moment doubting the truth of her story. Both Mademoiselle and Maxwell agreed it would be wiser to send Nannette at first, to the manager of the Theatre, both to procure proper garments for Natalie, and also hear how matters stood with the countess. With this view the gig was soon dispatched with Nannette and Dawson, the mate, who was a very sensible decent fellow, to see how the land lay.

When Maxwell entered the saloon at breakfast time, he was rather disconcerted at seeing the good footing which was already established between Mademoiselle and Sir H. He found her seated at the breakfast table in all the nudity of her evening attire, no such thing as a shawl being on board the schooner, and although looking somewhat jaded after various mishaps, still fascinating enough in her appearance to excite the admiration of a more sluggish temperament than Sir H's.

"Come away Maxwell," said Sir H. in great spirits, "Mademoiselle is teaching me the proper method of concocting 'Cafe Royal,' and I should strongly recommend a single cup of it to you after your night's

adventures as *un chevalier des dames*, it is most capital stuff I assure you; shall we give him a cup Mademoiselle? or does his want of gallantry in permitting you to remain a night on board without rousing me to welcome you, deserve any?"

"Oh, assurance ve vill give him one leettle cup," answered Natalia, smiling, "he did behave very well to me and poor Nannette in our distress de night dat is past, and I will not be ungrateful."

As Maxwell found this 'Cafe Royal,' exceedingly pleasant, it may be as well for the benefit of others, to record Mademoiselle Miardot's mode of preparing it. Having filled a cup about three-fourths full of very strong coffee, adding a sufficiency of sugar, she then poured about half a glass of cognac over the back of a spoon so gently as not to permit the spirit to mingle with the coffee, and then lighting a match at a taper which stood on the table she set fire to the spirit, the coarser and more fiery particles being thus consumed, she stirred the residue until well mixed with the coffee, and the result was a delightful compound, something between simple coffee and a *liqueur*, combining the *Café* and the *Chasse* in one.

"How comes it Mademoiselle that you speak our language so well," said Sir H., "why I would almost take you for a native."

"Ah! you much very me flatter;—but I have lived much in your country. I will sometime or other tell you de history of my life, which is one very curious *Historiette* I do you assure: but here is Nannette; and *grace au Ciel* my clothes. I shall be able to appear like one decent Christian woman now."

The accounts Nannette brought from the theatre were not very encouraging, the countess who had long been jealous of her lord's admiration of Natalia, was determined to be revenged if she could lay hands on the *danseuse*, and even threatened if she took refuge on board the French ship as it was reported she had done, to apply to the French ambassador to have her delivered up. The manager strongly recommended her to get out of Portugal as fast as possible, the influence of the countess being very great and her vengeance not to be trifled with. Natalia's wardrobe was sent, and rather a bulky one it was, occupying no less than ten packages, but her salary now due for several weeks, and amounting to a very considerable sum, was retained, in consequence as the manager said, of her breach of engagement.

"Ah, Monsieur le Clerc is one very dirty fellow," said Mademoiselle "but if I was out of dis nasty country, I could do without his doll: but alas, how shall I get away, I shall never get a passport from t police, and no vessel vill take me without one. I vill go and put on dr

more proper for the poor Demoiselle in distress, and go and implore the protection of Monsieur le Capitaine of La Sylphide: he will nevaire refuse his aid to a poor compatriote."

Sir H. said nothing, but Maxwell declared he thought it the best thing Mademoiselle could do in the circumstances, and they both went on deck, leaving the cabin for Mademoiselle to make her toilet in.

On reaching the deck Sir H. laid his hand on Maxwell's arm and said earnestly, "What's to prevent us helping this poor girl out of the sad scrape she is in. I suppose it's much the same where she goes provided she gets out of this cursed hole. It will be the easiest thing in the world to give her a passage to Cadiz, or for that matter to Gibraltar, from which place she can easily get to France."

This was the very thing Maxwell dreaded, and he therefore magnified the danger of tampering with the police laws of Portugal, and the danger of carrying off a criminal from justice.

"Oh, that is nothing, our papers are all right and we may be off directly, and they will know nothing about it 'till we are outside that stupid old fort of theirs at Belem, and then the old lady will show them a pair of legs. If this fine breeze holds, there is not a craft in the Tagus has a chance with her."

Maxwell who had a touch of sly humour about him, could not help asking if the legs he meant to show them were Mademoiselle Natalie's pink ones.

At this ill timed joke Sir H. was savage, and was turning away in silent indignation, when Maxwell added in a more serious tone. "Well but my dear H., think of the impropriety of carrying about opera dancers, even supposing them not also to be thieves which seems not impossible in this case, what would your aunt say to it? and that long tongued adherent of your's, Wull Muir, will be sure to narrate the story with sundry improvements on our return."

"Oh, Muir be hanged," said Sir H. "I believe the girl to be perfectly honest, and what is more uncommon for a dancing girl perfectly modest, and I don't give a pipe of tobacco what folks say. I'll offer her a passage if she likes to go, and I'll trust to my good character in spite of scandal—you may look to your own Master Brook."

Maxwell knew Sir H. too well to offer any further opposition, for a
 e could not be more obstinate when his mind was made up, and in
 h his own feelings were sufficiently inlisted on behalf of Mademoiselle
 take him secretly pleased at what Sir H. had resolved upon, laying
 t flattering unction to his soul, that he had done all he could to pre-
 v Sir H. being led into temptation; but since he was wilful and would

run the hazard, there was nothing for it but trusting to Providence for the result.

Sir H. always prompt and energetic, had already ordered all to be got ready for a start, and they were busy in heaving the anchor short, when Mademoiselle came on deck, becomingly, but most modestly, attired in a dark dress, made with that perfect neatness and elegance which French taste only can exhibit. Her shoes and gloves fitted her so well that they almost seemed to be part of her person, a handsome shawl was wrapped round her shoulders, concealing her somewhat remarkable figure, and well fitted to defend her from the sea breeze, while a modest plain straw bonnet with a large veil protected her features at once from the prying crew, and the too evident rays of the sun. Take her altogether a more complete contrast between Mademoiselle Natalie in her theatrical attire, and the lady-like modest looking girl who now stood on the schooner's deck could hardly be conceived.

On making her exit from the companion she went straight to where Sir H. was standing superintending the men, who were engaged getting the chain in, and begged that he would add to all his other kindness by giving her the use of a boat to go on board the Sylphide. Sir H. started when he saw the transformation that had taken place, and turned to Maxwell with a smile, which plainly said "you see my character is in no such great danger after all."

Sir H. told her that she was most welcome to a boat, but if she thought she could trust her safety to his schooner and her crew, he was just about to sail, and would be delighted to give her a passage to Cadiz, which was the port he was bound for next.

Natalie seemed not a little affected at this proof of Sir H's kindness, for she doubted not he started solely on her account, but she declared that not for worlds would she let him run the risk of annoyance at the hands of the police, by aiding the escape of a criminal.

Sir H. however would hear of no reason to the contrary, and declared that he would take the police in his own hands, and would think it unkind of Mademoiselle if she trusted herself elsewhere, when he had the power and the will to aid her. It will only be supposed that Natalie was not difficult to persuade, to a course of proceeding which relieved her of much difficulty and danger; and she and Nannette were installed in the after cabin, which was cleared of its lumber, and busily employed in making such arrangement as would conduce to their comfort for the night or two they expected to pass on board.

YACHT MEASUREMENT.

MY DEAR ELDERLY NICHOLAS.—Your epistle has afforded me infinite amusement, in laughing *at*, though not *with* you, I think the old fraternity of yachtsmen, the whole *twelve hundred* you so significantly speak of, must be profoundly grateful to you for such a dashing criticism and decided opinion upon the subject. For justness of sentiment, severity of logic, and elegance of diction, your lucubration is above all praise; and henceforth the meed of epistolary composition once awarded to Junius must of necessity be assigned to you.

“Oh, golden dream! what soul that loves to scan,
The brightness rather than the shades of man.”

What an auspicious and venerable signature is “*Elderly Nicholas*!” And yet methinks it smells of Russian bibliography: surely the man who adopts it has a mighty mind, for the tone of his epistle is so self-confident, so dictatorial, and so redundant with cock-crowings and domineerings as to induce me to believe him the very identical village school-master, Goldsmith speaks of; when he says,

“And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
How one small head could carry all he knew.”

I little thought when I wrote upon the subject of Yacht Measurement that such a Solon as “*Elderly Nicholas*” would attack me, and state, that “I might have spent my time to more advantage and my pen and ink more usefully than by telling him *all he knew before*.”

He also expresses it as *his opinion* (which by the way is so freely given throughout his ludicrous production that it becomes exceedingly cheap at last,) that he thinks I must have been enjoying “my night-cap and easy chair of late, rather more than was beneficial.” He “imagines I can never have been much beyond the waters of the Thames, or I must have heard of *his peculiar system* of admeasurement, which *sets at defiance any attempt to cheat the tonnage*.”

But without exposing to further ridicule the production of this beardless boy, for such I must now style my loving friend “*Elderly Nicholas*,” I beg to add that it belongs not to such people to meddle with subjects they do not understand; and such is clearly the case with him, for the further he launches on his perilous voyage so much the more does he expose his nautical ignorance; his clumsy attempt is perfectly ludicrous and contemptible; whilst his language throughout the letter is only tured and coloured with absurdity, but bears the tone of excessive p rility.

The idea of stating in the *Yachting Magazine* that he wishes some old woman with more money than she knew what to do with, would give him a few "cool thousands." What a burst of elegant simplicity for one who assumes the grey beard. But oh! only think of what he would then do, could he but find this generous old lady,

"What a man he would be and what sights he would see,
If he had but a thousand a year,"

For the welfare of this glorious land of liberty, if not for the welfare of yachting, Providence wisely ordains that such men should not have wealth, lest they should do themselves and their fellow creatures much harm with it. Money is a dangerous weapon in unskilful hands; and unless "Elderly Nicholas" could use it with more discretion than he has his pen, it is a blessing to the whole "twelve hundred" that he has none.

I am well aware there are several new systems of admeasurement adopted by Yacht Clubs, both within and beyond the waters of the Thames, and I have so stated in my article in the January number of the *Yachting Magazine*, but they are more or less objectionable; or they would be universally adopted. In the arguments which "Elderly Nicholas" brings forward against my proposition of offering a prize he states that if successful, "the chances are ten to one no two yacht clubs would agree to it," which shows clearly that it is beyond the limits of his comprehension to suppose that a better system than his own *peculiar and defiant one*, can be invented; or that the merits of a thing will of itself, and without effort work its own way. If "Elderly Nicholas" has such unbounded confidence in his own peculiar system, it might perhaps be the very one, after all, that would be entitled to the prize; and then he would be enabled to pocket a little of the old lady's "cool" he appears to covet.

It is strange that after such a flourish of sentiment and such a burst of scorn as "Elderly Nicholas" makes in allusion to my *brochure* that he should continue his letter by advocating the very principles proposed and laid down by me, the very pith and core of my subject, one of the *main objects* I have in view, that of discountenancing shifting ballast.

But *la crème de la crème* of his presumptive effusion, is the wildly absurd scheme of "Elderly Nicholas," to build a *schooner*, and a *cutter*, and send them across to Yankee land to retrieve what he considers "national disgrace to England." the money for building the said cutter a schooner to be raised by subscriptions from "yachtsmen of the Brit Isles," whom he says "might give their £2 or £3, or if necessary ahead." Ahem! what would he do without the "twelve hundred?" I the scheme is so preposterous that it will not bear the slightest scruti

The cost of a schooner yacht capable of competing with the *America*, and a cutter capable of entering against the American sloops would not at the lowest calculation for the two vessels, be little short of £12,000! The annual cost of keeping them going, during the yachting season would not be less than £2,000 per annum. But as I believe it is useless to argue with a man whose ideas of money appear so strange, I will not go further into the impossible, improbable, and foolish hap-hazard of his scheme.

And this man, this identical "Elderly Nicholas," fiercely attacks without a shadow of argument a proposition which has been discussed and highly approved of from all quarters, as the letters upon the subject which have appeared in several leading sporting periodicals testify.

What other conclusion can be arrived at? What other inference can be drawn, than that "Elderly Nicholas" is either *non compos mentis*, or has emerged into second childhood. His letter abounds with the simplest absurdities ever concocted for public perusal; and of such I will say

"Low may they sink to merited contempt,
And scorn remunerate the mean attempt."

In allusion to the subject of my former letter, I still adhere firmly to my original proposition, that it is only by offering a prize of one hundred guineas that a practicable scheme of admeasurement can be obtained.

However useful the adoption of a particular method may appear, still if demonstrated to be inconsistent with any principle or rule already acted upon, that scheme must inevitably fail; but, if it be *consistent* with fundamental principles, and demonstrated to be thoroughly practicable, it will, by its merits work its own way, and be generally adopted.

Nothing but a little energy is requisite on the part of yachtsmen to carry out a proposal, which augurs the happiest results, and bids fair to create a general rejoicing in the yachting world. Never was there a time when improvement in tonnage admeasurement was so loudly called for: and there never was a new proposition worth anything at all, but it met with some opposition on its appearance. The opposition to my present suggestion, is most feeble. No scientific man, no man really capable of judging as to the merits or demerits of the scheme has yet spoken of it otherwise than in the most favourable light: and until I can be convinced by stronger arguments than those assigned by "Elderly Nicholas" that my bantling is the sickly and unworthy abortion he fain would make it appear, I shall continue to use the most tender, but strenuous efforts to merit.

In conclusion, I have only to say farewell to my friend the Charon of the Stygian Lake, permit me to do so affectionately and earnestly.

Venerable individual! Farewell. May we 'ere many summers see you aboard the "schooner or the cutter," destined to be the sovereign of the seas. And oh! may the good, kind, "old lady with more than she knows what to do with leave you a few cool thousands," that in these, the days of your second childhood, you may "some fine morning stir up the *habitués* of Hoboken Club House and lead the way across the Atlantic. Thou of the hoary beard, once more, Farewell! and oh! believe me sincerely, and with venerable esteem, yours ever,

ONE OF THE TWELVE HUNDRED.

THE FLOWERS OF THE SPIRIT.

" There are flowers in the garden, the lily and the rose,
In the mead and on the moorland the golden cowslip blows ;
But the flowers of the spirit are the brightest and the best,
They bloom afresh in every age, the beautiful and blest.

They bud in childhood's bosom with each innocent caress,
They open with each tear-drop shed for other heart's distress—
They have a silent voice which speaks of purity and bliss,
They tell us of a better world, and shew there's joy in this.

In the sunshine of a happy home their rainbow robes are spread,
But their sweetest odours ever rise by sorrow's lonely bed :
Oh, the flowers of the spirit are the brightest and the best,
They bloom afresh in every age, the beautiful and blest.

Bright Hope is like a monthly rose, as flower by flower decays,
Others as fresh and lovely come to fill the lost ones place ;
And Faith it braves earth's wildest storm with calm confiding trust,
As daises lift their heads to meet the tempest's angry gust.

While Charity life's myrtle, with fresh and fragrant leaves,
To hide the sin-stains of the soul a kindly chaplet weaves ;
Oh, the flowers of the spirit are the brightest and the best,
They bloom afresh in every age, the beautiful and blest.

The flowers of nature droop and die, their beauties pass away,
But the spirit blossoms of the heart can never know decay ;
They will flourish just as brightly in the winter as the spring,
And smiling, cheat the stricken heart of sorrow's lurking sting.

Ah ! do not check their precious growth, but cherish them with care,
Let pity's dew-drops nourish them and keep them fresh and fair ;
For the flowers of the spirit are the brightest and the best,
They bloom afresh in every age, the beautiful and blest.

Nugent House, Ryde.

FANN

YACHTING OF THE LAST CENTURY.

IT as a singular fact that so very little is known of the yachting of our grandfathers,—the founders of the present yachting system are unknown to us even by name, and the vessels in which they took their pleasure have passed away, leaving no memento of their existence, all that remains is a few isolated facts now become legendary. Yet the subject is not wholly devoid of interest, and there are few yachtsmen but could gather some fact or facts about the yachts of last century, which collected would form an amusing addition to our yachting literature. And here I would remark upon the extreme utility of this humble Magazine to the yachtsman, it contains a record of the proceedings immediately concerning his hobby, and in after life many pleasant hours will he spend in perusing the volumes of *Hunt's Magazine*, and many pleasant reminiscences will each perusal force upon him. Each page will bring before him races in which he joined, or a discussion on measurement of yachts in which he took an active part. He will read of the *America* and wonder how he could have thought her fast, of the *Phantom* and marvel why he joined in praising her speed, or why she was allowed to sail on even terms with vessels of half her size. Let him have his *Hunt* well bound, for depend upon it before he is twenty years older it will be well thumbed.

Now, our children, I maintain will have a great advantage over us in this respect. We have no such record of our early times, and even our memories either fail altogether, or afford us doubtful aid when taxed, to remember the yachting events of a few years since. This was forcibly brought to my mind lately. I had occasion to search the files of an old Hampshire paper from 1776 to 1798 and found interspersed among accounts of murders, pressgangs, robberies of mail coaches and such like matters common to that date, a few notices of yachts and yachting affairs, which as they may probably never be searched for or never heard of again I extracted, hoping that they might be of interest to the reader.

The first notice I find is May 30th, 1778.—“To be sold now lying at Bosham near Chichester, two large pleasure boats, completely rigged and fitted, fitting for any gentleman, one about 7 tons with figurehead, gilt and goose stern, painted and framed fore and aft. The other about 4 tons, fiddle head and goose stern ;—for further particulars enquire of J. Barrow at Bosham.”

What could these craft be like? picture “any gentleman” with his topknot, powdered wig, and pigtail on an experimental cruise in his purchase of 7 tons with “gilt and goose stern.” She was doubtless a smart craft in her day, as is evident from the “gilt” by which she

is distinguished from the "smaller and less pretending boat of" about 4 tons.

We next find among Southampton news May 17th, 1783,—“Monday, a large yacht belonging to His Grace the Duke of Richmond, will be launched at Itchen near this place.”

This must have been a fine ship, as his Grace shortly afterwards, July 5th, 1783, starts for France in his new yacht with a large company of friends and relatives, as appears by the following paragraph.

“July 5th. 1783.—Yesterday sennight the Duke of Richmond set sail in his new yacht for France. He is accompanied by his brother, Lord George Lennox, Lady Louisa Lennox, the Miss Lennox's and Captain Berkley.”

May 19th, 1788, Southampton.—“To be sold by private contract, a commodious pleasure boat about 9 tons burthen; in length on deck 28 feet, 23 feet keel and 9 feet wide; the cabin 12 feet long, with skylight of 16 panes of glass.

Then July 19th, in the same year, is an announcement of a most extensive sailing match for 30 guineas to take place at Cowes “by vessels carvel built, not exceeding 35 tons per register.” The rules for this match are curious enough “The vessels to assemble by regulation at 5 o'clock in the morning, to anchor in a line, north and south from the harbour of Cowes, and to be ready to slip their cables on the firing of a gun, the signal for starting, which is to take place precisely at 6 o'clock; the vessels to direct their course westward, and proceed through the Needles round the Island.” This match was sailed July 28th., when ten competitors started, the first prize falling to the *Dove*, 33½ tons, “which notwithstanding an accidental detention of near twenty minutes by the snapping of her gib-stay, in the critical moment of wearing ship, at the eastern point of the island, secured by superior skill and well conducted manœuvres, the laurel prepared on this occasion, to improve nautical science, and to promote industrious emulation.”

Next there appears an advertisement of a sailing match to take place at Southampton, “by vessels carvel built, not exceeding 15 tons burthen.” Among the rules is the following which may afford a hint to some committees of the present day. “And as a further encouragement to the fishermen of Itchen Ferry, &c., a gratuity will be given to the unsuccessful candidates who shall start and sail the whole distance, and arrive at the signal boat within one hour after the boat entitled to the first prize.”

Eighteen craft started in this race, August 26th., 1788, which ended in the *Nancy* gaining the first prize.

Although these were not yacht races, still the interest they created and the sport they afforded no doubt turned yachtsmen's attention to the subject. The race at Cowes was repeated on the following year, and although I find no notice of the Southampton match, still I am credibly informed that for many years a sailing match took place similar to that mentioned, and under the immediate patronage and with the support of the late Sir George Rose, who for many years was member for the town of Southampton.

We must now take a wide leap, as the next announcement is dated June 23rd, 1794.—“Yacht for sale at Southampton by auction, on Tuesday the 1st. of July next, between the hours of 6 and 8 o'clock in the evening. The yacht *Maria carvel* built, 51 tons measurement, late the property of John Morant, Esq., deceased,—the above yacht is a fast sailer, mounts four brass carriage-guns and six swivels, &c. &c.”

The war was then raging, and consequently we are not surprised to find Mr. Morant so well armed, especially as yachting in those days had its drawbacks, as is evidenced by the following:—July 28th., 1794, “Last week some gentlemen who were taking a cruise in a schooner round the Isle of Wight fell in with the *Dugomar*, French privateer, and were taken into Dunkirk. They were immediately stripped of every thing valuable they had about them, and then set at liberty.” This was yachting under difficulties with a vengeance.

Again the warlike tendency is manifested. “On Wednesday evening as a sailor was firing some swivels on board a pleasure-yacht, the match caught the powder horn and blew his hand off.”

I have got no farther in my researches, but expect to find more detailed yachting news with the commencement of the present century. Already I have some curious anecdotes of the yachts and their crews of that period, which I may at some future time trouble you with.

REGATTAS AND THEIR MANAGEMENT.

BY BLACK-GANG-CHINE.

THE season is now fast approaching for our regatta arrangement, a few words relative thereto may not be out of place in the pages of *Magazine*. It is much to be regretted that the various Royal Yacht Clubs are not more united, that that indescribable spirit of jealousy

which does exist, no matter what may be asserted by the authorities to the contrary, should not by a movement on the part of yachtsmen themselves be put an end to; quashed and for ever; and that yachtsmen afloat should regard each other more in the light of a friendly brotherhood than at present the majority of them do. Were this the case we should have little trouble in accomplishing a preliminary and most desirable object, viz: that of regulating our regattas in some sort of order with regard to time; but the fact is some few old hands rule the roast in almost every Royal Yacht Club, progress is sneered at, dull routine is strictly adhered to, or should a deviation from the usual course become apparent, in nine cases out of ten, Commodore Silkcoat has engaged a party to his moors, or Vice-Commodore Continental must be off to Paris, or some other mighty official who makes his personal convenience more his study, than the interests of the noble science he has taken office with the avowed purpose of fostering and promoting, says boldly, "the Regatta must be held on such a day; I cannot afford time to be consulting other people's convenience; what have we to do with any other Clubs' arrangements: if they don't come let them stay away!" and such like forcible and conclusive reasoning.

Now, Mr. Editor, if I undertake to prove that there is some advantage to be gained by studying the convenience of others than the Members of our own immediate club, I may hazard a hope that should I be successful it may not be without its fruits; it will entail a little more trouble and involve somewhat more of systematic arrangement; but in the end it will have the effect of simplifying the operations of future years, and promoting most signally what we regret to say is now-a-days apparently, but a secondary consideration; namely the cultivation and encouragement of yachting tastes, the inculcation of instruction; and the effecting a better understanding between those who love the Sea and its pastimes.

Well to the point, let us select a locality, we shall take for instance the St. George's Channel; no yachtsman who has cruised in this channel, and attended any of the regattas therein held, but must admit that he has been received with courtesy and attention; I speak from personal experience, and I am actuated by a wish that the St. George's Channel yachtsmen should render themselves *perfect*, for they evidently have the interests of yachting at heart, and without individualizing any of the Clubs therein existing, I shall merely say that if they take the hints herein put forward, it is my opinion that they will command a larger fleet of yachts than any other cruising waters we know of.

There can now exist but little doubt that no *Yacht* Club can exist of

itself ; that is, as purely supported by yachtsmen ; they are not, I am truly sorry to say sufficiently numerous, therefore the greater proportion of Members belong to that class which may be denominated in nautical parlance as "Long-shore" members, or in plain words "Landsmen" ; who know not the difference between the stem and the stern of a yacht, a proportion of whom if the mention of salt water is made before them, intimate in forcible language and with *basin*-ical pantomime, their utter abhorrence of the briny element. Many of these gentlemen, we do not say all, join a Yacht Club, not for the love of yachting, or the promotion of its interests, but if there be a good Club House, a comfortable reading room, good billiard room, and salubrious marine accommodation, forthwith they instal themselves ; become excessively authoritative in nautical matters, and whenever a strange yacht arrives upon the waters, they contrive to impress the owner thereof with a very respectable idea of their practical acquirements, for no earthly purpose but to pass time and hear themselves talk. Now this is all very good in its way, and very legitimate, they have every right and privilege to do so, and we do not object to their doing so in any way ; but did they rest here alone we should never have had occasion to mention their names. At General Meetings however these gentry contrive to be elected on the Committee of Clubs, and here the evil commences ; so long as they remained in the ranks they were "innocuous" ; now they become "unguis in ulcere" : their ideas are circumscribed, they extend not beyond the sphere of their ordinary vision, not even with the aid of a telescope ; their ambition is to secure a club reputation, for the best "sherry" and the best "chop", the most luxuriously furnished reading rooms, and billiards "Pour comble de bonheur".

A Regatta of course is to be given once a year, and as it *must* be done, get *rid* of it as satisfactorily and easily as possible, make a good splash and send a famous account of it to "Bell's Life". But let us go behind the scenes a bit, the really thorough yachtsmen are so disgusted with meetings at which their wishes are thwarted and their views slighted, that they withdraw and take no further trouble, and the prurient landman bitten for the nonce, spreads his sails "Pro aura popularis", bursts into full bloom, makes rules, settles disputes, is a great card for the week ; being in authority no one disputes his capability, but the yachtsmen hear their opinions, and after one or two seasons, men who have freely opened their purses, and devoted their time, begin to vote yacht racing a bore, and are, to say the truth boldly,—driven from the aquatic sporting world, simply because such a world does not exist—it is a pleasant and pleasant fiction, but it is nevertheless worthy of attention ;

there really does not at the present moment exist any head quarters that yachtsmen can apply to for information or redress : nor will there be until some similar Association as the "Turf Club" shall have been organized amongst yachtsmen themselves.

The St. George's Channel yachtsmen are peculiarly circumstanced, and adapted for commencing a movement of this sort ; there no club can claim precedence beyond the date of their warrants and their aquatic reputation ; and the approaching season will afford opportunity for laying the foundation of a new aquatic era.

The preliminary step to this would require co-operation amongst the Clubs : well perhaps some may prove unreasonable ; say let three clubs be found amicable enough to work together for the desirable end ; let these Clubs agree to give their Regattas *seriatim* ; let well known and tried yachtsmen (there are plenty among the clubs) be the Managers thereof, let the Rules and Regulations be the same at each, let the vessels be classified,—no yacht to win more than one prize at any one regatta ; let the second yacht in each race have a prize, and the third yacht save her stake, let all yachts be compelled to sail in cruising trim, and let Shifting Ballast be abolished ; if the yachtsmen of any number of these clubs will only unite and work out these suggestions, the wedge is at once entered. If it were made publicly known early in the season that the Regattas would be held as follows Kingstown 1st and 2nd of July ; Holyhead 5th ; Carnarvon 8th ; Liverpool 11th and 12th ; Isle of Man 15th and 16th ; Belfast 21st and 22nd, and the Clyde on the 25th and 26th. There, Mr. Editor, would be a yachting campaign for you ! If it were known that every yachting man would have as fair a chance as the veriest Clipper owner of them all ; that each class of tonnage was properly cared for ; that the same rules and regulations guided the proceedings at each port ; that there were first, second, and third prizes to be gained in each match ; I ask you, would not many a jolly cruiser gird up his loins and prepare early for the seven regattas of July. What more glorious fun could there be than Sailing in Fleet from regatta to regatta ? Would there not be handicap sweepstakes got up from port to port, and all this thorough sailing could be accomplished in twenty-six days. How many men go pottering about as the wind blows during a whole season, ay, season after season, and perchance drop in to a regatta to two or three vessels badly matched start for a valuable prize ; in n. cases out of ten the winner is very well known beforehand ; there is very little interest and no excitement, beyond those actually engaged ; as the cruising yachtsman drops languidly off along the coast, whilst the owner of the Clipper departs by rail ; and she is ordered to the next p

where she is booked to win, and thus yachting sport is voted a bore; confined to a favoured few, and the science and art of sailing sufficiently mystified by those whose interest it is to do so, and thus monopolise both fame and reward.

If a chosen few of the Channel yachtsmen would put their shoulders to the wheel early in this season, and combine for such an arrangement, we would promise such sport as they never enjoyed before. Plenty of yachts from north, east, south, and west, would come; for the St. George's Channel has earned a good name for itself amongst the summer rovers, and burgees would be as plentiful as blackberries from the Tuskar to Gourock Bay. We have a fine example of a Southern clipper visiting this channel during the last season, and have heard her gallant owner, Captain Bartlett, express himself most favourably as to the reception he had met with: she proved victorious, and her success will no doubt not only induce a repetition of the visit, but the Channel yachtsmen may also expect the far-famed Secret;—we should not be surprised if the Phantom would try a change of air; and the fleet Amazon will doubtless be there also.

Any yachtsman who wishes to have himself classed as a genuine sea-going racer, must graduate in St. George's Channel; there he will find good courses, plenty of sailing, a clear stage and no favour. But if the blue water club-men there at present, will only keep the management in their own hands; become unanimous as a band of chosen brothers; leave the landmen to disport themselves amongst the ladies and the lobsters; and devote a week or so just now to set the combined regatta movement a-going, depend upon it they will have no reason to regret the time and trouble; they will be amply rewarded not only in the class and number of vessels who will make their numbers at the different regattas, but they will be bringing the best sailing masters and the best crews together, where a rich harvest of nautical information might be gathered.

There is one class of vessels which we should strongly desire to see especially cared for, and that is yachts of small tonnage: rest assured good yachtsmen, that one of the greatest mistakes of late years made by Regatta Committees has been the overlooking of the small fry: this evil may be largely traced to the interference of landmen in the management of yachting matters; for they are invariably addicted to toading the big fry, and regarding the wee yachts with a contemptuous sneer. Why, Editor, small yachts constitute the essence, the vitality of yachting; they are the germs of our existence. I love to see the little sailing saucy Mosquito clippers flitting about an anchorage, and what

can be a prettier sight than twelve or fourteen of them bounding off together in the race? These tiny racers are tended with as much solicitude, handled with as much skill, and are productive of as much gratification, as the stateliest fifty-tonner of them all; take my word for it these same small craft make rapid strides towards maturity; the five ton soon makes way for fifteen, and 'ere long the owner of fifteen places a fifty before his name; and the best yachtsmen we have amongst us proudly boast that they began with a punt. This then, our nursery, should engross a large share of the regatta committees attention.

Now-a-days a ten pound prize is by some considered to be rather high for yachts of ten tons and under. A giant error this,—we should raise the standard of small yachts far above; let us place them relatively as high as their grown sisters, and by attracting attention to, and investing them with interest, is the only way to do it; therefore if 100 guinea prize be given for large vessels, let a fifty guinea be given for ten tonners; and you will speedily see what a superior class will spring up. Many a man in a yacht club who could afford to keep a small yacht is deterred from doing so because it is not *the thing*! They are not thought much of,—no prizes of any value indicate their usefulness: they must not be suffered to continue, they are of too great importance to be longer passed over; they must be fully recognized as a most important class of our yacht fleet; of especial service in promoting and fostering the spirit of yachting and yacht sailing; they must be taken from their obscurity and assigned that position which their great utility entitles them to.

These observations, Mr. Editor, are made with the sole desire of arousing yachtsmen to further exertions; they are not meant in favouritism to any particular locality. I have selected St. George's Channel because I conceive the yacht clubs therein existing are most favourably circumstanced to initiate a movement of this kind: that its results would be most beneficial to the noble sport we all take pride in excelling in, the greatest caviller cannot deny.

We are too much divided in the management and pursuit of aquatic sport; greater unity should exist, and we should be bound by universal laws and regulations: is it not absurd to see thorough good yachtsmen going from port to port, meeting each other on the high seas, and passing each other by as utter strangers; we do not all advocate the "hail-fell well-met!" intercourse, but think that a better understanding amongst yachtsmen would be productive of an interchange of useful information. Surely the majority of us do not cruise from Don to Beersheba and find all barren; the working of different rigs, the cut of canvas, the relative merits of various shaped hulls, ports, harbours, &c., and a thousand and

one useful and interesting matters might be profitably discussed during such casual meetings; but no, the dull routine of shore etiquette pervades the sea as well; and many a time, Mr. Editor, have I seen yachtsmen carrying the same burgee, meet and pass each other on the highway, without even exchanging colours.

Hoping that through the exertions of the *Yachting Magazine*, the time is approaching when every good yachtsman may be enrolled in an order of friendly brotherhood, for the protection and promotion of everything conducive to the greatest and noblest pursuit of the British people, I leave the above for the consideration of its readers.

SAILING IN FLEET.

It is much to be desired that Sailing in Fleet should occupy more of the yachtsman's attention than it at present does; if we but seriously consider the great advantages resultant therefrom, it becomes apparent that hitherto one of the finest schools for instruction in nautical science and art has been sadly and culpably neglected? We have seen experimental squadrons sent forth upon a long cruise by the Admiralty authorities in order to test the relative speed and sea-going capabilities of the vessels comprising the same; even these experimental squadrons in war guise fitted: are so few and far between, that the records of their performances wear more the tone of by-gone legends, than present age information. Yachtsmen however cannot shield themselves under the just excuse of the "Lords;" state economy has nothing whatsoever to do with their movements; they are independent of the fulminations of a "Bright" or a "Cobden," and the acumen of a Joe Hume would scarcely be by them appreciated. The Yacht Club Fleet of the United Kingdom might however with a very little additional exertion on the part of the yacht owners, and without involving them in extra expenditure, prove the means of furnishing much valuable statistical information, and that too without at all interfering with their pleasure movements. The "Pleasure Navy," they are very appropriately designated: but it should, or ought to be, the pride of every thorough yachtsman to win for himself a somewhat more distinguished appellation than that of a mere votary of pleasure.

The only Yacht Club Fleets that we have any public record of, as regularly sailing in squadron are those of the Royal Cork Yacht Club, and the Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland: we hear of the squadrons of these two distinguished Yacht Clubs, how that ten, twelve, or

twenty sail proceeded to sea at such an hour, and manœuvred most successfully under the command of Commodore So-and-so, and there the matter ends: we have no details of what these manœuvres consisted in, whether it was the mere school boy game of follow-the-leader, or a regularly digested course of scientific nautical evolutions; if the latter, then these clubs deserve immense credit, but they ought to be somewhat more generous, and give their brother yachtsmen the benefit of their practical workings. Surely in this cruising in fleet, many, if not all, of the great problems which from time to time puzzle both sailor and builder, might, if not quite solved, be at least proportionately developed; for instance, say the first week or so in June, a good fleet is organized upon any one station; well two or three days suffices to lick the old hands into shape, and the young ones will learn fast enough, from the laudable ambition of being thought old hands: therefore once the routine of making or shortening sail, keeping station, alteration of course, or position, by signal is understood, the Commodore or other officer in command should turn his attention to something more than mere field day displays; let him classify his vessels according to their tonnage and sail them in divisions; then sail bluff bowed old style craft against the sharp ones; try them beating to windward under various canvas; running, reaching, under storm canvas, hove-to, &c. &c., so as to test the relative merits of different builds, under all circumstances of weather. Such a system would insensibly work an immense amount of good amongst yacht owners themselves. Take the present list of yacht owners whose names adorn the pages of *Hunt's Universal Yacht List*, select the first couple of dozen names out of every page that you may chance to open; ask these gentlemen how they would handle their vessels under various circumstances of wind and weather: we almost fancy we can hear the majority reply with that dictatorial air, which is many times assumed to disguise ignorance; "Oh we never bother ourselves about that, our Sailing Master does it all for us!" A creditable admission no doubt, and that too from some who oftentimes we have heard expatiating triumphantly upon close-reefed try-sails, storm-jibs, and lying-to under balance reefed main-sails.

Sailing in Fleet, if the Commodore in command is anything of a smart officer, is a good cutter sailer, and knows his business, will make smart, good, and practical yachtsmen. Yacht owners begin to see that there is something more to be done than merely sitting on the quarter deck smoking cigars and drinking sherry; they begin to take a pride in seeing their vessels smartly handled; their apathy to the acquirement of nautical information vanishes; unknown to themselves they are learning the way

things ought to be done; and some fine day after a series of Fleet Sailings when they chance to fall foul of a "Johnny Raw" coming the Lord High Admiral, a feeling of gratification arises consequent upon the reduction of theory to practice; they feel that they know a deuced sight more of the man handling part of the business than the sucking Nelson; and perhaps they may mentally interrogate themselves as to whether they ever talked so foolishly, when they rejoiced in a like ignorance.

There is a main feature with regard to putting yachts through their manoeuvres, that every Flag Officer of a Royal Yacht Club should make himself particularly well up upon; and that is the art of Signalling: it may appear incredible, but it is nevertheless true, that simple though it be, yacht owners, sailing masters, and crews are shamefully ignorant of it. It is an excellent plan to devote an odd evening's exercise to signalling at the moorings; no card or list of the signals you are going to make should upon such occasions be circulated; but care should be taken that every vessel has her number according to *Hunt's List*, delineated with the proper flags coloured, upon a card, and placed in a conspicuous place near the Signal box. It is a good plan also, instead of hoisting the Blue pendant with the white ball over the numeral flags when making a vessel's number, as laid down in *Hunt's* table of *Flags*, to hoist the Club Burgee over the numerals, thereby at once, and unmistakeably indicating that it is a vessel's number, and not a General Signal that you are making.

This will prevent the possibility of a mistake when you want to address any particular vessel; and will much facilitate individual communications, which are oftentimes urgently required; and are from the want of this specific designation, as often erroneously translated. One would scarcely credit the beneficial effects Fleet Cruising has in sharpening up an indolent crew; we have seen an essentially lazy Sailing Master transformed in a short week, as though by the touch of a magic wand, into an out-and-out Martinet, and a crew that would take half a day under ordinary circumstances to get a craft under canvas, rattle her away from her moorings in as short a time as we take to write it; emulation amongst crews is a great incentive to smartness, and Fleet Sailing above all other yachting pastimes tends most to foster it.

The grandest display of a Yacht Fleet which we have a record of is that of the Review at Cherbourg; that indeed was coming somewhat up to our notions on this point. What a pity it is that some of the yacht clubs, the genuine salts do not take up this particular department of yachting, and organize an annual review. The Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland have given sufficient evidence that they are a good,

practical, working yacht club ; if, as we are informed, that distinguished Club the Royal St. George's hold their regatta this year at Kingstown, their hands will be quite full of work enough to carry out their regatta. Let the Royal Westerns therefore turn-to and organize a Grand Yachting Review to follow up this regatta ; there can be little doubt but that a numerous fleet will assemble this season at Kingstown ; by all hands it is admitted to be the finest Yacht Station in the three kingdoms, and if the genuine yachtsmen of these waters would only combine their operations, they might make Cowes quake for its yachting reputation : as it is there is more thorough good yacht sailing takes place in the Irish Channel, beginning at Cork and running up into Scottish waters, than in any other section of British waters. We do not mean by this assertion to cast any disparagement upon other yacht clubs or their stations ; but upon one or two occasions we have seen observations in this Magazine wondering how it was that so many yachting exploits were chronicled from these waters, and so few elsewhere. We presume, Mr. Editor, that your pages are always open, fairly and impartially to all yachtsmen, and therefore they have at all times ample opportunity of making the aquatic world acquainted with such proceedings as are worthy of record. Facts however force themselves, however unwelcome upon our notice ; and we must deduce from the number that comes before us, that our Nab-going Nelsons, will, unless they speedily rouse themselves, be totally eclipsed in yachting knowledge, by their more energetic brethren of the Middle Seas. We have before mentioned the rumour that has reached us of the Royal St. George's Yacht Club being about to hold a regatta this year in the splendid Bay of Dublin ; if the programme be issued early, we have no hesitation in saying, that such a favourite cruise has this become amongst yachtsmen, it will prove far more attractive than the Royal Yacht Squadron Regatta at far-famed Cowes.

We have digressed somewhat from our subject : it was however with a hope of forcing it upon the notice of the many yachtsmen that will be sure to assemble at that favoured and favourite station. A better day's sport they cannot have than that of a Squadron day : only just fancy a glorious July morning,—a fresh nor'-wester blowing, bright sunshine and clear sky ; the canvas is all set and some fifty smart yachts are forging ahead of their moorings, like mettlesome coursers impatient for a start ; then come the fairy-like gigs flying from the shore, bearing off fair freights, to take part in the pleasures of the day ; for Fleet Cruising above all other branches of yachting, affords ladies delightful pastime ; it is near the hour of starting, when lo ! a sharp report, the white smoke curls up in fitful rings, and five black balls that hung mysteriously at the

Commodore's mast-head, burst forth like brilliant butterflies, all radiant in gaudy display; 'tis the signal for sea, and one by one the pretty vessels drop into the stations assigned to them with all the regularity of well drilled recruits. Then comes the signal of forming in line abreast of Commodore, and by and by a moving wall of snowy canvas is gliding noiselessly over the ocean. Again the bright bunting is away aloft, and the pretty vessels fly quickly into line again on a wind; this time the busy hum of voices is heard, and the anxious Signal-men are intently watching the Commodore, for the blue and white striped flag is flying at his peak, indicative of some manœuvre to be performed altogether; the signal at length flutters to the breeze, and eager eyes read the arial borne message "Bear up together," and away bound the merry fleet; joyous laughter resounding; the slow ones admonished, and the quick crews applauded.

It is, Sir, a glorious sight to witness a smart well handled fleet of Clipper yachts; and we do hope that Fleet Sailing will be more attended to than it has been.

VASCO DI GAMA.

Our Editor's Locker.

SPEED OF YACHTS.

MR. EDITOR.—I have read with great pleasure the Article by Palinurus on the Speed of Yachts in your last number, and I quite agree with him that their speed both on and off a wind is generally much over estimated. Indeed I think the author is himself mistaken in attributing so high a speed as eight miles to windward even to such a cutter as the Mosquito. It is a well known fact that the faster a vessel passes through the water when close hauled, the more she will diverge from the wind; and if in the match of the 30th of June 1853, the Mosquito on her return from the Nore really advanced through the water at the rate of eleven miles an hour, the angle she must have made with the wind could not have been less than $50^{\circ} 37'$ or $4\frac{1}{2}$ points. On such a course her progress to windward would have been about 7 miles an hour. I am inclined to think however that she could not when close-hauled have gone eleven miles an hour through the water, and that the fact of her accomplishing the distance of thirty-one miles from the Nore to Erith in the time stated, viz: three hours and seventeen minutes, is to be attributed to a fact Palinurus seems to have overlooked, viz: that the course up the Thames is full of turns and bends, corresponding to the Reaches of the river, and that therefore the Mosquito was probably only close hauled a very small part of the distance and in returning to Erith from the Nore. I doubt much if six miles to windward could be got out of our fastest cutters with the wind dead on end.

Palinurus alludes to the defects of the cutter rig, although he admits that it is the best for running, reaching, and working to windward that we have. Unquestionably it admits of improvement, but I would venture to hint, that its defects are not so great as your Correspondent makes them out to be, when he states that "the lower part of the mainsail is between one and two points off the line of the vessel's motion, whereas the gaff is between three and four." If the vessel's course be an angle of 45° , that is four points from the wind, and the gaff is between three and four points to leeward of this, it must form an angle of between 80° or 90° , that is nearly a right angle with the wind which seems to me simply impossible.

It has always appeared to me that short gaffs and high peaked sails were the best remedy for the defect above mentioned.

I remain, yours &c.

NAUTICUS.

YACHT MEASUREMENT.

WE have received several letters on this subject, urging the necessity of making an effort to obtain an indisputable system of admeasurement, by offering a prize as suggested in the January number of our Magazine, for "the best practicable method of admeasurement worthy of adoption by every Yacht Club in England." We subjoin two of those letters, the others in our next number.

Plymouth, February 26th, 1856.

MR. EDITOR.—As you stated in your last number that you would be thankful to receive the opinions of yachtsmen upon the subject of admeasurement, as connected with the project of offering a prize for the best practical scheme, I beg to offer the following remarks for consideration.

No one will deny that we are very much in want of an indisputable and universal system of tonnage admeasurement of racing yachts. Then comes the question, how is it to be obtained? The author of the article in your January number says, "by offering a prize of 100 guineas." Now it is well known that a prize of that value would induce the most talented yacht builders and scientific yachtsmen to put their algebraic skill to the test. It appears there can be no very great difficulty in discovering such a system as that sought for; in fact it looks so much like an easy calculation I am almost convinced the plan would prove successful. Look at the immense competition there always is when prizes of the kind are offered for the best display of talent. Look at the many difficulties that have been overcome by such means, and the great beneficial results. I apprehend there would not be the slightest difficulty in raising so small a sum amongst the members of the various Yacht Clubs; and unless some effort is made, and that very shortly I believe with the Editor of your Magazine that yacht racing will be at a discount. Here then is a remedy at hand which requires but a small impetus to set it going, and then it will work its own way.

I have talked the subject over with several yachtsmen, and two or three builders, all of whom highly approve of it; some have avowed their intention

of competing for the prize, should it be offered, and I assure you they are men of no mean abilities.

I strongly urge the members of the London Yacht Clubs to take a little pains with the subject, and call an early meeting to discuss it. We look to the Metropolitan Yachtsmen as our oracle in these matters; feeling sure that if the proposition is really worthy of notice, they will not be behind hand in bringing it forward.

I am the owner of two yachts, one of which is a racing craft, and directly I hear that a list is open for subscriptions for the purpose alluded to, shall add my name to it.

I am, &c.,

A YACHTSMAN.

To the Editor of H. Y. M.

YACHT MEASUREMENT AND THE PROPOSED PRIZE OF 100 GUINEAS.

Erith, February 14th, 1856.

MR. EDITOR.—Having read the article on this subject in the *Yachting Magazine* for January, and also a letter by "Elderly Nicholas" in the February number; I beg to make a few observations upon them. And first as to the proposed prize: I conceive that it is an admirable suggestion, and the only means of obtaining the desirable object of one universal system of tonnage admeasurement for racing yachts. I quite agree with the projector of the scheme that it is disgraceful to the promoters of yacht racing to go on from year to year, without making an effort to remedy so grievous an evil. I am the owner of a small racing yacht, and have felt the inconvenience of the different systems adopted by the various Yacht Clubs; and have heard others exclaim bitterly against it.

You will excuse me if I remark, that I felt somewhat surprised that you should have inserted so empty and puerile a letter upon the subject, as that by "Elderly Nicholas." There is absolutely *nothing* in it; whilst the article he attacks with so little discretion, is well written; and the author of it deserves at least a fair share of credit for so valuable a suggestion, whether carried out or not.

I sincerely hope the subject may be revived in the approaching number of your useful Magazine, for it is through the medium of its columns alone, that we are to look for redress in our present deplorable condition. With many apologies for thus trespassing upon your pages.

I am, &c.,

To the Editor of H. Y. M.

A THAMES YACHTSMAN.

With regard to a "Thames Yachtsman's" observation as to his surprise at inserting "Elderly Nicholas's" letter, we beg to remark that we did so, at the subject might be discussed. We have before stated that our columns are open to all yachtsmen, and we invite them to discuss these subjects in our pages: but we cannot be responsible for any remarks which may be made in those letters. If anything very objectionable is discovered in them, we should refuse to insert them.—ED.

YACHTING INTELLIGENCE.

February 5th.—The Little Mosquito arrived at Southampton from London to be altered by her builder,—Hatcher. It is proposed to give her a raking stern-post, which will lengthen her about 3 feet on deck. She will then be just under 8 tons by the Prince of Wales Yacht Club measurement.

Feb. 12th.—The Caiman schooner yacht of 72 tons was put up for Sale by Auction, and after some spirited bidding was knocked down for £250, her purchaser is Ormsby Rose, Esq., of Dublin.

G. F. Chatterton, Esq., has lately purchased the Somnambula.

The Diavolo 15 tons has at length found a new owner in G. James, Esq., of Ridgway, near Southampton.

The Czarina, T. F. Bailey, Esq., met with an accident in the Bay of Biscay, which nearly proved fatal to two of her crew.

HIGH WATER TIDE TABLE FOR MARCH.

D M	High Water Lon. Bridge morn. after.			The time of high water at the following places may be ascer- tained, by adding to, or subtracting from, the time at London Bridge.		
	h.	m.	h. m.	h. m.		h. m.
1	7	42	8 15	Aberystwith.....	add 5 23'	Aberdeen..... sub 0 56
2	9	2	9 50	Alderney.....	4 38	Aldborough..... 3 23
3	10	40	11 30	Bantry Bay.....	1 39	Belfast..... 4 3
4	—	—	0 10	Bridlington.....	2 23	Brighton..... 2 29
5	0	42	1 10	Carmarthen.....	4 3	Carnarvon..... 4 47
6	1	35	2 0	Cork Harbour.....	2 23	Cowes..... 3 22
7	2	22	2 45	Dartmouth.....	3 58	Dublin Bar..... 2 55
8	3	5	3 25	Dudgeon Light....	5 23	Dungeness..... 3 17
9	3	45	4 5	Eddystone.....	3 8	Folkestone..... 3 37
10	4	25	4 48	Exmouth Bar.....	4 18	Foreland, North... 2 22
11	5	5	5 25	Falmouth.....	3 8	Foreland, South... 2 47
12	5	45	6 5	Flamboro' Head... 2 23	Gravesend..... 0 37	
13	6	30	6 52	Guernsey Pier.....	4 23	Greenwich..... 0 20
14	7	15	7 45	Hartlepool.....	1 38	Harwich..... 2 37
15	8	25	9 15	Humber Mouth... 3 23	Howth Harbour.. 2 59	
16	10	2	10 50	Kinsale Harbour.. 2 23	Ipswich..... 2 7	
17	11	35	—	Lands End.....	2 23	Kentish Knock ... 2 37
18	0	15	0 45	Leith Pier.....	0 15	Lowestoft..... 3 37
19	1	10	1 30	Lynn Regis.....	4 38	Margate..... 2 2
20	1	50	2 5	Plymouth.....	3 26	Nore Light..... 0 58
21	2	20	2 35	Swansea.....	3 48	Portsmouth..... 2 27
22	2	50	3 3	Torbay.....	3 58	Sheerness..... 1 26
23	3	20	3 30	Waterford.....	3 43	Southampton..... 2 27
24	3	45	3 58	Weymouth.....	4 23	Spithead..... 4 37
25	4	10	4 25	Whitby.....	1 38	Yarmouth Roads. 5 27
26	4	40	4 54	Amsterdam.....	0 53	Calais..... 2 19
27	5	10	5 27	Antwerp.....	2 18	Dieppe..... 3 2
28	5	45	6 5	Bordeaux.....	4 45	Havre de Grace... 4 15
29	6	25	6 50	Cherbourg.....	5 23	Ostende..... 1 12
30	7	20	7 55	Hamburgh.....	3 53	Honfleur..... 4 37
31	8	48	9 35	Brest.....	1 39	New York..... 5 7

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"YOUNG NOAH," "RALPH RATTIN," "THE SHOOTING YACHT," in our next.

HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

APRIL 1856.

THE APPROACHING YACHTING SEASON.

THE yachting season of 1856 is redundant with prospects of the fairest hue. It is many years since we could sit down with so many fair prognostications before us as now. The joyful tidings of *Peace*, which have so recently been announced, are likely to be welcomed with one of the most brilliant seasons that it has been our pleasure to witness for many years past.

The clippers of past years, will this season find new competitors at every station. The ballast heaving machines are to be condemned and excluded from match sailing, and another still more important step is again on the *tapis*; and although undecided at present, it is confidently anticipated strenuous exertions will be made to establish a uniformity of tonnage admeasurement.

Several yacht clubs have held their annual spring meeting, and made arrangements for the usual sailing matches; and in many instances upon a more extended scale than formerly. The River Thames matches are liberally arranged, and some splendid sport is anticipated from amongst the numerous popular yacht clubs that ~~serve~~ to enliven the waters of that noble river: great preparations are in hand, and several matches are already fixed to take place, as will be seen on reference to our calender at the end. The schooner match

this year is to be a time race, as it ought always to have been. The allowance of a quarter of a minute per ton is an inducement to smaller vessels to enter against the larger ones, and we are fully confident of the good policy of the alterations. It was before, a great stumbling block to the success of the Thames schooner match; for it could not be expected that yachts of from fifty to eighty tons would enter against such a huge competitor as the Shark. Several small schooners have already avowed their intention of contesting in the match, *if it is a time race*; and it is expected that this will be the best schooner match that has been sailed on the Thames.

The Prince of Wales Yacht Club is rapidly rising to eminence. A challenge cup of the value of fifty guineas is this year to be sailed for by small yachts of any Yacht Club, and the conditions of the race as proposed, are most sailor-like and inviting. No shifting ballast is to be allowed; no centre-board or sliding keel. But rig, form of hull, and canvas, is unrestricted and unlimited. This match will assuredly be an excellent one, and some highly spirited sailing will probably be witnessed on the occasion.

The regattas in St. George's Channel have long been famed for genuine match-sailing, but this year the arrangements in that quarter are more inviting than ever: and the champion yacht of the Irish Channel will probably find her equal, 'ere the season of 1856 has expired, and if so the builder who turns out a yacht of equal tonnage to wrench her laurels from her, deserves considerable credit; the Cymba having maintained her superiority and her character of champion of the Irish Channel for three years past. She has never yet been beaten, and it must be a vessel of no mean pretensions that can do it this year.

Several splendid regattas are likely to take place on the Irish Coast, and a match for the Corinthian cup: the yachts to be sailed and manned as before, entirely by yachtsmen.

At Plymouth no very great things can be expected, the financial affairs of that club not being in the most flourishing condition: a regatta will however be held there in August.

The Cowes and Southampton regattas it is hoped, will be under more efficient management than last year; we have not yet been favoured with a report of their intended proceedings, but anticipate much good sport in that locality during the season.

It is rumoured that a regatta is to be held at Brighton this year

upon a more extended scale than formerly, and a prize is to be offered for first class cutters of any Royal Yacht Club.

We are always pleased to record the performances of the Harwich Yacht Club: possessing as it does advantages unequalled by any on the Eastern Coast; Harwich Harbour ranks highly as a yachting station. It is besides, within a convenient and agreeable day's cruise of the Thames; and one and all of the London yachtsmen appear to have a respect for the old harbour and its vagaries. Preparations have long been afloat for rendering the Harwich regatta of this year as attractive as any of its predecessors. From Harwich we usually extend our cruise to Lowestoft, the prettiest and most fashionable little watering place on the coast: all is genuine sea-going work there; no smooth water or river sailing; but,

"The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before us,
Tho' shadows, clouds and darkness rest upon it."

The Lowestoft Regatta is always well attended; and the schooner match, and the numerous cutter matches are very attractive. The day of the regatta is not yet decided on, but it generally follows a few days after Harwich, the members of the Lowestoft Regatta Committee will do well to arrange their schooner matches on the same basis as the schooner match in the Thames; for it is only by making it a time race that a good entry can be expected.

From Lowestoft we "up peak" and away for the Humber; where one or two excellent regattas are annually held: Mr. James Goodson was very successful there last season with his yacht the *Avalon*. From the Humber we generally part friends with some of the coasting yachts which go on to the Scarborough and Whitby Regattas; whilst we dash across the North Sea to the Scheldt; and try our luck at Antwerp; where a first-rate regatta is held every year; and as the Duke de Brabant and the Count de Flandres are both partakers in aquatic sports, and are recently elected members of the Thames Yacht Club, some superior sailing matches may be anticipated at Antwerp. Boulogne is usually the last regatta we have to record. There would have been no lack of sport in the harbour last year had there been more wind. But this year; what with the birth of a prince! the recent announcement of peace! a popular government, and a *more* popular Emperor! it is confidently expected that the re-canvas and bunting will be flying at Boulogne this season than

has ever before been displayed on the occasion of a regatta in that harbour.

Doubtless, many of the *cruising* class of yachtsmen, whose inclinations are bent on visiting the seat of war, will not be deterred by the announcement of peace, from gratifying their curiosity by a peep behind the battered walls of Russian fortresses. Sebastapol and the Crimea will ever be an inviting, but a mournful anchorage to British yachtsmen. Few there are who had not some brave friend or relative in that memorable campaign; and few amongst that few who mourn not for heroes, whose last blood stained that gory land, the bravest of the brave lie mouldering there: for the noblest deeds of victory are dearest bought. Think on the gallant hearts that lie beneath that gory turf. Think, yachtsmen, think, when you tread the soil where warriors fought, on the youth and vigour that fell profusely there, and profit by these thoughts, and that inclination which led you to the Crimea on a summer's cruise.

Our friend the Rev. R. E. Hughes will probably rejoin his little Pet in the Baltic, where he left her last Autumn: but if peace is to be permanent, he will lack the supply of naval anecdotes to furnish the nautical public with another volume of his perilous adventures.

ON SHIFTING BALLAST.

IN several communications to the *Yachting Magazine* there has lately appeared a most illogical attack upon the practice of trimming ballast during a yacht race, in fact shifting ballast is unhesitatingly set down as the one great evil of the racing system, now I am by no means an advocate for trimming, but I cannot altogether subscribe to the wholesale condemnation it has met with. If I understand rightly the objections to the practice are; 1st, that it begets an indifferent class of yachts: 2nd, that the cabins are torn to pieces by shifting ballast. Let us deal with these questions separately; first then we must determine what is a bad yacht? Is it a crank one?—or a slow one?—or narrow one?—or a wide one?—or in what combination of qualities does the badness consist? One correspondent seems to point at the “long lean-ribbed clipper” as his idea of a bad yacht and that the perfection of yachts is one that is “long and beamy, with moderate

draught of water aft, &c." But is he aware that the shifting ballast which he considers to be essential to the speed of the former craft is of very little consequence to her, while it is of vital importance to the latter. It requires no argument to show that a ton of ballast shifted across a platform six feet wide, must have greater effect upon the stiffness then when the same weight is moved only three or four feet. If then a "beamy" craft is desirable, surely trimming ballast should not only be permitted but promoted, as her stability is so greatly increased by a little assistance in her weather locker. But if it is required to increase the stiffness of a deep sharp yacht, she should have a heavy keel and leaden ballast, leaving the trimmers alone. Hence arises a natural question. If these "lean ribbed clippers," are *bad* yachts, is not the introduction of lead ballast quite as likely to beget bad vessels as trimming ballast? I think that neither have much to do with the form of the vessels, but as a matter of racing, the lead ballast is far more destructive of sport than the trimming, because few yachts have lead, whilst every one can trim something. Is it moreover so very certain that the broad yacht is the best? If so, certainly trimming ought to be countenanced. One thing is quite plain, viz: that a broad yacht can by trimming be made to carry sails far larger than she would otherwise use; whereas the sharp narrow vessel receives so small an increase to her stability from shifting ballast that she will not thereby be enabled to carry other than her legitimate canvas.

With regard to the second objection, viz: the knocking about the cabin; the fault generally lies with those who allow ballast to be shifted without due preparation. If the cabin is properly arranged for the purpose, no damage whatever is likely to occur; but when a man starts his yacht in a race, and allows ballast to be trimmed into his lockers, without removing any part of his cherished fancy work, he must expect to see it more or less chipped, as a shot bag is not exactly calculated to put a lustre on French polish. I could name a vessel in which probably more ballast has been shifted than in any other, but though she is now in her tenth or eleventh year the original paint is as scatheless as the day she went afloat, "ordinary wear and tear deducted." This yacht was fitted for trimming operations in the following manner. The sofa lockers were made of a strong plank, about $1\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick, securely knee'd to the vessel's side. The ornamental front to these lockers was fastened to them by means of large brass

thumb screws from the inside. The buffets fitted on the locker boards, and were fastened to them and to the vessel's side with screws. By this arrangement all the fancy work could be removed in a few minutes, and the shot bags thrown from locker to locker without damage to the elegant paint of the cabin. Without some such preparation much injury must be done to the sofas and buffets of a cabin by trimming ballast,—and so far the practice is one that should be discountenanced.

There are other arguments of a very different nature against shifting ballast. I know that many of your readers will smile when I declare my conviction, that in many cases yachts are made to sail slower by it; but an extensive experience has led me to form this opinion. In a vessel which can stay quickly, four men are supposed to be able to trim a ton and a half of shot, but I never knew more than half of this weight to be thrown over before the vessel was round, the consequence is that she falls over, stays sluggishly, and hangs some time before she gets good way on again. The last twenty bags or so are terribly heavy, and go over but slowly, consequently when working with very short tacks the vessel does not acquire her full speed before "Bout ho, over with the ballast" is the cry: once more she turns sluggishly, falls over and just steadies herself in time to go through the same ceremony. This is very bad work, and nothing but the most thoughtless and blind experience can permit a vessel's speed to be thus cramped. If instead of 30 cwt. half a ton only were shifted, and the remaining ton placed amidships, the vessel will work quicker and sail better.

In a broad yacht, perhaps the ballast *must* be trimmed, or she will not carry her sail: in a deep yacht it should be carefully considered whether trimming under the above circumstances is to be recommended at all.

In conclusion, I beg leave to state, that I by no means advocate trimming ballast, I merely wish to show that its denouncers have started at the wrong end of the argument,—they wish to improve the form of yachts, and insinuate that shifting ballast is the cause of the supposed faults of the present clippers, whereas, I believe, that the clippers when brought into competition with broad floored yachts can well afford to leave their shot bags ashore: on the whole it is certainly advisable to do away with the practice, as it seriously interferes with some people's cabin arrangements, and if discontinued, surely the clippers ought to be the last to complain. M. P.

ON THE DEVIATION OF THE COMPASS.

THE deviation of the compass caused by local attraction is a subject in which all nautical men are deeply interested, and it is one which yachtsmen are too much disposed to overlook. The owner of an iron yacht probably feels some anxiety on this important point, and has his vessel swung from time to time, so as to have a table always prepared, when he leaves port for a cruise, which will enable him to correct the error. But the extraordinary fact that a table of error prepared for one latitude ceases to be of use in another, renders this a very imperfect remedy. Even yachts built of wood are it is found liable to serious errors in their compasses, from the quantity of iron used for ballast. We know a recent instance, when a vessel of this description in steering for the Scaw, in a cruise last summer to the Baltic, was no less than forty miles out of her reckoning from such an error; making the land to the south of Hantsholmen light, where the unfortunate Polyphemus was recently lost, very possibly from a similar cause.

It has indeed always been in the power of navigators to discover this deviation, even at sea, by means of an azimuth compass, by taking an azimuth or amplitude of the sun, but this requires considerable powers of calculation, and also a sufficiently clear horizon to enable the observer to get a correct altitude of the sun. A recent invention by Mr. Andrew Small of Glasgow, has however rendered this difficult observation comparatively simple, and easily made whenever a glimpse of the sun can be obtained. The very ingenious instrument by which this most desirable end is accomplished consists of the following parts:—

I.—A true meridian circle which is graduated from 0 to 90 degrees, and marked "True Meridian" on one side, and "Latitude" on the other.

II.—An equatorial circle, on which is graduated the hours from noon or meridian, and marked on each side of the meridian circle "Time from Meridian."

III.—A moveable hour circle, which can be set to any hour circle by means of the equatorial one. This circle is slit along its centre, by which means each quadrant of it serves as a sight vane for taking either celestial objects or bearings of headlands, lights, &c.:

it has also a plain segmental piece attached to it for securing the shadow of a style.

IV.—A style or pin which is used for casting a shadow on the plain segmental part of the hour circle.

V.—These three circles and the segmental piece being fastened together are attached to a horizontal circle, which is graduated all round to degrees, and marked from 0° to 90° on the right and left of the meridian. This is termed the "Dumb Compass," and can be freely turned round in the compass bowl, or fixed in any direction by two screws. The compass bowl is suspended horizontally in the usual manner.

VI.—Two small magnets which can be attached to the meridian line to reduce the error if required.

The instrument is constructed upon the following principles:—Suppose the earth to be represented by a hollow transparent globe, with the hour circles marked upon it, and revolving upon an opaque axis; consequently when one half of any hour circle is directed to the sun, the shadow of the axis will fall on the opposite half of the second circle.

The same object is attained by allowing a line of light to pass through the slit along the centre of the hour circle of the instrument instead of a shadow. The apparent time at ship, and latitude being approximately known, and the latter being set by the latitude line, the former by the equatorial, and all turned in the compass bowl until the sun be seen through both slits in the hour circle; the true meridian is then determined without any calculation, and the error of the compass shown according as the needle is drawn to the right or left.

An observation of the moon or of a star will answer the same end, but the meridian distance of the same must be found according to the rule in Norie, or any other work on Navigation.

The deviation being once known many modes of correcting it have been suggested. One plan, and that the most common, is by swinging the ship, and preparing a table of the deviation from the different points of the compass has been already alluded to. Another is to correct the deviation by means of fixed magnets placed somewhere in the vicinity of the compass, but both these plans are objectionable from the fact that the ship's magnetism alters at sea, partly from the latitude, and partly from the course on which the vessel sails for any

length of time. A vessel going to India by the ordinary route is chiefly on an easterly course, and in consequence alters her magnetism before the end of her voyage considerably. A continuance of heavy weather, or a blow from another vessel will alter the deviation, and cause a new adjustment of the magnets, or require a fresh table to be constructed. Mr. Small has in addition to the compass before described invented a binnacle, which by means of several magnets moved at pleasure, adjusting screws placed in the binnacle, enables the master to correct the local deviation whenever an alteration as shown by the correcting compass is required.

Mr. Thomas Allan, Civil Engineer, formerly of Edinburgh, but now of 1, Adelphi Terrace, Strand, has in a recent pamphlet on ship's compasses, thrown out some most valuable hints on the best means of correcting deviation. The first plan he proposes, is, in swinging the ship, to place her keel, or rather the ascertained deviation of the ship's magnetism in a line, say N.E. He then proposes to describe a circle round the compass of a convenient diameter, say six or eight feet, with the pivot of the needle as a centre: he then places a counterpoise in a line N.W. on that circle. This counterpoise he proposes to make of soft iron rods, as it can then be added to, until it counteracts the effect of the ship's magnetism, when the needle will point to the correct magnetic north, bi-secting the angle formed by the line of the keel N.E., and the radial line on which the counterpoise is placed N.W.

Mr. Allan's second plan seems equally effective and more simple, as it does not require the shifting of the counterpoise to ascertain the correct magnetic north, by the bi-section of the angle of the forces. In swinging of the ship, instead of placing the counterpoise at an angle to the ship's keel he places it in a line S.W., that is to say, in a line in continuation of the line of the keel N.E., or direction of the position of the ship's magnetism, will then by its repulsion on the south pole of the needle form the best counterbalance—the attraction on the north pole of the needle from the east: this point will thus be a fixed point altering the direction of its position as regards the needle co-relatively with the direction of the magnetism of the ship without any adjustment being necessary.

It appears to us that this last plan of Mr. Allan's, from its superior simplicity and self adjusting character, ought to command the preference of nautical men. In heavy weather and in a rolling sea its superiority is manifest, as it will not cause the needle to swing and oscillate, as would be the case if placed between two similar polarities attractively.

The many losses, such as the noble Tayleur, which have occurred from a want of sufficient attention to this important subject, ought to secure the thanks of all interested in shipping, and that may be said to include the whole people of Britain, to Messrs. Small and Allan, for their interesting enquiries and experiments. The wonderful facts, such as that a vessel built with her head north and south has an entirely different magnetism from one built east and west, which are daily forcing themselves on the notice of observers, show that much has yet to be done in this curious field of discovery.

MY CRADLE BOAT.

BY TOMMY BLUFFBOW.

CHAPTER IV.

In the autumn of the year succeeding that on which the second race took place with Bob Hart, I had occasion to leave home for a month: but before doing so I placed the Harebell in the entire charge of old Murray, and authorised him to make use of her for trawling, or other fishing purposes, that the sails might be kept in order and not exposed to mildew. I placed implicit confidence in Murray; and never for one moment imagined he would make an improper use of the yacht.

This confidence, I regret to add, was entirely misplaced: for during my absence I received a communication to which I was stubborn to give credence. It so startled and surprised me, that I could only fancy it a hoax. It was no other than intelligence that Murray and another vessel in custody for smuggling; my little yacht was seized by the Customs-house authorities for having a cargo of contraband spirits and tobacco aboard.

The authority of the letter was undoubted ; and I next day set out on my return journey, and on arriving home found the story too true ; my other man had also been apprehended, and was with Murray in custody. It appeared they had passed through the harbour just before sunset one afternoon, and stood out for sea several miles ; and just before dusk tacked about as if making back for the harbour. It so happened that the yacht was noticed by two coast-guard officers ; who concluded I was aboard her ; and as I frequently stretched my course a few miles out to sea, they thought nothing of it ; particularly after seeing her put about and lay a direct course as if returning to the harbour. One of these coast-guard men remarked to the other, that Mr. Bluff bow would find it dark before he returned ; and that he had chosen a later hour than usual for cruising : but not a shadow of suspicion then rested on the design of that mysterious cruise. Nothing more was seen or heard of the Harebell in the home waters for two days ; and it appears she was not even missed, for my movements were uncertain, although I was frequently cruising with her. Two days after this occurrence, another coast officer was peering through his telescope at about 4 o'clock in the afternoon ; when turning it towards the sea, he rested it for some minutes on some object which called forth the following conversation between him and his comrade.

"What are you looking at so earnestly Bill? You have had your glass bearing E.N.E.b.E., for the last ten minutes."

"Well, Fred, I'm blessed if I can make anything out of that rum looking little craft ; she looks like a large heavily laden boat with tall slender spars ; and she appears to be riding at anchor, and what she can be up to out there at this time o'day I don't know ; but it strike me *no good*. Here,—take my glass and see what you can make of her."

Fred took the glass, muttering to his companion, that he had got sight of something that nobody else could see ; and he thought it a pity to call out the nightmen, and get the cutter underway unless there really was something to look after.

"I can see nothing bigger than a bit of a dingy that would not hold enough contraband to keep a man and a boy comfortable during one ch ;—so don't disturb yourself any more about it Bill."

The glass was closed and laid down at the conclusion of this speech, probably no further notice would have been taken of the little craft, but a chief officer came into the room and enquired if anything was be seen to seaward.

"Well sir," said Bill, "there is a little craft lying at anchor out there, my mate says she's a nothin."

"But I say she's a something," said the chief, as his penetrating eye peered through the telescope with searching glance. "If she's a boat she has no business there, unattended by any larger vessel at this time of day, and with the wind increasing as now. Man the cutter directly, and watch her, I will join you as soon as ready."

It was seldom this experienced officer was mistaken, he was a terror to smugglers; and was well known amongst that fraternity by the name of the "Sea Serpent."

A few minutes sufficed to prepare the cutter for sea; she was a vessel of 50 tons, and well manned and equipped. On receiving their chief officer aboard, he requested that no sail should be set until twilight, that their movements might be unobserved by the strange little craft. The orders were strictly obeyed, and the revenue barque glided out of the harbour at the suspicious hour of twilight, and bore away rapidly towards the direction of the smugglers. After a full hour's sailing the snowy sails of the yacht were visible at no great distance, she was standing fairly for the harbour, and continued her unaltered course as if intending nothing more than to reach the harbour and anchor for the night.

"The fellow appears to play the part of the fair and honest man well, let him be who he will," said the officer. "See, he comes right on, who and what is he? What can the fellow be up to? Steer as close to him as possible, that I may speak to him."

The captain obeyed the order and shaved so close to the aft weather quarter of the little craft, that Murray called out. "Hallo! there, what are you going to run Mr. Bluffbow down?"

"Is Mr. Bluffbow aboard?" said the Sea Serpent.

No reply was made to this appeal, although repeated several times: and the cutter put about and gave chase.

"Set all sail and bring him to, unless my questions are answered," said the determined officer. "Mr. Bluffbow would never be twenty miles out at sea at this time of night, and in such a wind as this. I know old Murray of old; he's up to no good depend on it."

"The fellow has actually set more canvas! press on her captain! he intends to give chase: keep a watch and see if he throws any part of his cargo overboard."

True it was that old Murray was carrying on the little yacht desperately, and leading the huge cutter a chase on a reaching wind, at the fastest point of sailing. For one whole hour the yacht kept ahead of the cutter, beyond range of her guns; until at last it was necessary to make a tack, or bear away to sea again; in either case they were certain to be overtaken; and Murray relied on his own manoeuvre.

turning suspicion from the yacht, by laughing at the cutter's men, for chasing a gentleman's pleasure yacht that was just returning to harbour on a summer's evening after a day's cruising.

The stern suspicion of the Sea Serpent was not to be so easily deluded: and in the King's name he called on them to *bring to*, or he would fire into them!

Murray persisted to the last that they had nothing contraband aboard: evidently screening himself behind the yachtish appearance of his craft. A man was put aboard, and the discovery was instantly made. The cabin was completely filled with packages and small casks.

Such was the manner in which the Harebell and her crew were seized with contraband goods aboard.

On the evening of my arrival at home, I had sat down to write a few particulars of the affair to a friend; when a servant announced a "*Sailor boy*," who wanted particularly to speak to me.

"Show him in" I replied.

A ruddy, but fair looking personage in neat sailor's attire entered my room with a graceful bow; and immediately on perceiving that I was alone, came close towards the light, and bursting into tears, begged I would pardon the intrusion and disguise: and stating, "I am *not* a sailor boy, sir, pray forgive me, but I am Kitty Murray: I was afraid you would not admit me to your presence: and as I was most anxious to speak to you about this dreadful, oh! this dreadful smuggling business! I hope you will forgive me if I have acted improperly in coming to you in these,—a-a- these a—trousers and jacket."

I requested her to sit down and not to make herself at all uneasy about the disguise, which I jocosely remarked was rather becoming, for it showed to advantage her well proportioned figure.

The faintest possible smile passed over her face at the conclusion of my remark; she then gained self possession, and proceeded to relate her tale: she wept bitterly for her father; and spoke in a highly proper manner on the ill use he had made of my charge: she begged I would not deal harshly with him, for he was truly penitent for his crime.

I told her, as far as the smuggling was concerned, I had no control over the case: it was an infringement on the law of Customs; and the authorities would not overlook it. But I told her, she perhaps was not aware that I should be the greatest sufferer, for the yacht would be condemned and destroyed, which would be a total loss to me. I felt sorry afterwards that I mentioned this to her, for she again burst into tears; her troubles appeared greater than ever. I insisted on her taking courage, and not giving way so much to her feelings: I told her nothing could prevent her father going to prison, and her tears would only make

matters worse. It was not *her* that had done wrong, but her father: and as she was now *apeing* the man, she must "bear it like a man."

"But will you always turn your back upon us after this, sir?" she enquired.

"Certainly not on *you*, Kitty," I replied "you have done no wrong; and I shall be very sorry if you make a trouble of this unfortunate affair, or give yourself pain about your father."

The bright eyes of the disguised beauty sparkled as I spoke; and she made a cheerful promise to bear it without murmuring.

"But to think of your beautiful little yacht being broken up and destroyed vexes me more than all."

"Now, Kitty, you are not to be vexed about anything, I must have another; and you must come as cabin boy—What say you eh?"

A crimson blush stole over her cheek at this speech, she hung her head, and appeared to remember her disguise with some little uneasiness.

"I must go now, sir," she said, "but you *do* forgive me do you not, for coming to you in this rude and unbecoming dress of my brother Tom's?"

"Oh yes," I replied, "I freely forgive you—Tom's dress is not so unbecoming as you imagine. You make a *winning* boy, but a *losing* girl."

"I confess, sir, I cannot quite understand your jokes—good evening sir, and many thanks for your kind indulgence."

After dismissing my interesting visitor, I sat musing on the scene, or the singular interview upwards of an hour, sometimes my thoughts were of the yacht, and sometimes of the smugglers; but ever and anon they turned to Kitty and the cabin boy. The same thoughts attended me in my dreams that night, and the same on waking next morning. But another and a more serious thought occurred to me next day; that if the Harebell was destroyed I would build a rather *larger* yacht upon a new idea of my own.

The smugglers were tried and convicted, Murray was fined £250, or to be imprisoned during the King's pleasure. Jack (whose offence was not looked upon in so serious a light as Murray's) was fined £100, or to be imprisoned during the King's pleasure. The yacht was condemned to be broken to pieces, and the materials sold for the King's benefit.

Such was the end of the Harebell: I made a last effort, by petition for the yacht to be given up to me as she was used for unlawful purpose without my consent: but the prayer of my petition was of no avail: neither were the tears and entreaties of the Smuggler's daughter, who were freely used in that behalf.

THE CRUISE OF THE COMET.

THE portrait of the *Idas*,* is to me like the memory of that of a long lost but not forgotten friend; it recalls to my memory that happy portion of a lengthened yachting career, when I was proprietor of a yacht of the same dimensions. I suspect that no portion of your very interesting miscellany will be read with more interest than that which regards small craft, especially by aspirants, and it is right that it should be so, for although the ambition of a yachter will generally induce him to wish his craft had been a size larger, a thorough knowledge of yachting can only be acquired in a small one, where the owner is at least one half of the crew.

My first yacht, the *Comet*, was as nearly as possible of the dimensions of the *Idas*, being 8 feet beam and 22 feet keel and fore rake, or length for tonnage; her length aloft, exclusive of the counter, 23 feet 6 inches; her measurement 6 tons; she was decked to within 9 feet of the stern, where she had roomy stern sheets; the portion of the interior before the mast, having no ballast, formed the cabin. In this space two cots were slung at night, but stowed away during the day into the fixed berths aft the mast. She was a pretty little craft according to the fashion of the beginning of the century,—fully cutter rigged,—that is, with three shrouds ratted, double topping lifts, and a cross-jack yard; and was in the estimation of her owner, what the Irvine skipper said of his bark, “a perfect scymeter.” She was armed with a couple of half-pound carronades, carried a blue pendant and ensign, for burgees had not then come into fashion; indeed till I joined the Yacht Club, (now Squadron,) in 1816, I invariably sported a pendant, much to the terror of coasters, who suspected that it covered a press-gang, and almost invariably gave us a wide berth when we met at sea, and I presume to the annoyance of men-of-war’s men, who however, never took the trouble to haul it down.

Such was the vessel in which I took my first lengthened cruise amongst the Western Islands.

Wednesday, July 1st, 1807.—Started from J——— about 6 A.M., accompanied by a cart loaded with bedding, luggage, and sea stores; proceeded to Renfrew Ferry, on the Clyde, six miles below Glasgow, where I found the *Comet* hove short, with main-sail set and all ready; crew named Will Watt, an old sailor, having preceded me. A fine breeze from north-west on end, but with the ebb in our favour. Bundled the contents of the cart on board, and beat down the river about six or seven miles, when by standing too far on one tack we ran aground. The

* See February Number, Vol. iii., 1854.

tide was now nearly spent, and as we could not cook our breakfast in such short tacks, we made but slender exertions to get afloat, contenting ourselves with running out our kedge, hauling the head to the wind, and lowering the head-sails.

We remained here during the tide, with abundance of employment between breakfast and dinner, in getting our craft into order, screwing hooks for the cots, fitting them with lanyards, &c. In the afternoon turned down to Greenock, where we arrived about six and anchored for the night. I here supplied myself with chart, compass, spyglass, sea biscuit, and other stores.

Thursday 2nd.—Weighed about 6 A.M., winds light and variable; reached Fairlie in the evening, where we anchored for the night. This beautiful village is now well known to yachters from the building yard of the Fifes'. "Auld Wull," the father of the present generation, was even in 1807, distinguished for his taste in planning, and his workmanship in building sailing boats, and had already built two for me. I may add that my taste for yachting was acquired in early boyhood in sailing the little cutters and schooners made by him and his brothers.

I was here joined by my friends, Professor M——, of the University of Glasgow, and Dr. U * *, whose celebrity as a chemist will easily identify him with the scientific world. Both my friends were out and out landsmen, but both entered with keen enjoyment into the pleasures of sailing amidst the enchanting scenery of the Western Islands, and both inclined to be amused with the discomforts which bad weather in so small a craft could not fail to produce.

Friday 3rd.—A smart breeze from the north-west; sailed about noon, after saluting our friends ashore with three guns; rounded the south end of the island of Little Cambray, and stood over to Brodick Bay, in Arran, with a "lateral wind," as the Doctor called it; anchored off the Castle at three P.M.: after dinner walked several miles up Glenrosa, delighted with the scenery, and on our return, sufficiently fatigued to find the repose of the cutter, and the cup "that cheers but not inebriates," exceedingly agreeable. During our absence, the John and Grace, a Plymouth trawler, at that time hired out to parties, had arrived and anchored beside us. Watt informed us that there was a lord on board, a "friend" (Scotch for a relation,) of Lord Nelson. We had an interview with his lordship on the following day,—an interesting youth, it off a few months afterwards by typhus fever; he bore the title of '—falgar, and was destined had he lived to represent his immortal uncle.

The night was delicious, and my friends spoke in raptures of the pleasure of a sea life; the professor remarking that it could not fail to invigorate both mind and body.

Saturday 4th.—Landed at six and ascended Goatfell, the highest mountain in Arran; the atmosphere without a cloud, and the breeze so fresh as to invigorate but not fatigue us; the view from the summit was magnificent. I delight in mountain scenery and in the pure air of the hills. Rousseau says, "Il sembla qu'en s'élevant au dessus de séjour des hommes on y laisse tous les sentimens bas et terrestres et qu'à mesure qu'on approche des régions éthérées l'âme contracte quelque chose de leur inalterable pureté." I separated myself from my companions, and gazed with intense earnestness on that distant point of the horizon where dwelt * * * *

On our descent from the mountain, the doctor gave us a lecture on the rocks of which it is composed,—my first lesson in geology: he pointed out the distinction between unstratified and stratified rocks, then called primitive, and secondary. I date the commencement of my geological studies from this day. I am vain enough to think that my researches have thrown some light on an obscure portion of the bygone history of the earth; if they have, it is to the matchless facilities which the possession of a yacht afforded in the investigation of the changes to which sea coasts are liable.

We returned to our vessel with a keen appetite for breakfast, after which we got under-way and ran with a fair wind for Lamlash, which having surveyed we beat back to Brodick, where we anchored for the night.

Sunday 5th.—A sharp breeze from north-west; struck top-mast, took in the boat, which was only eight feet long, and stowed under the deck between the mast and stern-sheets; double-reefed the main-sail, and beat up against a heavy sea to the Kyles of Bute, the narrow channel which separates that island from Argyleshire, well pleased with our craft in every respect but one: she strained so much that we had some trouble in keeping the cabin clear of water, and come to the conclusion that she must be caulked before we proceeded on our cruise. The wind dying away in the evening we anchored in the narrowest part of the Kyles, and on landing learnt that there was a carpenter in the neighbourhood; was therefore determined to careen her.

Monday 6th.—Engaged the carpenter, and at high water hauled the vessel aground. Despatched Watt to Rothsay for trousers for the professor, who had made the discovery that shorts were not ship-shape. I hired a tent to which we removed our store and cooked our dinner. In the evening the Professor and Doctor went in the dingy to fish, whilst I remained to pick oakum and tend the ship. When she floated we returned on board for the night.

Tuesday 7th.—Our slumbers were most unpleasantly interrupted about two A.M., when the cutter took the ground and heeled over, the water flowed forward into the cabin, and as my cot was on the lee side, I found when I awoke, one leg and arm immersed. The Professor, although on the dry side, was if any thing in a worse predicament, for the sides of his cot began to give way,—his clothes had tumbled off the seat and were floating in the water. He however took the disaster quite coolly, carried his bed to the tent, spread his clothes on the shingle, and finished his night's rest in great comfort. Watt, who like myself was on the lee side, was also wet, betook himself to a public house and got drunk. Whilst the Doctor, who was in the upper berth, slept so soundly that even the noise of the carpenter's mallet at his ear, did not rouse him. Fortunately the weather was fine, and the heat of the sun soon dried our wet clothes and bedding.

After breakfast crossed in the dingy to Argyleshire, and walked along the well wooded shores of Loch Rìdan, delighted with the beauty of the scenery. Returned to dinner at the tent, and as the carpenter required another tide to finish his operations, we avoided the discomfort of the former night by taking our beds to a farm house.

Wednesday 8th.—Ran with a fair wind to Rothsay, landed and viewed the castle; and afterwards to Fairlie.

Thursday 9th.—Wind strong at west; did not move.

Friday 10th.—Got under way about noon; light winds and variable; anchored at Millport in the island of Cumbra. After dinner landed and drank tea with the clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Adam: on our way to the manse we were requested to patronise a play, which we agreed to do. The reverend gentleman, whose knowledge of the world seemed limited to the "greater and lesser Cumbra," although he is said to have remembered the adjacent islands of Britain and Ireland, in his prayers—dilated on the iniquity of the times, and adduced as a proof of it, that there was actually a set of stage players performing in Millport. We admitted our knowledge of the fact, but did not consider it necessary to say that we intended to be present. We on the other hand dilated on the comforts of our little vessel so as to excite his curiosity, and he declared his intention of accompanying us on board. Thinks I to myself our visit to the theatre is knocked on the head. However, when about to embark, he was observed to look with suspicion at the dingy, when the Doctor quietly asked him if he could swim? Whereupon he remembered an engagement, and left us to indulge our theatrical taste.

Saturday 11th.—Got under-way before breakfast, reached the entrance of the Crinan Canal at five P.M., and as next day was Sunday,

when vessels are not allowed to pass, we used every exertion to get to the west end, but heavy rain coming on we stopped at the summit level.

Sunday 12th.—The day was beautiful, and a more delightful harbour for a quiet Sunday cannot be imagined. We ascended a hill immediately above where we lay, and enjoyed an extensive view of the Archipelago of islands through which our tract to the Hebrides led.

“Jura’s rugged coast

And Scarba’s Isle whose tortured shore

Still rings to Corrievreckan’s roar.”

Monday 13th.—Started betimes next morning, and reached Crinan before breakfast. We here engaged a pilot for the voyage, his name was John Mac Lachlan. He proved a great acquisition to our party, not only from his thorough knowledge of the tides, rocks, and harbours, of the Western Islands, but he was withal a thorough seaman, and last not least, an excellent sea cook. A fine old Highlander, thoroughly imbued with Highland prejudices, Highland traditions, and Highland superstitions. He was a firm believer in the second sight, a belief to which, according to his own account, he owed his life, for when about to sail as master of a sloop, to Ireland, he went to an old woman who was possessed with it, to buy a fair wind, she told him not to go, that the vessel would be lost and all on board perish; he in consequence gave up his situation; the sloop sailed but of course never reached her destination, she was wrecked on the coast of Ireland, and all hands perished.

As the tide did not immediately answer, we crossed the river which flows into Loch Crinan and purchased a salmon, from which our pilot cooked some savoury steaks. I may here add that we had invariably three warm meals daily. On the turn of the tide we made sail, and anchored about six P.M. in Oban Bay.

Tuesday 14th.—Having now an additional hand I left orders to get underway at four A.M.; when I got up we were in the channel between Lismore and Appin. Passed Fort William and made for the entrance to the Caledonian Canal, to examine the works then in progress; returned to Fort William where we came to anchor.

Wednesday 15th.—We hoped here to renew our stock of biscuit, but none were to be had we purchased flour, and during the remainder the voyage baked for ourselves, the frying-pan serving for the oven: due time we became expert cooks as well as bakers, but it must be mitted that our first experiments were not always successful. The weather we had hitherto enjoyed, inspired my friends with the highest ideas of the pleasures of yachting; the limited space seemed to

expand, and they declared that they could not wish for more, and being well supplied with provisions they began to talk big, and declare that with fish and soup, and Highland mutton and fowl, and a little pastry, they could rough it without complaining. A long morning's walk to Inverlochy, and a partial ascent of Ben Nevis, made the repose of the cutter agreeable; our first care was to cook our dinner; our soup was to be mutton broth, with a plentiful admixture of barley, which we all declared to be our taste. It did not occur to us however that this barley would swell in boiling,—our soup turned out a rice pudding, and our pudding made of gooseberries and flour, and tied up in a muslin neck-cloth, stuck to the bottom of the pan, and burnt a hole in the neck-cloth. Our baking however was perfectly successful, and no better flour scones were ever baked ashore.

Upon comparing notes we discovered that chess was a favourite game with each of us, and the evening of this day was spent in making a chess board, and carving a set of chess men with our pen-knives.

Thursday 16th.—On the following day, wind strong and dead on end, beat a few miles down the Linne Loch, but about mid-day rain coming on, up helm and ran back to Stronchrigan on the north side of the Loch, where a projecting point afforded smooth anchorage; looked a little wishfully to a gentleman's house on shore, but contented ourselves with cookery and chess.

Friday 17th.—About six A.M. the Doctor, who did not quite understand the comforts of a smooth anchorage in bad weather, got the cutter underway, the wind right up the Loch. It was not long before the pattering of rain and spray on deck, warned me that our day's work was to be any thing but pleasure sailing, so after a few tacks I sung out from my cot "up helm," and by eight o'clock were again at our anchorage. Whilst breakfast was getting ready, I sent to the gentleman's house already mentioned for cream, and on Watt's return he delivered a message from Mr. Campbell, who he said knew me, that he would call upon me after breakfast. I was delighted to meet an old college friend; he said his father was from home, but that his sister and he hoped we would spend the day ashore. This we were too happy to do. Soon after we landed, a boat was apparently driven into the bay, like ourselves, out of which stepped a gentleman in full Highland dress, whose striking figure attracted my attention. He was about six feet in height, and although apparently past seventy, walked with an erect military bearing. On calling Miss Campbell's attention to him, she clapped her hands and exclaimed, "Oh, there is Uncle Peter!" He proved a most agreeable addition to our party. Captain Peter Campbell had served in the 45th

years war, and afterwards in America, and was the author of a volume of Travels in Canada. He was full of anecdotes of the war, and old Highland stories; on one point however we found we were treading on dangerous ground,—he was any thing but a Jacobite. We were near the scene of a judicial tragedy, which happened about fifty years before this time. A Stuart shot a Campbell (of Glenure) and escaped to France, a friend, also of the name of Stuart, assisted him to escape, but was not otherwise implicated in the murder; he was however tried by the Duke of Argyll, who sat on the bench as hereditary Justice-General, and a jury of Campbells, condemned and hung him at Ballahulish. My knowledge of the circumstances was acquired from the report in Arnot's Criminal Trials; I inconsiderately called it a judicial murder, whereupon the whole party, ladies and gentlemen fired. It appeared to me that they thought the jury had served him right.

In the evening we gave our friends coffee on board. Captain Campbell observed our chess men, and challenged us; he won and lost a game which was the most satisfactory conclusion.

Saturday 18th.—Wind still strong from the south-west, however it moderated about mid-day. We accordingly got under-way, saluted our friends with three guns, beat down the Loch with a steady breeze, entered Loch Leven, and anchored at the mouth of Glencoe.

The night was exquisitely beautiful, and I remained on deck enjoying the scene. The stormy weather had been succeeded by a calm, whilst a tremulous undulation on the surface reflected the rays of a full and extremely bright moon. The deep masses of light and shade on the rocks and woods of the fore-ground, and the mountains of Glencoe, was heightened by the associations of the place. Few of my yachting hours are more agreeable than those I spend in such evenings before I turn in.

Sunday 19th.—After exploring Glencoe returned to breakfast, and got under way. Light winds and heavy rain,—glad when the anchor was let go in the Sound of Shuna. Soon after a boat came off with a card addressed to the gentlemen on board the small yacht, to the following purport, "Hugh M'Coll hopes the gentleman will take a Highland breakfast at his cottage to-morrow." Mr. M'Coll, we learnt, was tacksman of the Island of Shuna.

Monday, 20th.—Next morning were most hospitably entertained both by Mr. M'Coll and by Mr. Stuart of Invernahyle, who resided on the island, and who asked us to dinner.

Mr. Stuart was son of a distinguished officer in the army of Prince Charles, and of course there could be no mistake as to his opinion respecting the execution of James Stuart. When I mentioned our blunder

at Stronchrigan, he said it was unfortunate, for none of the Campbells would listen to reason on the subject. We delighted him by telling him that the Duke of Sussex had visited the Cardinal of York, and would not sit in his presence,—for he was equally loyal to both royal families. We agreed cordially in our opinions, and he was too hospitable to allow us to rise early; when we did take our leave, he expressed the pleasure our visit gave him, but added, “nothing had given him so much pleasure as to hear what we had said about poor Stuart’s murder to the Campbells, for, let them say what they will he was basely murdered.”

Tuesday 21st.—A pleasant beat to Corinachanachen Bay in Mull.

Wednesday 22nd.—Arrived early at Tobermory, and had an agreeable excursion in Mull.

Thursday 23rd.—The John and Grace, in which Lord Trafalgar had visited the Islands, arrived to-day with a party of friends, under the command of Captain P—— C——, R.N.; a meeting which gave us much pleasure. One of the party, Mr. D——, of D——, still retains his taste for cruising, and is the owner of one of our smartest yachts.

Friday 24th.—Left Tobermory early in the morning and arrived about mid-day at the Island of Egg. We were greeted upon our arrival by the Rev. Mr. McLean, the hospitable and accomplished minister of the small isles, namely Egg, Cana, Rum, and Muck. He accompanied us in the first place to the cave in which the McLeod’s smoked the inhabitants of the island (Macdonalds’) to death. The floor was still strewn with bones and skulls, one of which the doctor took possession of, a piece of sacrilege which the minister by no means approved of, and still less the men, who attributed to it the foul winds and bad weather which we afterwards met with. We afterwards ascended Scur Egg a hill composed of pitch stone porphyry. We dined and spent a most agreeable evening at the manse.

Saturday 25th.—The Doctor talked so much of the Plumose Zeolites of Talisker in Skye, that I determined to proceed thither, although quite ignorant what Plumose Zeolites were. The wind being favourable, we left Egg in the forenoon, and reached Talisker about four P.M. The wind at this time beginning to blow strong, we sent the cutter under the charge of the pilot to Loch Bracadale, which is about four miles the north of Talisker.

The Doctor and I landed, the Professor remaining in the cutter which proceeded to Loch Bracadale, where we were to join her. We immediately proceeded to Taliaker House, and Mr. McLeod kindly accompanied us to the locality where the Zeolites were to be found, as

also sent two men with us to guide us to where the yacht was supposed to be anchored, and to pull us off. Accordingly after having collected a sufficient number of specimens, we proceeded to Loch Bracadale. On ascending an eminence the men pointed out what they supposed to be our vessel. It was now nearly dark, and it appeared that we had to cross the Loch to reach the inlet where she was anchored. We embarked in their boat, a Norway skiff, the wind blowing strong off the land towards some rocky pinnacles, called M'Leod's Maidens. We were pulling at a great rate, nearly right before the wind, when to my horror I observed the ground swell breaking on a half-tide rock under the boat's bow. I halloed out to the men, who on looking round lost their presence of mind, and what was worse one of the oars. In a moment the boat was among the breakers with her broadside on the rocks. I was then young and vigorous, and piqued myself on my skill in poling a boat. I seized the remaining oar, and by dint of shoving and sculling over the aftermost tholes, got near enough a point on the weather shore for one of the men to jump out and haul us ashore.

I confess I never was more willing to "give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground,—long heath, brown furze,—anything." The thought of spending a July night on the "long heath," which here abounded, gave us no concern, we thought only of the uneasiness which the Professor would feel at our non-appearance, and with thankfulness for our escape, for such it really wash. The boat was half full of water, and our pockets were loaded with Plumose Zeolites, made our swimming powers, had the boat swamped, more than doubtful, and the rocks to leeward afforded but small chance of a safe landing.

Our first object was to select a snug berth for the night under the lee of a rock; on ascending an eminence for the purpose, to my surprise and delight I beheld the Comet at anchor in a well sheltered cove, within hail of the spot where I stood. "Comet, ahoy!" "Aye, aye, Sir," from the pilot who was on the watch. In a moment the boat put off, and in a minute we were once more in our comfortable little cabin, the kettle boiling and tea ready. Seldom have I experienced a more agreeable change, feelings shared by both my friends, for the Professor had become seriously uneasy at our non-appearance.

Sunday 26th.—Underway at six A.M. with a strong southwardly wind. Found the sea too heavy outside to think of contending with it, ore up for little Loch Bracadale, where we supposed that we had seen the Comet the night before our adventure, therefore only landed us in the right place. We found here a party, who like ourselves had been driven in for shelter; it consisted of Major A—— and his lady, from

Northumberland, He had chartered and fitted up a sloop of seventy tons, with the intention of visiting Iceland, but meeting with bad weather had given up his intention and limited his cruise to the Hebrides. The captain and owner evidently thought the charter-money more easily earned at anchor than under sail; he had been here for several days, and when we left, Major A—— could not induce him to follow us. During the two days we remained we had much agreeable intercourse with them.

After breakfast landed, and visited the two, so called, Danish forts, Dun Diarmed and Dun Beg, which are described and figured by Pennant, and need not be re-described here. We also visited a subterranean house, one of the residences of the pre-historic or aboriginal inhabitants of Britain.

Monday 27th.—Remained at anchor wind-bound.

Tuesday 28th.—Wind still at south; in the afternoon it moderated. Got under-way and beat down the Loch, leaving Major A—— at anchor: after clearing the Loch stood to the westward.

Wednesday 29th.—This morning when the Professor looked out, he reported a vessel near, so like ourselves, that had he not been on board the Comet, he would have said it was her. It proved to be the Royal George revenue cruiser, 150 tons; so deceptive is size when there is nothing to compare the object with.

Anchored early in the forenoon at Cana, pulled across to the Island of Rum, and on our return visited Compass Hill, where we found the deviation from the true magnetic bearing in some places not less than eleven points.

Thursday 30th.—Sailed about mid-day, wind still south, spoke the Royal George, bore away for Egg, and spent the evening with the hospitable minister.

Friday 31st.—Wind still southerly and blowing strong; remained at anchor.

Saturday August 1st.—Wind at length fair, had a fine run to Loch Don, in Mull, where we found our friend Major A——, who meant to cross the island to visit Staffa, much disgusted with the sloop.

Sunday 2nd.—Wind southerly, got under-way after breakfast and beat as far as Eysdale, when it freshened to a gale with a heavy rain; put into Eysdale Harbour.

Monday 3rd.—Wind south-west but moderate, got underway at the turn of the tide, entered the Crinan Canal about noon, and reached Adrishag in the evening.

Tuesday 4th.—In the early part of the day it blew a gale and

south-west, about four P.M. it moderated and veered to west; left the canal, and the same evening anchored at Fairlie, found our friends well, and I may conclude in the words with which Walter Scott concluded the narrative of a somewhat similar cruise, undertaken seven years after that which I have just related, "We had constant exertion, a succession of wild and uncommon scenery, good humour on board, and objects of animation and interest when we went ashore

"Sed fugit interea—fugit irrevocabile tempus."

I know not how it is, but with me the interest a voyage excites is always in the inverse ratio of the magnitude of the vessel; and although it would be presumption in me to rank the dear old Comet with the *Idas*, or the far famed *Pet*, I may hope that the foregoing narrative will tend to satisfy younger yachters with the size of their vessels, and to show with how much comfort and enjoyment, three gentlemen and two seamen, may spend a month in a six tonner.

THE SHOOTING YACHT.

WHEN summer is gone, and match and pleasure sailing is no more, yachtsmen betake themselves to another sport no less exciting and invigorating than those which are then for a time abolished. Racing and pleasure yachts are dismantled and laid by for the season, and the *shooting yacht* with its swivel gun, punt, and other wildfowling accoutrements is fitted out for an approaching winter. Many yachtsmen use the same vessel both for pleasure and shooting, and on those parts of our coast most frequented by wildfowl, very excellent sport is often to be had. It is the most expensive branch of wildfowl shooting, but the most simple; there is less labour and exercise, consequently less fatigue than in punt shooting. It is a sport the most delicate constitution can follow up without risk, notwithstanding the apparently cold and formidable proceeding of venturing out to sea in the coldest and most severe weather, for every man can enwrap himself in as much warm clothing as he pleases, without inconveniencing himself in any way for the sport, and he need not expose himself to the inclemency of the weather except at occasional short intervals, when the man at the helm calls to him to come and try a shot at some birds near by. He may sit over the cabin fire with pipe and glass; or with the last new publication, with *Mucanell's History*, *Hunt's Yachting Magazine*, or any other book that suits him. A yachtsman's life, free and easy at all times, is quite as pleasant aboard the shooting yacht as aboard the pleasure yacht,

D. 4.—VOL. V. Z

although there is an infinite deal of excitement and amusement attached to both.

The thorough sportsman however with iron constitution will not spend much of his time in the cabin, whilst there is prospect of sport; he bids defiance to the inclemency of the weather, and with fur coat and sou'-wester faces the bitterest north wind, not only with vigorous endurance, but with apparent relish.

Shooting yachts are of various sizes, from five to twenty tons; those of small tonnage are chiefly confined to river and lake shooting, whilst the larger ones frequently make wide excursions at sea, and are absent from their harbours several days at a cruise: on moonlight nights they also get underway, and occasionally meet with good success. There are several different methods of fitting the swivel gun to the yacht: some fix it at the bows, by means of a stout chock or heavy block of wood, others have it placed on the cabin top, and which latter appears to be the best position aboard a small yacht. The recoil spring must be in proportion to the size and strength of the gun, and requires some little skill in both making and fitting. The most usual sized swivel guns carry from 11b. to 1½lbs. shot, and an equal *measure* of powder; the barrel is almost eight feet in length, and the whole gun is as much as a strong man can carry on his shoulder, and shift in and out of the cabin. These guns are larger than punt guns, and when well handled and skilfully shot, frequently do considerable execution. The method of shooting is as follows:—When a flock of wildfowl are seen on the wing, they are marked down; the yachtsman then makes the best of his way towards them, and endeavours to obtain a shot on a reaching tack: They will seldom allow the yacht to approach them with the wind abaft, and as wildfowl generally rise to windward, it is usual to put the helm down at the moment, to luff up the yacht, and by that means a shot may be had just as the birds cross the bows. If a quick vessel, some ten or twenty yards are often gained whilst the birds are taking wing. It should be remembered that the slightest noise or motion aboard the yacht whilst reaching towards them, will disturb the whole flock. Every one aboard should carefully observe the strictest stillness when approaching wildfowl: their nasal and auricular powers being exceedingly acute. It is not unusual, when a good chance occurs, to bring down fifty or sixty at a shot; but the yachtsman must not expect to do so every day, on the contrary, he will frequently find the birds very wild, and will make ten *blank* days to three good days. Every branch of wildfowl shooting is uncertain, but the most so is with the yacht and large gun. Two good sized shoulder guns should be kept

aboard the yacht, for the purpose of dispatching winged and wounded birds, after a shot from the large gun : and this is often the best sport of all, sometimes more than half the birds which drop from the flock at the charge, are only winged and wounded, they then swim away almost as fast as two men can row a boat, they dodge and dive for half-an-hour and upwards, before they can be exhausted and taken. It is therefore highly desirable to be provided with a couple of shoulder guns, and then the skiff need not be manned to go in pursuit ; for if there is wind, the yacht may be tacked about, and the wounded birds shot and taken aboard without difficulty.

When the weather is too calm for sailing, if there be wildfowl near by, the punt should be launched, and an excellent shot may often be made at sea, as well as in the rivers and sheltered waters of the coast. Most of our readers are doubtless acquainted with gunning punts, and the method of using them, but in case some should not be, a brief description of such, may perhaps, not be out of place here.

The Maldon gunning punts have always been renowned as the best adapted to the sport of any. Maldon is a seaport town in Essex, and stands on the banks of the Blackwater, a favorite locality of wildfowl : thousands are annually killed in these waters, and many families are entirely supported during winter by the earnings of the puntmen. A Maldon gunning punt is a long, narrow, flat bottomed little boat, from sixteen to seventeen feet in length, and from three feet to three feet six inches in breadth ; the forepart is generally, but not always, covered with a thin scantling ; a strong wooden chock is fitted and firmly secured at the aft part of the covered head, and a groove is cut, in which the gun is placed within a foot of the punt's stem on which the muzzle end of the gun rests : this outer rest should, by means of a screw, be capable of being raised or lowered so as to enable the puntman to place his gun in a proper position, or so as to bear upon any object, and bring it within deadly range anywhere between forty and 100 yards. A strong check rope must be fitted to the chock and butt end or stock of the gun, to ease the jerk or kick of the gun, which would otherwise break a man's shoulder bone. The puntman sits in a rowing posture until he finds something to shoot at ; when he lies flat

his stomach, his chest resting on a cushion, his arms extended over the sides of the punt, and working a pair of wooden paddles, by means of which he propels his punt steadily ahead towards the birds : where they have been but little disturbed, good success is often to be met with ; but in the neighbourhood where many punts are used, it is seldom a good shot can be made by daylight : moonlight nights are therefore the most favorable for punting.

The gunning punt is a dangerous craft in unskilful hands, the slightest lurch will often capsize it, when a heavy gun is carried. It is always prudent to row ashore to reload the gun, if the punt is a ticklish one, or to lash it along side another, the puntman making all his movements on his knees. But few yachtsmen embrace this part of the sport, it is too fatiguing and laborious : they generally put one of the yacht's crew into the punt, and send him to try his luck. It is however a fine exercise, and some gentlemen to our own knowledge, are very expert hands at the sport.

It is much to be regretted that the present season has been so unfavorable for wildfowl shooting ; there has been scarcely any service for the yacht and large gun ; but last winter was by far the most favorable of any we have had for many years. It is this uncertainty that makes yachtsmen reluctant to launch into the necessarily heavy expenses attending the equipment of a shooting yacht ; there are some seasons when no use whatever can be had for the large gun. On some parts of our coast however, a certain degree of sport may annually be reckoned on, and on the coast and rivers of Holland, yachtsmen may always be certain of sport should they be disposed to venture so far, and spend a winter amidst the frost and fogs of the Netherlands.

THE THINGS WE LOVED OF YORE.

The things we loved of yore,
How deep a hold they have,
They are the tide-marks of the heart,
Emboss'd by memory's wave.

The things we loved of yore,
Warm tears will often spring;
And love will consecrate what some
Might deem a worthless thing.

Smile not—the faded leaf,
Is full of spirit lore;

Perchance a mother loved the tree
Whereon it danced of yore.

The things we loved of yore,
They make the bosom beat;
With quicker throbs of mingled joy
To hail the loved retreat.

The sheltered nook where once
We found the violet flowers—
The wood where early childhood spent
Its joyful summer hours.

Go visit them again,
Now manhood's seal is set,
Time's signet on thy heart and brain,
And own their magic yet.

Go to the distant home—
Go to the surf-beat shore—
And tell me what endears the spot
Like being loved of yore.

ROYAL YORKSHIRE YACHT CLUB.

At the last meeting of this Club April 2nd, the Earl of Mulgrave resigned the office of Commodore, and J. Gee, Esq., (Gloriana,) was unanimously elected to that distinguished office. We heartily congratulate the Club on their selection, as from the well-known abilities of this gentleman the Royal Yorkshire will most assuredly become one of the first in the aquatic circle. He will be supported by the indefatigable Vice-Commodore, A. Bannister, Esq., aided also by the Hon.-Secretary W. G. Turnbull, Esq., whose attention to his onerous duties entitles him to the praise of all yachtsmen. The Club is in a very flourishing condition, and will give some good prizes for competition during the season.

A vote of thanks was given to the Earl of Mulgrave, who has, we believe, held the office of Commodore ever since the commencement of the Club.

ROYAL MERSEY YACHT CLUB.

At the last meeting of this club Commodore Littledale and the whole of the officers were re-elected by acclamation. There was a numerous attendance of members, and a strong desire was evinced to carry on the season with spirit and liberality. The matches will be first-rate, if good prizes can make them so. The situation of the Mersey renders it equal to the best club in the kingdom.

ROYAL ST. GEORGE'S YACHT CLUB.

This club met very numerously at their annual reading out dinner, Lord Otho Fitzgerald, the Vice-Commodore, presided. The club is in a flourishing condition, and it is in contemplation to enlarge the house. The united regatta (Irish and St. George's,) will be under the direction of the latter in Kingstown harbour, and is expected to come off in July or August. It will no doubt be a brilliant affair, as most of the crack yachts will be present.

ROYAL WELSH YACHT CLUB, CARNARVON.

A meeting of this Club was held on Saturday, 22nd ult., which was numerously attended. The accounts were submitted to the Meeting, and showed a balance in favour of the Club, although, during the past year, nearly £100 had been paid from the funds for the completion of the Club House, the amount specially subscribed for the building being less than the actual cost.

Notice was given of the following gentlemen to be ballotted for as

Members at the next meeting, viz:—C. Legge, Esq., Kaynton House, in the county of Salop, J. Priestly, Esq., Hirdrefaig, in the county of Anglesey; J. Bevan, Esq., of Swansea; R. Wolseley, Esq., Carnarvon; J. A. Clarke, Esq., (yacht Jessica) Birkenhead; E. Bevan, Esq., Barrister at Law,) North Wales Circuit, and O. Morgan, Esq., ditto.—to be proposed by the Rear-Commodore, and seconded by General Gore. Notice was also given to propose for ballot E. H. Owen, Esq., Ymwich, in this county, as a member; and Captain Ward, R.N. as an honorary member, to be proposed by E. W. Mathew, Esq., and seconded by C. J. Sampson, Esq.

A beautiful print of the Royal Thames Yacht Club Schooner Match, of 1853, elegantly framed, presented to the Club by Captain Bartlett, owner of the Glance, (winner of the first cup at Carnarvon last year) was much admired. It is to be hoped that the example of Capt. Bartlett in presenting the Club with so beautiful an ornament for the walls of the Club room will be followed by many more of its members.

The Club house was ordered to be prepared for the residence of the Warder, who was appointed to reside on the premises, and other routine business transacted.

Instructions were given to the Secretary to furnish the list of Members immediately to Mr. Hunt, for the forthcoming *Universal Yacht List* for 1856.—[We earnestly hope that all Secretaries will follow this example, thereby enabling this useful Annual to be ready at the commencement of the yachting season, as there is much complaint among yachtsmen that they have to go to sea without it till the middle of the season, when they themselves are alone to blame.—Ed.]

BIRKENHEAD MODEL YACHT CLUB.

The usual monthly meeting of this Club took place at the Birkenhead Ferry Hotel, on Wednesday, 2nd of April, and was numerously attended, the Vice-Commodore in the chair. P. Edwards, Esq., Collector of Customs, Liverpool, was elected an honorary member of the Club, and two members were proposed for election at the next meeting. A motion was proposed and carried, to the effect that the Rear-Commodore be empowered to disqualify any yacht refusing to obey his regulation in starting for a match. The sum of £45 was then voted for prizes to be apportioned follows:—£20 prize, Thursday June 26th; £20 prize, Saturday, July 26th; £5 in cash to be given with the Challenge Cup, value 50 guineas, Saturday, August 23rd. The opening cruise to be fixed at the next meeting.

PRINCE OF WALES YACHT CLUB.

At the Monthly Meeting in March the officers of this club were unanimously re-elected viz.—R. Hewett, Esq. Commodore; E. Knibbs, Esq. Vice Commodore; P. Turner, Esq. Treasurer; C. F. Chubb, Esq., Hon. Secretary; A. Berncastle, Esq. Cupbearer.

The Commodore and the above gentlemen having been introduced they returned thanks: after which A. Turner, J. Webber, and J. Webster, Esqrs.; were elected Auditors. Messrs. Ayckbourn, Bartlett, Bulmer, Burton, Brown, Campbell, Chubb, Seaton, Gardner, Guest, Gunner, Jackson, Legge, Logie, Pybus, Poppleton, Sadler, and Wall were appointed the Sailing Committee and for general purposes.

Mr. Legge's motion limiting the number of hands to be carried in matches, viz. one for every two tons, besides the steerer and one friend, was carried. Vessels of odd tonnage to class with the nearest tonnage larger.

Challenge Prize.—This magnificent prize, the design of which we have seen, is of the value of £50, and will be sailed under the following conditions:

1.—The match to be open to the vessels of any yacht club of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, not exceeding 8 tons, Prince of Wales Yacht Club measurement.

2.—The prize to be won twice by the same yacht, irrespective of ownership, and to be held by the owner of the yacht winning any single match, under a bond to the satisfaction of the Committee, to return the same until absolutely won, to the Treasurer for the time being, when required.

3.—The course to be from Erith to Chapman Head Lighthouse and back, Entrance fee for each yacht 2s. 6d. per ton, to be returned to those that start.

4.—The yachts to be properly decked vessels, to the satisfaction of the Measuring Committee; the open part of such decks not to exceed one-third of the length from stem to stern-post. No yacht having won the prize once to be allowed to enter into competition again if any alteration shall have been made in her tonnage. Yachts to be measured previous to each match. Any rig to be permitted, and canvas unlimited, excepting square-sail.

5.—Every yacht to sail with all her fittings and equipments, and no cabin heads to be unshipped or removed during a match; and no ballast to be shifted or water ballast used.

6.—The yachts to be steered by a member of a yacht club, and the crew not to exceed one hand for every two tons, exclusive of the member steering and one friend; vessels of an odd number of tons to class with the nearest tonnage larger.

7.—The time for tonnage to be one minute per ton.

—No vessel with a sliding keel or centre-board to be allowed to compete.

—All other regulations with regard to matches to be governed by the Rules of the Prince of Wales Yacht Club.

Should the winner of the Challenge Cup this year be unsuccessful next, a presentation cup will be awarded to her as a compensation for her loss.

At the First match, May 29th, Mr. Benson's liberal prize, value £10, for vessels of 10 tons and under.—Time, one minute per ton allowed for differ-

ence of tonnage, will be sailed for, also the Club Prize, value £10, for vessels of 8 tons and under.

Mr. Burton has promised a handsome telescope as a third prize.

The liberality of the members of this club is worthy of imitation.

ROYAL THAMES YACHT CLUB.

Notwithstanding the near proximity of the fire at Covent Garden Theatre, the members of the Club met on Wednesday evening 5th ult. (the usual Club Meeting) for the election of Officers, and other business. It was numerously attended.

R. S. Wilkinson, Esq., was unanimously voted to the chair;—when the following gentlemen were re-elected, viz:—Lord Alfred Paget, Commodore; R. Green, Esq. Vice-Commodore; Capt. Grant, Secretary; R. Cook, Esq. Cupbearer; —Ford, J. Hutcheons, M'Gedy, Esqs., Auditors.

Committee for Sailing and General purposes,—Commodore, Vice-commodore, Treasurer, Captain T. S. Barwell, H. W. Birch, A. Cox, J. L. Cragie, D. J. Hoare, C. R. Tatham, J. A. D. Wake, C. Smart, C. Stokes, J. Hutcheons, J. D. Lee, F. Robinson, R. S. Wilkinson, and A. Young, Esqs.

After the above gentleman had returned thanks, the worthy and much esteemed Capt. Wheeler rose to resign the office of Treasurer, which he has held for a considerable number of years. The announcement was received with deep regret by all the members present, and we are sure every one will participate in that feeling who has had the pleasure of being acquainted with that gentleman. His kindness of heart and amiable manners has won him a host of sincere friends. With a view of lessening his duties it was proposed that an account should be opened at a Bankers, in the names of the Commodore, Vice-Commodore, and Treasurer, and that the only duty required of the latter should be to sign the cheques, and by this arrangement afford members an opportunity of paying in their subscriptions to the account of the Club at a bankers in preference to compelling them to attend at the Club House at specified hours to see the Secretary. On the proposition of Mr. Wheeler as Treasurer, that gentleman aided the view above named, but urged upon the Club in a very gentlemanly and sensible address, his desire to withdraw in his declining years from the post he had so long filled. His wish was heard with unmistakeable feelings of regret, and although he pressed his resignation until it was accepted, he kindly undertook to continue in office *pro tem.*, until the Club selected an eligible person to supply the vacancy.

The Commodore then announced the report of the Sailing Committee which was adopted and carried *sem con.* The report included the election of the names of certain number of members possessing defective memoranda; a new classification of yachts in lieu of the present one; certain amendments, and the addition to the existing laws, of certain resolutions, unanimously passed at various general meetings; and the following fixtures for the season:

The opening trip; to take place on Saturday, 19th of April; yachts to assemble punctually off the Brunswick Pier, Blackwall, at 2 o'clock P.M. on that day; to sail thence in company to Gravesend.

The first match of the season (for cutters only), on Wednesday, 14th of May; no time allowed for difference of tonnage above 60 tons; last night of entry, Wednesday May 7th, until 10 P.M., for prizes of the value of 100 sovs. 70 sovs. and 50 sovs.

The second match (for schooners only), for a prize value 100 sovs. one minute and a quarter time allowed for difference of tonnage; on Wednesday, 14th of June; last night of entry Thursday 7th of June, until 10 P.M.

The third match of the season will take place on Saturday, 28th June; last night of entry, Thursday 19th of June, until 10h P.M.: for a prize value 30 sovs.

In accordance with the rules, no tickets of admission on board the steam-boats will be forwarded to those members whose subscriptions may remain unpaid.

The Secretary then read a letter from the Secretary of the Royal National Life Boat Institution, expressing the thanks of his Grace the Duke of Northumberland, as President, in reference to the donation by the Club of £10 to that excellent Institution. On the motion of J. Hutcheons, Esq., seconded by Captain Wheeler, the said letter was unanimously voted to be entered on the minutes. We are glad to learn that the subscription list in aid of presenting the above Institution with one of Peake's Life Boats is progressing most favourably, several members, including the Commodore, Vice-commodore, Sir Percy Shelly, Bart. having added their names to the list, which the Secretary announced during the course of the evening as having reached the sum of £138. This benevolent undertaking appears likely to be crowned with success.

The club again met on the 2nd instant, when Vice-commodore R. Green occupied the chair, in the unavoidable absence of Lord Alfred Paget.

After the minutes of the preceding meeting had been confirmed, Captain Wheeler submitted his report, "He rose for the last time as their Treasurer to give a statement of the funds of the club, entrusted to his keeping for so many years. The report had been duly certified by the auditors, and presented the gratifying fact of a balance in hand of £647, after payment of current expenses to the 31st of March inclusive, and exclusive of £1,700 vested in the Three per cent Consols. The report was unanimously adopted amidst cheers.

R. S. Wilkinson, Esq., in eulogising the services of the late treasurer, pronounced the following:—"That the club, in accepting Captain Wheeler's resignation, beg to express their thanks for the manner in which he has managed and improved its financial condition, and the members hope that, though freed from the trouble which he has so kindly undertaken during a period of twenty-five years, they may still be cheered with the pleasure of his company at their matches and meetings." G. Powell, Esq. having seconded the proposition it was carried amid loud cheers.

It was then proposed "that the foregoing resolution be written on vellum, signed by the officers of the club, framed and glazed, and presented to Captain Wheeler at an early opportunity."

Captain Wheeler on rising to return his thanks was so overpowered by his feelings as to be unable to address the club for several minutes. "He most sincerely thanked them for the high honour they had year after year conferred upon him in electing him as their treasurer, and of their kind appreciation of his services, as expressed in their resolution. It had always been his study to promote by every means in his power the advancement of the club, and he had been already more than compensated for any exertions of his by the pleasure he had derived in the increasing and permanent prosperity of the body, and although he now retired from the duties of office he should always feel interested in the welfare of the club; and he felt sure it would ever be attended with that success to which it was so much entitled." The worthy veteran was much applauded.

Mr. Wilkinson then proposed "That James Hutcheons, Esq., be elected treasurer. He had long been known amongst them, and a more worthy successor to Capt. Wheeler it would be difficult to find, or one in whom the club could better confide, in reference to ability and willingness to serve." This proposition was warmly received and carried.

Mr. Hutcheons "assured the club he should always feel proud in endeavouring to follow in the wake of his predecessor. He felt glad to say, before so many friends and yachtsmen that the increasing prosperity of the club was, he might say, patent to all the world, and that his utmost endeavours would be to merit the approval of every one."

Mr. Hooper was appointed an auditor in the place of Mr. Hutcheons.

Some discussion arose respecting the appointment of bankers, and Messrs. Coutts were appointed.

Mr. Addison proposed "That a piece of plate be presented to Captain Wheeler, the late treasurer, to be paid out of the funds of the club, in consideration of his valuable services during twenty-five years; and that the Sailing Committee be requested to select a proper memorial to signify the feelings of the club." This motion met with general approval.

Mr. Chilton proposed "That a silver cup of the value of 50 sovs. be sailed for on the 28th of June next, by cutters belonging to the club, exceeding 30 and not exceeding 60 tons; and also a cup, value 25 sovs. by cutters exceeding 15 and not exceeding 30 tons, none of which have won a prize in a royal yacht club, in this or the preceding year."

Vice-Commodore Green in closing the business of the evening, expressed great satisfaction at the prosperity of the club, and the prospects of the season, and trusted the members would gather in great force on Saturday, the 19th inst. at the opening trip, and members might take advantage of the *Phoenix* at 2 o'clock for a cast down. He could assure them he should be most happy to see as many as she could stow away, and as long as she did not sink, the more that come the merrier; and they should all have a hearty welcome.

THE ROYAL LONDON YACHT CLUB.

The annual election of officers took place at the last meeting of the club on March 17th, which from the following report of our leading sporting journal was numerous attended, and the whole of the proceedings were characterised by that good feeling which ever reigns predominant in this club.

J. Crockford, Esq., was unanimously called to the chair, who observed that they had an important duty to perform, namely, electing officers for the ensuing year; and the first on the list was the Commodore.

J. Reynolds, Esq., rose to propose the election of their excellent Commodore J. Goodson, Esq., and he (Mr. R.) regretted his inability to do justice to the qualifications of that gentleman for the office, nor did he think it would be an easy matter to sum up those attributes with which their worthy Commodore was endowed, and which rendered him so efficient as their chief officer. He had presided over the destinies of the club from its very formation, and they must individually and collectively feel that it had highly prospered under his direction. The rapid increase of its numbers by the addition of new members, which constantly took place, exemplified the fact of its advancement and prosperity, and the efficiency of their excellent Commodore whom without more ado, he now proposed for re-election."

A. Phillips, Esq., in seconding the nomination, said "when he looked at the years the Commodore had presided over them, of the number of names upon their list, and of the twenty new members proposed for election that night, he thought he need not trouble himself to say much about the Commodore's qualifications for the office, for it must be borne in mind that much of the excellent management must be attributed to him, and so long as they had the honour of having him at their head, they must succeed and prosper." Re-elected by acclamation.

W. Goodson, Esq., in rising to propose the re-election of Captain W. S. Audrews as Vice-Commodore, expressed his inability to point out effectually the merits of that gentleman, but he had no hesitation in stating that a more upright or honourable man did not exist, and he therefore trusted his re-election would be signified by the same way in which the Commodore's had been. C. F. Farmer, Esq., in seconding the proposal observed that from the satisfactory manner in which the duties had been conducted by their excellent Vice-Commodore, he felt assured there was no desire on the part of the Club to part with him. Re-elected unanimously.

A. Crossley, Esq., proposed the re-election of G. C. Eagles, Esq., as Treasurer, and had much pleasure in saying it was an honour he had enjoyed before, and which was now increased by greater experience of that gentleman's merits. He felt that a great deal of the success and present position of the club were to be attributed to his exertions, and he had had an opportunity while on the audit, of ascertaining that the duties Mr. Eagles had to perform as Treasurer were of a very arduous character. Looking at what was looming in the distance, he had no doubt the club would continue to prosper, and as a worthy Treasurer was one of the causes of that prosperity, he felt assured

he should have the opportunity of congratulating them on continued success under such favourable auspices. Philip Van de Wall, Esq., seconded the nomination by observing, that the prosperity of the club had been much enhanced by Mr. Eagles, than whom a better man was not to be found. Re-elected unanimously.

At the suggestion of the Chairman, the gentlemen above named were requested to re-enter the room, and the Commodore on taking his station at the head of the table, said "he deeply felt the honour they had conferred upon him by re-electing him, and he would endeavour to show by increased application to their interests how highly he appreciated it. Ever since he had the pleasure of being connected with them he had neglected no opportunity to promote the welfare of the great body he had the honour to preside over, and the result proved what could be done by unity of persons bound together in friendly association. The elements of prosperity were in their own hands, and if they all pulled gallantly and well together, as their friends of Oxford and Cambridge did on the Thames on Saturday last, a gentleman intimately connected with them, and a partaker in such glorious victories sat on his left (T. Egan, Esq.) they could not fail of achieving that prosperity which as a club they desired. They might depend upon it the club had not yet arrived at any thing like its fullest height, and he should still have, and with more cause too, to ask the forbearance of gentlemen for any inconvenience they might sustain in that room owing to the increased largeness of their numbers. He could promise them great sport for the approaching season, and as their Treasurer was provided with the sinews of war in the shape of ample funds, they should be pleased to show any bold competitor who entered their lists how well they knew how to reward his triumph." After adverting to a transaction on the coast where he had declined to sail, "he begged it to be understood that he had never entered his yacht for any other purpose than the amusement of sport, never for private gain nor interested motives; nor had he ever felt that there was any implied or expressed understanding that when he took the office of Commodore he was to take part in contending for prizes offered for yacht sailing. It had always been a great pleasure to him to visit the coast under their flag which he had the honour to bear, and he was delighted to do so, if it could in any way advance their interests, and, pursuing the even tenor of his way, he hoped he should continue possessing the confidence he at that moment enjoyed, by seeking every opportunity of benefitting the body to which he belonged" (cheers.)

"He then said with reference to his worthy coadjutor, Capt. Andrews, that it unfortunately fell to his lot to return thanks for that gentleman, owing to his illness. He was unhappily suffering under a liver complaint, notwithstanding which he had intended to have dined and spent the evening with them. He had, however, found himself so unwell that he had been obliged to go home instead. The club had not only his best wishes for its advancement, but he had something in perspective in the northern circuit for their pleasure and amusement, and care would be taken, as far as their endeavours could possibly go, in transferring travellers to the scene of action with as

little possible inconvenience as could well be managed. Besides the flattering prospects in the north, there were cheering ones at home, and he only wished Capt. A. was there to thank them in person for the high compliment they had paid to his endeavours to forward their interests."—Mr. Eagles next returned thanks, and said "it appeared so recently that he had last addressed them upon the same subject, that his mind could hardly be brought to the conclusion that he had served another twelvemonths' office, but time flew apace, and he was again in the situation of one acknowledging renewed honour. After reference to the club having been considerable losers by their fraudulent bankers, Messrs. Strahan and Co., he said they had much to congratulate themselves upon in having, after the defrayment of the incidental expenses of the season, so far recovered the loss as to possess £300 in hand, and that, too, without the exercise of any undue parsimony. Since he last had the pleasure of addressing them the financial state of the club had progressed most satisfactorily, and there were now 500 members in their ranks, with twenty more on the ballot list that night. He felt bound to express his high sense of the assistance he had received from the Secretary and other officers; and while he could contribute in any way to further the prosperity of the club, he should esteem it a great pleasure, and when next he came before them, to render an account of his stewardship, he hoped it would be more flattering than at present."

A. Wheeler, Esq., said "the rules of the club mentioned that there should be a Rear Commodore, and might he take the liberty of inquiring how it was that no such appointment was filled? It ought either to be filled or withdrawn from the book."—The Commodore replied "that it is quite true that there should be a Rear-Commodore, and he felt much pleasure in offering every explanation in his power upon the subject. The club had endeavoured to select a fitting gentleman willing to take the office, but had hitherto failed. If they could find one they should only be too happy."

The Commodore then begged to propose the re-election of Van de Wall, Esq., an energetic supporter of the club, who was always ready at his post, as Cup-bearer, and smilingly observed that as money was given instead of plate, the office had almost been lost sight of.—G. C. Eagles, Esq., seconded the nomination with a well merited compliment to Van de Wall, Esq. Unanimously re-elected.

Van de Wall, Esq., was much obliged for the kind manner in which his name had been mentioned, and said he had always endeavoured to discharge his duties satisfactorily.

The following were re-elected measurers of yachts, viz., J. Crockford, C. Farmer, and A. Johnson, Esqs. A number of other gentlemen were then elected as auditors, sailing committee, house committee, &c., these for the most part were nearly the same as before.—The report of the sailing committee was then brought under the notice of the club, and the following alteration to the rules was then agreed to, and the gentlemen proposed for the ballot were duly elected.

The elections having been satisfactorily terminated, the Sailing Committee

brought up their report of the alterations necessary in the laws, which were as follows :—

In rule 24 the alteration makes it as follows, viz :—

“ That when three prizes are given, all yachts sailing in matches of this club be divided into three classes, viz :—

Maximum tonnage of the first class to be thirty tons.

Maximum tonnage of the second class to be twenty tons.

Maximum tonnage of the third class to be ten tons.

The measurement of such yachts to be taken in a straight line on deck, from a perpendicular line raised from the aftermost part of the main stem, to a perpendicular line raised from the aftermost part of the main stern post, from which, subtracting the breadth, the remainder shall be esteemed the just length to find the tonnage, and the breadth shall be taken from the outside of the outside plank in the broadest part of the yacht, whether that shall be above or below the main wales, inclusive of all manner of doubling planks, excepting the usual mouldings, then multiplying such length by the breadth so taken, and that product by half the breadth, and dividing the whole by 94, the quotient shall be deemed the tonnage. Provided nevertheless, that if any contrivance be resorted to in the build of a vessel to evade this rule, the measurers are empowered to take their measurement according to its spirit and intention, giving notice to the owner, who, if dissatisfied, may appeal to the Sailing Committee.”

(The new measurement will reduce the tonnage of vessels one seventh, so that the maximum will remain about the same as before.)

The next alteration was rule 32.

“ That at the Club Meeting in March a Sailing Committee be appointed, to consist of thirteen members, including the flag-officers and treasurer, five of whom shall form a quorum. No member of such committee shall be allowed to vote upon any question in which he is personally interested ; and, in all disputes and matters referred to the committee, their decision shall be final. Acting members of the sailing committee not attending three-fourths of the meetings of that committee for the year preceding the March meeting, to be ineligible for re-election for the following year.”

Rule 45, with the alteration, reads thus :—

“ That the day for holding the annual dinner be fixed at the Club Meeting in September, and that for the ball in the November following, and that stewards be then appointed to make the necessary arrangements.

Rule 47, with a slight omission, reads thus, viz :—

“ That no boat used as a working boat, or that shall be let to hire, shall be allowed to belong to the club.”

The following is an additional rule, viz :—

“ That a member wishing to dispose of his yacht may register the same with the Secretary, who shall be entitled thereon to a fee of £1 1s., for the first-class vessels, and 10s. 6d., for second and third-class vessels. Should however, a vessel be sold through the agency of the Secretary, he shall also be entitled to £1 per cent. on the purchase money.

Explanations were given, fully bearing out the necessity of these alterations, which were agreed to without a dissentient voice.

The Commodore complimented the yachting world upon the urbanity it had received on the coast of France since the present Emperor Napoleon III. had ascended the throne, and three hearty cheers were given by the club in honour of the birth of his Imperial son.

The opening trip was announced for Saturday the 3rd of May, to rendezvous at Blackwall.—Mr. Waites received the appointment as the proprietor of the club house, at Gravesend, and Messieur Richards Freres received the appointment of agents to the club at the port of Dunkirk.—The meeting then adjourned.

THE YACHT CLUB ROYAL BELGE.

We have received a list from this club, and from its perusal find that it is well supported, numbering upwards of 250 members, amongst whom are the names of several British yachtsmen, viz., Commodore Goodson, J. Crockford, J. Talmadge, N. Peppercorne, W. Goodson, A. J. Young, H. Fillis, T. Barnes, &c.

The Comte de Flandres is the Commodore, and the club is under the direction of 12 noblemen and gentlemen. We are informed that some handsome prizes will be offered for competition for yachts of all nations at the next regatta, at which no doubt the British clubs will show their bunting.

Our Editor's Locker.

SPEED OF YACHTS.

London, March 24th, 1856.

DEAR SIR.—I think "Nauticus" has entirely mistaken "Palinurus's" meaning. If he will be kind enough to draw on paper the deck of a vessel sailing, four points off the wind, and the gaff between three and four points off her line of motion, he will find that the head of the sail will be just full and only that. Of course if the gaff were off four points, the head of the sail would be in a line with the wind on the shake.

The disadvantage of short gaffs and high peaked sails is that your top-sails which are so useful in ordinary weather, would necessarily be reduced to insignificant dimensions. I perfectly agree with Palinurus as to the serious defects of the cutter rig, although it is the best we have at present for yachts under sixty tons.

I am, &c.,
R.T.Y.C.

THE LATE ROBERT SHEDDON, Esq.

February, 11th, 1856.

DEAR SIR.—Enclosed is a paragraph I accidentally found in a paper devoted to agricultural interest, (*Bells Weekly Messenger*,) doing honor to the memory of a brave and noble yachtsman, and as it is an instance of what the science of Yacht Navigation has done for the honor and benefit of Old England, and as *B.W.M.*, thought it worth a place in his columns, it is nothing but right that it should appear in our own Magazine, where it will be seen and read by present and future yachtsmen for years to come. As you circulate extensively in America it will let Brother Jonathan see that British yachts, are not mere sailing machines, but stout vessels forming for the time an Englishman's home, and able to carry him to any part of the world in the cause of humanity and his country's welfare.

"CAPTAIN FRANKLIN.—A simple tablet has just been erected in the church of an obscure village in Buckinghamshire, which contains the following inscription :—'To the memory of Robert Sheddon, who built and fitted out his R.T.C. schooner-yacht, the Nancy Dawson, and in this frail barque he bravely explored the Frozen Ocean, in the Arctic regions, in a disinterested search after the long missing Sir John Franklin and his gallant band, in vain.' This adventurous man died at the premature age of thirty, and as the tablet relates, 'his noble remains lie interred near the wild waves of the Pacific Ocean, in the Protestant burial ground at Mazatlan.' This is not the only instance by several of the spirit and truly disinterested enterprise of our countrymen to rescue the long missing voyagers from their perilous position ; and it comes before us in so simple and unaffected a manner, that it deserves to be recorded."

I am, &c.,

To the Editor of *H.Y.M.*

RALPH RATTLIN.

[P.S.—If you will enclose in next month's number a prospectus or two, we can send them in letters to our friends. I should be delighted to help your circulation and keep full way on the barky during her fifth and all subsequent voyages. I have sailed in her company from the time she was launched, and every month look most anxiously for her appearance ; if you have stowage room in your locker for this, I shall be glad.—B.R.]

BEADON'S SELF ACTING SAFETY REEL.

Berwick on Tweed, 10th February, 1856.

SIR.—I observe in your number for November last, a notice of Captain Beadon's Self Acting Safety Reel, a contrivance to prevent small vessels capsizing. I first saw it in the *Sailing Boat* by Mr. Folkard.

Now I would urge the inventor to inform the public through your useful Magazine where the Safety Reel is to be obtained. An agent to be appointed in London, would be the best way for any person applying for on I would be glad if you could inform me, if there is an agent anywhere, that I may apply for one.

I am, &c.,

To the Editor of *H.Y.M.*

AN OLD BOAT SAILOR.

YACHTS' NUMBERS.

MR. EDITOR.—Observing in a former *Bell* a notice of *Hunt's Yachting Magazine* and *Yacht List*, I beg to call the attention of yachtsmen, through the medium of your widely circulated work, to the present system of distinguishing yachts during a regatta, &c., and to suggest as an improvement that they should carry the "numeral flags" appointed to each yacht in *Hunt's List*; by so doing they would enable all to know them, there being on most occasions a difficulty in procuring a card with the information required. The outlay of 4s., a year would procure us the means of knowing all the yachts, as well as the particulars connected with them, of owner, clubs, tonnage, colours, &c., besides a fund of information connected with foreign clubs, and at the same time assist Hunt, who has spent large sums of money in his endeavours to promote the interest of yachting.

Yours, &c.,

A LANDSMAN.

UNIVERSAL YACHT LIST.

Liverpool, March 19th, 1856.

SIR.—On overhauling the *Universal Yacht List* for 1855, I observe several yachts of the same name, the chief of which are cutters, this is much to be regretted, as it creates confusion and mystification at regattas. Now, sir, I hope the owners of Coquettes, Floras, Flirts, Gema, Petrels, and others, will endeavour to get permission from the Customs to re-name their craft.

I am, sir, &c.,

To the Editor of H. Y. M.

AQUARIUS.

YACHT MEASUREMENT.

SIR.—Will you permit me to correct two or three typographical errors in my letter of last month, addressed to "Elderly Nicholas?" At page 121, second line, for "old fraternity" read "*whole* fraternity. Same page, last line but two, for "is only," read "is *not* only." At page 123 last line but two, for "merit," read "*rear* it."

The above errors, are perhaps as much attributable to my own unintelligible style of writing, as to the printer's difficulty of decyphering it: I must beg the favor of your insertion of this.

I am, &c.,

To the Editor of H. Y. M.

ONE OF THE TWELVE HUNDRED.

SIR.—I have derived much amusement from a perusal of the somewhat choleric articles in your Magazine of last month, by Elderly Nicholas and Mercator, as the contributors seem to be tarred with the same brush, the few remarks I've to make will apply to either. The subject which seems mostly to stir up our anger is shifting ballast, and I quite agree with them, that the sooner the old ballast is pitched overboard the better, provided a safer and less expensive substitute can be found to do its work, it will then be time enough to apply rash names to a system open to all, and if some yachtsmen do not avail them-

selves thereof, they have no right to abuse those who do, it only shows a dog in the manger disposition. If speed is still to be the grand aim of yacht-racing, trimming will assuredly be resorted to when required, and wet jackets and dare devilism be the order of the day. Lengthy and beamy sounds well, (as doubtless think those snug cruising, sea going gentlemen, whose counterparts on terra firma the easy loving old souls who prefer the steady pace of a well fed cob to the bounding strides of the high mettled blood,) but the carpenter's rule is wanted to put into shape and give it a local habitation and a name, without which it is but an ideal fabric, baseless as the castle built by Elderly Nicholas upon the unclutched thousands of some kind hearted salt-water-inclined rich old lady or gentleman.

I am, &c.,

YOUNG NOAH.

To the Editor of H.Y.M.

Harwich, March 10th, 1856.

SIR.—The subject of Yacht Measurement having been so energetically brought forward by your amusing correspondent, "One of the Twelve Hundred," I am induced to hope this long discussed grievance may this year be repaired. There are several new yachts to contend in the proposed sailing matches this season, and it is a great pity the difficult question of admeasurement cannot be set at rest.

No one, I think, can dispute that the suggestion of your correspondent, as to a prize for the best practical system of admeasurement, is soundly good and feasible; and it will be highly dilatory on the part of the members of Metropolitan Yacht Clubs, unless they immediately put it into execution.

I am glad to find that your correspondent will not be put down by feeble and feather like arguments: he appears to have well considered the subject he writes upon, and whilst I admire his perseverance in urging it upon the notice of yachtsmen, I can but smile at the amusing, but masterly manner in which he ridicules the simple opposition of "Elderly Nicholas."

That the suggestion may meet with due encouragement, is the wish of

Yours, &c.,

FAITH, HOPE, & CHARITY.

To the Editor of H.Y.M.

That the subject of Measurement may be thoroughly investigated we insert the following, which have appeared in our contemporaries:—

SIR.—In this great age of improvement are we still to go blindly on with unsatisfactory tonnage admeasurement. If so, I fearlessly assert that such is highly discreditable to the promoters of yacht-racing, and not only discreditable, but prejudicial to the general welfare of yachting.

I observe with much pleasure an able article on this momentous question in *Hunt's Yachting Magazine* for the present month, suggesting that a prize of 100 guineas be offered for the best practical scheme, for a new and indisputable system of tonnage admeasurement. If such can be carried out it

would indeed be a boon to the yachting world, and I am thoroughly convinced that it can be. The prize would induce many scientific men well grounded in the books of Euclid, and skilled in Algebra, to exert their mathematical talents upon so apparently simple a design, and I believe the competition for the prize would be extensive.

The article alluded to in the *Yachting Magazine* is well worthy of perusal and consideration by all who take an interest in yachting; it is evidently from the pen of an ingenious Editor, and I judge a yachtsman. To comment at much length upon the subject, would I fear occupy too much space in your valuable columns. At any rate I must leave that task to abler hands: my object in addressing you is to direct the attention of yachtsmen to so important a subject.

I am myself a member of a distinguished Royal Yacht Club, and (individually) quite concur in the views entertained by the Editor of the paragraph alluded to.

I am, &c.,

YOUNG THAMES.

To the Editor of the Field.

MR. EDITOR.—A suggestion of your very practical correspondent "Yachtsman," in his papers on yacht building, is well worthy the serious attention of club committees, viz. that the tonnage, or sailing powers, of yachts should be calculated by the area of sail, not by the length and breadth over all, a system so generally allowed defective. An objection has been made that such calculation would be difficult of computation. It would be more just to say that it might entail some labour on secretaries or others appointed to the task; and this, I submit, may be avoided thus:—Let a certificate be given by the sailmaker, stating the number of yards in each main-sail, together with the hoist of mast and length of boom and gaff of each yacht. This could be registered in *Bell*, so affording an easy reference. The size of main-sail for cutters (adding that of fore-sail for schooners) would I imagine be a sufficient guide by which to arrive at the desired result. Certain it is that the present system needs reform. It does not follow that the bird of quickest flight is the best adapted for aquatic life—a truism which appears to have been lost sight of by many of our yacht constructors, or rather sailors.

Yours, &c.,

SINBAD.

To the Editor of Bell's Life.

MR. EDITOR.—In a conversation with a noted yacht builder in the north, on a disputed subject of yacht measurement, he suggested to me what seems a fair method of measuring racing vessels. The length is to be taken on deck from the fore part of the stem to the fore part of the rudder, and also along the rabbet of the keel from the fore part of stem (excluding fore rake), to the fore part of the rudder. These two quantities added together, and

divided by two, give the average length of the vessel. By deducting three-fifths of the extreme breadth from this, the length for measurement is formed, and the calculation is carried out in the manner usually adopted for finding the O.M. tonnage. The fore part of the rudder is mentioned instead of the after part of the main stern-post, as sometimes a false piece is added to the stern-post, which would otherwise not be included in the measurement. By this method of taking the length of the vessel, builders and owners are at liberty to have both stems and stern-posts, or either of the two, raked or otherwise, without altering the tonnage.

Yours, &c.,

A YACHT OWNER.

YACHTING INTELLIGENCE.

AMONGST the new craft for the season, we are glad to learn that James Thomson, Esq., of Milford, is now having built a little clipper schooner of about forty tons, from a design of his own, which in some respects differs materially from the stereotyped lines and proportions generally adopted. We hope to be favored with an inspection of her model and drawing, when we may perhaps be able to give a particular description of Mr. Thomson's ideas embodied in the craft in which he is now building, and which whether she prove successful or the reverse, cannot fail to prove interesting to our readers. In the mean time we may mention some of her peculiarities, that she is to have the same draft of water at her stern-post and midship length, instead of a long heel that is usual, and from her midships curves gradually up into the stem which is thus a continuation of her keel, and will be bearded off into a sharp cutwater at the whole length from the centre.

Again her dead flat section (which is placed very far aft) is repeated so to speak, for four frames forward and four frames aft of the dead flat section, or in other words, she will have *eight* feet of body all of the same full section, except the slight difference required for giving the requisite curvature in her buttock lines.

Her water lines run even, altho' hollow, for a very short distance from the stem, are not carried aft on the *wave* principle, but nearly straight or somewhat parabolic in their curve. Her centre of gravity of displacement is placed very far aft, being so much as three feet aft of her load-water line. Her rig, altho' that of a schooner will differ in this respect, that her main-sail will be *Mudian*, or nearly triangular, running up to a very short yard at the head instead of a gaff, without hoops or lacing higher up than the rigging.

She is being built at Milford under Mr. Thomson's directions, by James Thomas, ship builder, Hakin, who we understand is likely to do justice to the design, being determined to turn out a craft equal to the best of our yacht builders, and it is expected she will be completed in time to compete for the 100 guinea cup on the Thames, to be sailed for on the 1st of June next.

We need not say we wish Mr. Thomson every success, and as his design is truly original, he could not select a more fitting place for her *debut*, as many crack yachts will be present.

H. Tennent, Esq., of the Royal Northern Yacht Club, arrived at Constantinople in his yacht *St. Ursula*, on the 28th February, having run from Cerigo in 36 hours, after having visited the places in Crete, (Candia,) mentioned in St. Paul's voyage. Having anchored one night at Fair Havens and another at Port Phenix, the former place is said to be "nigh unto the city of Lasea," but the situation of this place was unknown, however upon enquiry the natives informed Mr. T. and his friends that it was a few miles to the east of Fair Havens. They now proceeded towards it in the yacht, and perceiving marble columns from the vessel, landed and discovered the remains of an ancient city, which still retains the name given by St. Luke.

In a ramble round Gravesend we accidentally stumbled on the *Amazon*, (A. J. Young, Esq.,) which is being lengthened in Mr. Taylor's yard, at Northfleet, under the superintendence of Mr. Harvey of Ipswich.

At Barking the *Fawn* (F. T. Biddell, Esq.,) is undergoing an alteration in her bows, by Mr. Baukham, who is also building a new yacht for Commodore Hewitt, P.W.Y.C., which is progressing towards completion. The intention is, if possible, to launch her in time for the Royal Thames match in May. She is to be named the "Silver Cloud," and we hope the worthy owner will be even more successful with her than the celebrated *Little Gnat*. She looks a comfortable craft, but whether a clipper time will prove.

A new yacht of 10 tons has been launched by her owner, Mr. E. Wyld, of Lambeth. She is constructed on a new principle. Her length (over all) is 35 ft., beam 8 ft. 4 in., draught of water (aft) 3 ft. 2 in., forward 2 ft. 2 in. Her chief novelty is that she is fitted with two iron bilge keels, the weight of which is nearly 3 tons; these project below the main keel 7 inches, and are intended to act as ballast, and also to keep her from drifting to leeward when close hauled, or beating; they also act as a cradle for her when aground, and keep her upright, and as but little ballast in addition will be required inside, she has the accommodation of a yacht of nearly double her tonnage; whilst her draught of water is not greater than many boats of 4 tons. Her spars are very taut, the main-mast being 48 ft., main-boom 28 ft. 6 in., gaff 16 ft. 6 in., bowsprit 22 ft. 6 in. Various are the opinions respecting her capabilities, and we hope she will answer the expectations of her owner.

The Marquis of Ailsa having disposed of the *Caiman* has launched a new schooner of 285 tons, which is called the *Kittiwake*.

Mr. C. J. Stone of Poole, is fitting out the *Gossamer* of 45 tons. The *Indhover's* name is changed to the *Gem*.

A. J. Standley, Esq., of Weymouth, has purchased the *Foam* of 8 tons.

Mr. Hawkins of Plymouth, is lengthening the *Madina*, cutter, (F. W. ix, Esq.,)

Mr. Nicholls of Dartmouth, has two new yachts ready for launching, one of the American lines.

NAUTICAL NOTICES.

We intend to insert in our pages monthly such "Notices to Mariners" as may appear useful to yachtsmen. The following have been Gazetted and can be relied on:—]

Ballast Office, Dublin, January, 3rd. 1856.

RATHLIN-O'-BIRNE LIGHTHOUSE, north-west coast of Ireland.—The Port of Dublin Corporation hereby give notice that a Lighthouse has been erected on Rathlin-o Birne Island, County Donegal, from which a Light will be exhibited on the night of the 14th of April next, 1856, and thereafter will be lighted during every night, from sunset to sunrise.

Specification given of the position and appearance of the light by Mr. Halpin, Superintendent of Lighthouses:—

Rathlin-o-Birne Lighthouse is built on the outer point of the Island, which is situate off the most western promontory of the County Donegal, in lat. $54^{\circ} 39' 47''$ N., and long. $8^{\circ} 49' 52''$ W., bearing from Mallinmore Head S.W. $\frac{1}{4}$ W. distant $2\frac{1}{2}$ nautic miles. From Carrigan Head, Donegal Bay N.W.b.N., distant $5\frac{1}{2}$ nautic miles. From Seal Rock, Sligo Bay, N.b.E., distant 19 nautic miles.

The light will be a Flashing Light (fixed, varied by flashes), giving a flash once in every 20 seconds, and in clear weather will be seen at the distance of about 16 miles, its focal point being 116 feet over the level of the sea at high water. The light will be visible all around, and from seaward will appear of the natural colour bright between the bearings of S.W. $\frac{1}{4}$ S., and N.N.W. $\frac{1}{4}$ W., but will be coloured red towards the mainland and sound eastward of the island. The tower (65 feet in height from base to summit) is circular, having a dome formed top, which, together with the blocking under lightroom will be coloured Red.

Vessels, unless when piloted through the sound, should be kept outside the limits of the red colour of the light.

Tidal reefs extend a quarter of a mile off the west side of Rathlin-o'-Birne. The bearings stated are magnetic—Variation 29° W.

By Order,

WILLIAM LEE, *Secretary.*

Trinity House, London, January 26th, 1856.

WRECK NEAR THE CORK SAND OFF HARWICH.—Notice is hereby given that a Green Buoy, marked with the word "Wreck" has been placed 20 fathoms N.E., of a vessel sunk a quarter of a mile to the eastward of the Cork Sand.

The buoy lies in $4\frac{1}{2}$ fathoms at low water spring tides with the following marks and compass bearings, viz:—Harwich Church Spire, just open to the Eastward of the Cupola at Landguard Fort, bearing N.W. $\frac{1}{4}$ W. A conspicuous Tree in the country, at the back of Felixtow, on with the Westernmost Martello Tower, on the west side of the entrance to Woodbridge Haven, Cork Light Vessel. N.W.b.N.

By Order,

J. HERBERT, *Secreta*

*Royal Harbour of Ramsgate Office, 22, Austinfriars, Lc. n.,
January, 25th, 1856.*

RAMSGATE HARBOUR.—OLD CUDD CHANNEL.—Whereas the erection of buildings on the West Cliff at Ramsgate has rendered necessary an alteraⁿ

of the leading lights at present shown on the said Cliff, notice is hereby given, with the concurrence of the Corporation of the Trinity House, London, that, on and after Saturday, 1st of March next, the *Two Lights* upon the *Western Cliff*, which are at present used as leading lights through Old Cudd Channel, will be discontinued, and instead thereof one Green Light will be shown upon the West Cliff, and a Second Green Light in the Lighthouse on the West Pier, which two Green lights will indicate that there is less than 10 feet water at the entrance of the harbour, and, when in line, will lead in the best water through the Channel called "Old Cudd". When there are 10 feet water and upwards at the entrance of the harbour, the Green Light on the West Pier will not be shown, and the Green Light on the West Cliff and the usual Red Light on the West Pier will constitute the leading lights through the aforesaid Channel.

By Order, T. M. SHADWELL, *Secretary*.

Trinity House, London, February 7th, 1856.

WRECK OFF 'FOLKESTONE.—Notice is hereby given, that a Green Buoy, marked with the word "Wreck" has been placed 20 fathoms south-west of the ship *Josephine Willis*, sunk about $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles off Folkestone.

The Buoy lies in 14 fathoms at low water spring tides, with the following compass bearings, viz:—Folkestone Church N.b.E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E; Extreme Point of the South Foreland E.N.E.

By Order, J. HERBERT, *Secretary*.

Trinity House, London, February 13th, 1856.

BUOYS OFF YARMOUTH.—Notice is hereby given, that, consequent upon a Spit having grown up between the South Scroby and South Scroby Spit Buoys, the latter buoy has been moved about one and-a-half cable's length S.b.W.

The said South Scroby Spit Buoy now lies in 7 fathoms at low water spring tides, with the following marks and compass bearings, viz:—St. Nicholas Church, Yarmouth, in line with the West Side of the Highest Mill on the North Denes N.N.W. $\frac{1}{2}$ W. Gorleston South Mill just open to the southward of the Southernmost house on the Cliff W.N.W. South Scroby Buoy S.S.E. Outer Kettlebottom Buoy W. $\frac{1}{2}$ N.

By Order, J. HERBERT, *Secretary*.

Trinity House, London, February 20th, 1856.

WRECKS NEAR DUNGENESS.—Notice is hereby given, that a Green Buoy, marked with the word "Wreck" has been placed near each of two vessels sunk off Romney.

The position of these buoys are indicated by the following marks and compass bearings, viz:—

First.—The buoy is placed 5 fathoms east of the wreck, in 3 fathoms at low water spring tides, with Lydd Church, its apparent breadth open to the southward of a Large Clump of Trees W. $\frac{1}{2}$ S. Romney Mill in line with a Small House, near the Beach, N.W. $\frac{1}{2}$ W.; Dungeness Lighthouse S.W. $\frac{1}{2}$ S.

Second.—The buoy is placed 15 fathoms S.W., of the wreck, in 2 fathoms at low water spring tides, with Romney Church W.b.N. $\frac{1}{2}$ N.; Lydd Church W. $\frac{1}{2}$ S. Dungeness Lighthouse S.W. $\frac{1}{2}$ S.

By Order, J. HERBERT, *Secretary*.

REGATTAS AND MATCHES TO COME.

- May 14.—Royal Thames Yacht Club Match (cutters only). Entries close May 7th, at 10h. P.M.
- 29.—Prince of Wales Yacht Club Match. Entries close on May 24th, at 10h. P.M.
- June 13.—Royal London Yacht Club Match for first and second class. Entries close June 9th.
- 14.—Royal Thames Yacht Club Schooner Match. Entries close June 7th at 10h. P.M.
- 26.—Birkenhead Model Yacht Club Match.
- 28.—Royal Thames Yacht Club. Entries close June 19th, at 10h. P.M.
- July 12.—Royal Thames Yacht Club (third class). Entries close July 7th.
- 26.—Birkenhead Model Yacht Club.
- Aug. 23.—Birkenhead (Challenge Cup.)

HIGH WATER TIDE TABLE FOR APRIL.

D	High Water		The time of high water at the following places may be ascertained, by adding to, or subtracting from, the time at London Bridge.			
	Lon.	Bridge				
M	morn.	after.				
	h. m.	h. m.		h. m.		h. m.
1	10 22	11 12	Aberystwith.....	add 5 23	Aberdeen.....	sub 0 56
2	11 50	—	Alderney.....	4 38	Aldborough.....	3 23
3	0 22	0 50	Bantry Bay.....	1 39	Belfast.....	4 2
4	1 15	1 35	Bridlington.....	2 23	Brighton.....	2 29
5	1 55	2 15	Carmarthen.....	4 3	Carnarvon.....	4 47
6	2 35	2 57	Cork Harbour.....	2 23	Cowes.....	3 22
7	3 20	3 40	Dartmouth.....	3 58	Dublin Bar.....	2 55
8	2 57	4 20	Dudgeon Light...	5 23	Dungeness.....	3 17
9	4 37	4 58	Eddystone.....	3 8	Folkestone.....	3 37
10	5 20	5 40	Exmouth Bar.....	4 18	Foreland, North..	2 22
11	6 3	6 27	Falmouth.....	3 8	Foreland, South ..	2 47
12	6 56	7 27	Flamboro' Head...	2 23	Gravesend.....	0 37
13	8 2	8 50	Guernsey Pier....	4 23	Greenwich.....	0 20
14	9 38	10 22	Hartlepool.....	1 38	Harwich.....	2 37
15	41 5	11 40	Humber Mouth...	3 23	Howth Harbour ..	2 59
16	—	0 10	Kinsale Harbour..	2 23	Ipswich.....	2 7
17	0 35	0 54	Lands End.....	2 23	Kentish Knock ...	2 37
18	1 12	1 30	Leith Pier.....	0 15	Lowestoft.....	3 37
19	1 45	2 0	Lynn Regis.....	4 38	Margate.....	2 2
20	2 15	2 27	Plymouth.....	3 26	Nore Light.....	0 58
21	2 43	2 58	Swansea.....	3 48	Portsmouth.....	2 27
22	3 12	3 30	Torbay.....	3 58	Sheerness.....	1 28
23	3 42	3 58	Waterford.....	3 43	Southampton	2 27
24	4 15	4 30	Weymouth.....	4 23	Spithead.....	4 37
25	4 48	5 5	Whitby.....	1 38	Yarmouth Roads.	5 7
26	5 25	5 50	Amsterdam.....	0 53	Calais.....	2 9
27	6 12	6 42	Antwerp.....	2 18	Dieppe.....	3 2
28	7 12	7 50	Bordeaux.....	4 45	Havre de Grace...	4 5
29	8 35	9 22	Cherbourg.....	5 23	Ostende.....	1 2
30	40 5	10 45	Hamburg.....	3 53	Honfleur.....	4 7
			Brest.....	1 39	New York.....	5 7

HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

MAY 1856.

THE NAVAL REVIEW.

WE should be guilty of great dereliction of duty towards our supporters, and the yachting circle generally, were we to allow the *Great Naval Review* of 1856, to pass off without some record of the important event finding space in our pages: particularly as the scene was so considerably enlivened by a numerous assemblage of yachts, from every station in the kingdom. But of all the yachts there present, the Royal Yacht was the pattern of perfection: it could not be mistaken by the veriest landsman. No steamer could compete with her; and it may now be inferred that she is the fastest vessel afloat. At any rate if her equal exists it is at present unknown.

The cheers that were vociferated from the throats of every sailor on board the warlike fleet, as Her Majesty steamed past them, were loud and long; but not more loyal and sincere than those which proceeded from the Pleasure Navy. Never was English supremacy so nationally acknowledged as now: never before did Englishmen or foreigners behold so magnificent a display of warlike ships. The recent addition to our force of a large fleet of gun-boats, the most formidable and useful branch of the fleet, is a modern security which is somewhat to be wondered at was not thought of years ago: they may justly be termed the "messengers of death."

To glance at the history of our naval fleet, and trace its gradual development from its early dawn, until it won for our nation the right and sovereignty of the seas, is in the highest degree interesting.

In the days of the Anglo-Saxons, the vessels of war were mere open boats, with prows and sterns considerably elevated. The simplest contrivances now used aboard ship were quite unknown; and not the least remarkable feature, was the singular method of steering vessels by means of a large oar or paddle fixed to the quarter: the rudder and its appliance was unthought of: and the chief feature in construction was the rostrum or spear attached to the stem, which was run full tilt at the enemy's vessel by force of the crew in plying a number of oars.

In the reign of King John, galleys and galliasses were the principal vessels of war; and after that monarch had effected considerable improvements in Naval Architecture, his largest vessel had but *one mast*, one yard, and one sail: there were neither admirals nor commanders in those days, but the chief management of the navy was entrusted to a *priest*, William de Wrotham, archdeacon of Taunton, who was designated "Keeper of the King's shippes". And when these ships were laid by, during the winter, the *ateiuriamenta*, or attire, *i.e.* the masts, sails, oars, &c. were confided to his keeping. The crews of the king's ships, consisted of *rectors*, or masters; *sturmanni*, steersmen or pilots; *galiotæ*, galley-men; *marinelli*, mariners; and *navatæ*, sailors. It was accounted treason if any ship whatever refused to acknowledge the dominion of the king of England, by not striking all sail when meeting with one of his ships in his own sea.

Down to the reign of Henry the 3rd, the largest English ship was but 80 tons burthen. Some idea may also be formed as to the size of the galleys of those days, when we find it recorded that the sails required for the king's galley consisted of but 200 yards of canvas.

The first notice we have of cannon being used aboard ships, was in the 13th century: they were not pointed through embrasures or port-holes as now, but mounted *en barbette*, and fired over the top sides or bulwarks of the vessel. The first mention of the port-holes occurs in the representation of the "Henri-grace-a-Dieu," which mounted 80 guns of various calibres.

The "Great Harry" appears to have been the first two-decked ship, and the "Henri-grace-a-Dieu" the first three-decker. The "Sovereign of the Seas," built at Woolwich in the year 1637, is said

to have been upwards of 1000 tons, and to have mounted more than 100 guns. A description of a three-decker of that period would be superfluous: every schoolboy is familiar with the unweildy appearance of the representation of those 'ancient ships of war, with their bulging hulls, and lofty castle-like towers.

To enumerate the naval battles lost and won in those days would not be a subject befitting our pages. There are few Englishmen who have not read and heard of the Spanish Armada; the victories of Lord Howe, Nelson, and others; and finally of the Naval Review of 1814; when it was the pride and boast of the nation to display fifteen or sixteen line-of-battle ships, mounting some 1800 guns.

Having cursorily glanced over the records of naval history of our country, let us just contrast the ancient scene with that of the present age: when, in addition to an immense force of frigates of gigantic proportions, and unrivalled power, we have floating batteries of massive iron, capable of crumbling to ruins the most immense granite bastions in the world; whilst all the shot and shell that could be hurled at them in return would make no impression on their invulnerable forms. Besides our fleet of iron batteries, we have mortar vessels and gun-boats, rocket-boats, and a numerous fleet of warlike craft such as were never thought of until within the last few years.

The marvellous resources with which the nation is now provided may form the subject of a happy reflection to the mercantile community of the country, who besides feeling proud of their country's means of defence, may revel in the security it affords.

St. George's Day—Wednesday, April 23rd.—The morn of this auspicious day (which will occupy a bright page in the annals of our happy country,) broke resplendantly, the sun shedding its rays most gloriously on the loyal subjects of Her Britannic Majesty, gladdening the hearts of all, more especially those who passed their vigils on the slopes and ramparts of the good town of Portsmouth. The day ushered in by the booming of cannon, which soon aroused those from their slumbers who were fortunate enough to get domiciled over the hill.

Soon after 6 A.M. the streets were alive with the busy throng, and the expression of each face that we met, conveyed to the mind the determination of its possessor to be happy and joyous under all diffi-

culties. The French accuse us of being as phlegmatic as Dutchmen, as stolid as Turks, and as indifferent to pleasure as American Quakers; but as many were present on this day of Britain's pride, let them change opinions and accord to Englishmen that just tribute which is due to them. Even the humble mechanic when he looked on the powerful fleet, felt proud; and gloried in the strength of the nation which he contributes by his labour to uphold. Who could look on that armament and murmur at the cost which produced it? What joy must encircle the heart of our good and gracious Queen, when amidst the mighty roar of the cannon her presence could call forth such vociferations from the thousands of her delighted subjects present on this glorious day.

Soon after dawn the whole fleet was simultaneously "dressed," from main-truck to deck, with ensigns and flags—the numerous yachts followed the example, and indeed every denomination of craft showed her bunting. Now a busy scene presented itself to view—the ocean was soon dotted with boats fitting about in every direction, life and animation succeeded the quiet of night,—the drummers beat to quarters, the boatswains' piped all hands, the marines rattled their firelocks, the sailors sung their "yo heave ho," and the officers proceeded to their respective stations. On land thousands were rushing to the various places of embarkation—lords, peeresses, commoners, and peasants, without order or distinction, each striving to be foremost; where for the present we will leave them, and chronicle the

Departure of Her Majesty from London.—At 7h. 30m. a.m. the Queen's Household left in a special train:—Her Majesty and the Prince Consort, accompanied by the Prince of Wales, the Princess Royal, Prince Alfred, the Princess Alice, and the Princess Helena, attended by the Marchioness of Ely, Lady Caroline Barrington, the Hon. Eleanor Stanley, the Hon. Lucy Kerr, Lord Byron, Colonel the Hon. C. B. Phipps, Major-General the Hon. Charles Grey, Colonel Biddulph, Lord Alfred Paget, and Colonel F. H. Seymour, left Buckingham Palace at 8h. 30m. for the private station at Vauxhall of the South Western Railway, where the Royal party were joined by the Duke of Cambridge (attended by his equerry in waiting) Earl Spencer, and Sir James Clarendon. The train, consisting of two state carriages, left the station at 8h. 45m., but did not reach the Royal Clarence Yard before 11h. 45m., a considerable delay having occurred on the journey from the large amount of traffic.

Arriving at Clarence Yard her Majesty was received by the Lord of

the Admiralty, viz., the Right Honourable Sir Charles Wood, Rear Admirals Sir M. F. Berkeley, Eden, and Richards, Captain A. Milne, and Sir R. Peel.

Prince Edward of Saxe Weimer, Admiral Sir E. Lyons, and M. Jurien de la Graviere, Admiral in the French navy, were presented to the Queen, and together with the Lords of the Admiralty, and the Ladies and Gentlemen of the royal suite, had the honor of accompanying her Majesty and Prince Albert on board the royal yacht. The guard of honor consisted of 100 Marines, all of whom wore the Crimean medal.

Immediately the royal standard was hoisted at the Clarence Yard it was saluted by the Victory with 21 guns : this was the first intimation to the multitude that Her Majesty had arrived. The royal party proceeded in the barge, steered by Captain Denman to the Victoria and Albert, lying off the dockyard. The yacht immediately got underway : on passing the Victory and other vessels their yards were manned, and amid the cheering of thousands of spectators, the playing of the national anthem by the bands of the various steamers, the dipping of burgees, and a salute of 21 guns from the Platform battery Her Majesty passed out of the harbour.

Passing through the lines of mortar vessels, batteries, and gun-boats, to the extreme Westerly end of the fleet, the royal yacht steamed up between the two divisions, the crews of each ship manning their yards and cheering with such vigour and heartiness that it reached the shores in waves of sound that were exceedingly eloquent and harmonious. The crew of the French man-of-war corvette also saluted, manned yards, and cheered heartily. Arrived at the East end of the divisions, Vice-Admiral Sir George Seymour, K.C.B., G.C.H., Commander-in-Chief, and Rear-Admiral the Hon. Sir R. S. Dundas, C.B., were signalled to proceed on board the royal yacht, which they obeyed, and there received Her Majesty's commands as to the further operations of the day.

After Sir George Seymour had hoisted his flag on board the Royal George; the Firefly, Merlin, and Hecla, carrying the signal balls at their mast-heads, were despatched towards the pivot ships to clear the way. The royal yacht then steamed towards the same point, leading the two divisions; the rate of speed being eight knots. The scene was a most exciting one. All the vessels, with their freights of passengers and eager sightseers, joined in the general race, every captain his best to keep company with royalty; but the beautiful yacht distanced them all. One of the South-Eastern and one of the South-eastern boats made a splendid race, in which the former was the victor. The royal yacht took up her position about four cables eastward of

the pivot ships, and in a very few minutes the lordly forms of the Duke of Wellington, and of the Royal George, passed round the London and Rodney, the Wellington to port and the Royal George to starboard, each followed by the vessels of its own squadron. The ease with which these huge three-deckers, the nineties, and the frigates were handled, the smartness with which they turned outwards round the pivot ship, was the theme of general admiration. As each ship made the turn, the side towards the royal yacht was manned, and the noble fellows with their usual heartiness and sailor-like devotion cheered their beloved Sovereign, for whom they are ever ready to face the most perilous danger, and to sacrifice their lives: take sailors individually or collectively a more loyal set of men there exists not.

As soon as the larger ships had passed the pivots they returned to their former anchorage at Spithead, where Her Majesty followed about four o'clock, and on arriving the signal was made for the floating batteries and gun-boats to open fire. These vessels were ranged in front of the whole face of the fortifications, stretching from Gillkicker Point to Southsea Castle, and they succeeded in keeping up a smart cannonade, of six rounds each vessel, that deafened every one who was near the castle. It is impossible to give any definite description of this part of the movements, as the atmosphere was so obscured by the smoke, that the opposite coast of Southsea castle was completely hidden from view, and it can only be described as being imposing and novel in the highest degree. The allotted number of rounds having been fired, the royal yacht steamed inshore towards the Grand Stand on the Common, it being evidently a compliment of Her Majesty towards those of her subjects assembled to witness the review. We need hardly say that this compliment was appreciated by the thousands who occupied the Grand Stand, and the tens of thousands on the Common. Thus the large yacht, running on the margin of the beach, through a mass of yachts, boats, steamers, &c., in such close proximity to the shore as caused us to fear she might ground, brought the Queen again into the harbour.

Her Majesty landed at Clarence Yard, and at half-past five left by train for Buckingham Palace, arriving there at ten minutes past eight.

Illumination of the Fleet.—At 9 p.m. the whole fleet at anchor burst into light as by magic; the jets one above another main-top-rig high, and the ports of each ship opened at once, showing a vivid glare between decks, caused an unusual roar of cheering from the shore, which was echoed and given back with interest from the boats of the legion afloat. This in the stillness of the calm night had an effect so imposing that cheer upon cheer again testified the delight in which the multitude enjoyed the scene.

Before leaving this part of the subject of the review, there is one fact which cannot be allowed to pass unnoticed; particularly as it was a means of enlivening the scene, and was much applauded by all who witnessed it. We allude to the four rowing barges, that issued from that well known nautical establishment "Burney's College." These four prettily painted barges were manned by upwards of sixty youths; fine ruddy sailor-like looking fellows: the style in which they pulled out, towards the harbour was admirable, and pleasing to witness; and does great credit to that establishment.

Strength of the Fleet—It is only by comparison that we can arrive at a fair estimate of the power of the fleet present on this occasion. In our early wars with France we blockaded Brest with 15,000 men, who swarmed over the channel in 750 sail; 44 ships of the Baltic fleet last year carried 22,000. When the armada was approaching our shores, our ancestors sent out to oppose it 146 ships, crowded with 15,000 men. Should another armada attempt to visit our shores, we can oppose them with the present Spithead fleet consisting of 260 ships of all sizes, propelled by screw or paddles. The total available steam force now awaiting at Spithead the signal to weigh, would be impelled by 23,720 horse-power, manned by 32,370 stalwart and disciplined men, prepared to work the 3,220 guns which would be ready to "hurl their fire" upon the invader, or carry desolation to the foreign foe. These numbers do not include the ships in Portsmouth harbour, and the squadron that was employed in conveying visitors, and which would have made up the number 260. Of such a fleet as this it may be said, with even greater truth than was said of the British navy in the days of Elizabeth, "There is no prince in Europe who hath a more beautiful sorte of shippe than the Queen's Majesty of England hast at this present, and these generally are of such exceeding power and force, that two of them, well appointed and furnished as it ought, will not fail to encounter with three or four of those of other countries, and either bowge them, or put them to flight, if they may not bring them home." But the navy which called forth such high encomiums from the old chronicler consisted of "one-and-twenty ships, which lay for the most part in Gillingham roads." "It is possible," said the writer, "that some covetous people will suppose th money so employed to be unprofitable to the Queen's coffers, but if th / wist that the good keeping of the seas is the safeguard of our land, th / will alter their censure, and soon give over their judgment."

Incidents connected with the Review.—For several days previous to Wednesday visitors had commenced arriving at Portsmouth from London and the more distant parts of the kingdom; and excursionists from

Vienna, Baden-Baden, Paris, and all parts of the Continent were present, so anxious were they to witness the flotilla of this

"Land of the brave and the free."

This influx of visitors caused the accommodations to be charged at very exorbitant prices—from one to three guineas being the average for a bed. It was not Portsmouth alone that profited by the influx of the thousands, but Southampton, and surrounding villages, and even the Isle of Wight shared in the benefits. Every train on Tuesday added hundreds to the already thronged towns, who were seen in all directions searching for shelter; but the most unfortunate were those who arrived by the mail train at 12.25 a.m., many of whom were doomed to pass the remainder of the night, or rather morning, in the streets. They were really objects of commiseration,—respectable and well-dressed females, accompanied by their husbands, brothers, or sweethearts, were seen reclining on door-steps and other ignoble places. One individual, we understand, conceived the plan of sleeping in the station-house rather than remain in the streets all night, and in order to do so, he abused the police and got locked up in consequence. He expected to be fined a trifle in the morning, and be in time to see the review; but Justice had a holiday on Wednesday, and the unfortunate wight was doomed to rest his weary frame in "durance vile" until Thursday, when he was set at liberty, no doubt highly delighted with his trip to see the review.

It was not the "people" alone that experienced misfortune, for the Lords and Commons had their share. It was intended by the Government that the Members of both Houses of Parliament should attend closely upon the royal yacht during Her Majesty's passage down the line-of-battle ships, and it was thus proposed to add to the grandeur of the spectacle. The Transit was appointed to receive the members of the House of Peers, and the Perseverance the members of the House of Commons. Many had arrived on Tuesday, and they assembled at nine o'clock on Wednesday morning on the quay at Southampton, the place appointed for their embarkation. Having proceeded on board the tenders which were appointed to convey them to their respective steamers, they anxiously awaited the arrival of the special train. After considerable delay it was suggested that those present should go off in one order, leaving the other for passengers by the "special." This being acceded to, the transfer took place, and they soon boarded the respective steamers. Here another delay occurred, and Earl Granville proposed, the Lords and Commons should coalesce on board the Transit, and

leave the *Perseverance* for the "absentees." But after some discussion the Commons ignored the proposal, preferring to wait.

After some lapse of time the second tender appeared, with her decks crowded, and it was then ascertained that the "special" had been retarded by the breaking down of an engine. All being now ready "go-ahead" was ordered, and away they steamed, about 1h. 30m. to go several miles to overtake Her Majesty. However, as the mishaps have been "brought before" both Houses of Parliament we subjoin the description given by some of the "sufferers" by land and sea.

House of Lords.—Lord Ravensworth said that, as he saw in their places the noble lord the President of the Council, and many other noble lords who had suffered with himself from the inconveniences and delays which had arisen in the conveyance of their lordships to and from the Naval Review at Spithead on the previous day, he might, perhaps, be permitted to call attention to the defects in the arrangements which had led to those unpleasant circumstances, and to ask some explanation from the Government. It was intended that Her Majesty should, during her progress through the magnificent line of ships, be attended by her faithful subjects, the Lords spiritual and temporal, and the Commons. Nothing could be more complete in theory than this idea of the Government. The misfortune was that it entirely failed of realization. The first thing that occurred after starting, at seven o'clock in the morning, was a delay of at least two hours occasioned by the breaking down of two engines. For this he attributed no blame to Her Majesty's Government. (A laugh.) After great delay and inconvenience their lordships arrived at Southampton, where there was but one large tender, the *Harlequin*, for the conveyance of the Members of both houses of Parliament. In consequence of this it was at least an hour before they all got on board the tender, and then the crowded state of that vessel occasioned further loss of time in embarking them on the two steamers *Transit* and *Perseverance*. At length, between twelve and one o'clock, and after they had been informed by some noble lords who had gone down on the previous night that the most imposing part of the display was over, the salute on the arrival of Her Majesty having been fired an hour and a half before the *Transit*, which had been appropriated to the conveyance of their lordships, got under way. She had not, however, proceeded far before she was passed by the *Perseverance*, having on board the Members of the House of Commons, and the second estate of the realm became the third, in which position it continued during the remainder of the day. (A laugh.) In the course of time the *Transit*, notwithstanding the defective engines with which she was supplied, reached the pivot ships at the easternmost point of the line, from which position they witnessed that grand and magnificent motion, the advance and wheeling of the line of ships, the only spectacle which they had to repay them for the fatigue which they had undergone. This ship, the *Transit*, had been supplied with engines which were originally made for our late enemy the Emperor of Russia, and which were so defective in construction that on

her voyage to the Mediterranean the whole of her machinery gave way, and it had not since been put into proper condition. The result was that, in a short time, this immense ship, of 2,400 tons burthen, became almost like a log upon the water.

"By orders from high authority it was forbidden to make any smoke; without making smoke a fire could not be made sufficient to get up the steam of the *Transit*, and the result was, that on the return she hardly made any way. Little as was the way she made, it was, unfortunately, enough for her to run down a gun boat, by which collision both vessels were seriously damaged, and a marine received injuries so severe that he (Lord R.) did not know whether they might not be fatal. Although she did this, however, she did not make way enough to enable their lordships to reach the harbour of Southampton until ten o'clock at night: at that time the return was effected by means of a very active but very small steamer called the *Monkey*, owing to the disproportion between which and the *Transit*, and the consequent crowding of the former, there was a great deal of inconvenience, and not a little danger. The latter was considerably increased by the fact that, as she neared the pier, the tiller ropes of the *Monkey* broke, owing to which there was much difficulty and delay in wharfing that vessel. As soon as she was wharfed there was a rush to the railway station. Ladies and gentlemen, noble lords and right reverend prelates, all made for the station as fast as possible. First-class carriages were soon all occupied, second-class ones were soon in requisition, and one rev. prelate and a privy councillor took refuge in a third-class carriage. (A laugh.) At last the train reached London, and their lordships were deposited at the railway station at three o'clock in the morning. How many of the ladies reached their residences he could not say. Fortunately he had himself none under his own care. Further than this he would at present express no opinion upon the subject except to say, "*Sic transit gloria mundi*."

Lord Campbell—I acquit her Majesty's Government of all blame for our late arrival at Southampton, and although neither my noble friend nor the First Lord of the Admiralty, nor the Government generally, can be held responsible for what followed—for the plan traced out for us was excellent in itself—yet there certainly was gross misconduct somewhere, which really gives one an idea of what occurred at Balaklava. (Hear.) Nothing happened except the breaking down of the railway engines, which could not have been avoided. There was gross mismanagement in having so small a tender to act with such an enormous steamer as the *Transit*. It might have been easily seen that, under the most favorable circumstances, it would have taken an hour or more to transfer the passengers from one vessel to the other; and had there been anything of a swell we never could have all got from one to the other. The *Transit* at last weighed anchor, but it was necessary for two learned judges who were on board to work at the capstan. (Laughter) We had three rev. prelates on board, but I do not know whether they lent a hand or not. One of the apostles, I believe, was acquainted with navigation, and I have no doubt under similar circumstances he would have assisted in the operation. We really had great reason to complain of this *Transit*, which,

though a very large vessel, was quite unfit for the service. She had two engines, but one of them was permanently disabled (hear, hear), and the other was soon made useless by the fires being let out.

It was eleven o'clock before we left Southampton, although we ought to have left at six, and such a scene of confusion I hope I shall never witness again. It certainly reflects very little credit upon those who ought to have made better provision. Judges, prelates, and ladies of high rank were scrambling together for places in the train—one would have thought it was an excursion train to Manchester. I had the good fortune to get a place (hear) but I was not able to get home before four o'clock in the morning. Thanks to that strength to which my noble friend has alluded, I was able to attend in my place in the Queen's Bench, and I am happy to say, therefore, that no ill consequences ensued to the administration of justice. (Hear.)

Similar statements were made in the Commons, which created much mirth; and as no accident happened, it will serve to amuse our descendants when reading in history an account of the Great Naval Review of 1856.

A DAY AT SPITHEAD,

In these days of improvements and self laudation we had fondly hoped that the ancient ways of locomotion had disappeared from the earth, at least this portion of it,—never to return—but we had lately experience of the contrary, and of difficulties such as the pious Euxæas encountered in his travels when accompanied by our ancestor in his capacity of pilot. There is no record whatever of railways in those days, but the varied detentions sung by the poet could hardly have been worse than those experienced “by land and flood” from the highest to the lowest on the occasion of the late “Naval Review”.—But more of this anon.

Having received a most flattering invitation from the Vice-commodore of the most influential Yacht Club in the kingdom to join him at Portsmouth, with a light heart we bounded off by the 3 o'clock Express train on the Tuesday before the Review, in company with some kindred spirits, influenced by the same kind invitation. By the aid of a silver key a compartment in one of the carriages was retained for our special service, before the rush of passengers had yet invaded the platform. Then onward we flew—our expectations high—our spirits higher and illuminated (at least we in our quiet mood now confess it) by the mild light of six assembly Havannahs as ever quitted the Spanish main—succeeded by an indefinite number of Manilas, and cigarettes of Turkish. The hours were lightened by anecdote and repartee, and our youthful and agreeable

friend B—— astonished us not a little by some sleight of hand performances, to while away the tedium of the journey.

By 7 o'clock in the evening we were on board, and sat down to a *récherché* dinner. Lord C. P—— was of the party, and Captain P—— lately returned from the Crimea. A lively conversation took place respecting the alleged sortie of the Russians from the harbour, in boats, with the intention of surprising the ships and forts at Kamiesch. "I assure you," said Capt. P., "the sortie took place, notwithstanding all that was said to the contrary. Your lordship forgets that the fleet of observation was at least a mile off the shore, and a hundred boats with armed men could easily at night escape notice by them. The enterprise was only prevented by their being recognized, and the alarm given before they reached their destination, else God knows what would have been the fate of the stores and the transports."

"These Russians were brave fellows after all," said his Lordship.

"No doubt of it. Do you remember that awful licking they gave the French on that night of their sortie on the left attack. I was at the mast-head of my ship and saw the whole of it. They walked into the French hand over hand, killing immense numbers, and were only driven back by fresh reinforcements brought up from the rear. I'm sure next morning I saw no less than 7000 bodies on the ground. Very little was said about that affair."

"Now then, Dick, what are you up to," said the Vice-commodore to his nephew,—a smart and intelligent boy about to enter the service as a Midshipman—"if you don't behave better we'll send you on board the *Trusty*." This was received with a hearty laugh from all around, when an explanation took place in this wise:—

The day previous a visit had been made to this floating battery, and an unexpected sight met the eyes of all on reaching the deck. A lad who had deserved punishment was then receiving it at the hands of the boat-swain's mate. Young Dick's face was observed to change colour, and a certain unsteadiness of limb was noticed, which was not removed by the Captain's cool remark that "the fellow roared as if he were hurt." The possibility of a personal experience of a similar nature in his future career was faintly hinted to Dick, who although half disbelieving it, yet seemed to feel uncomfortable, and was glad to quit the vessel where such rigid discipline was enforced.

After this when he was more lively than usual, on performing some boyish antic, the cry became "Now then, Dick, we'll send you aboard the *Trusty*—aboard the *Trusty*, Dick."

On my saying to Captain F. of the Brazilian service, that I believed the French and other naval powers had abolished flogging, he observed,

"The lads and boys are still punished in that way, it is found impossible to do without it. The men however have solitary confinement on bread and water."

After coffee we walked the deck for an hour. The stars were shining bright, the air was serene, and all was calm except a busy hum from the shore that betokened preparations for the morrow. After a consultation it was determined that instead of sailing about at the mercy of the light winds, and stronger tides, we should select a convenient spot where a general view of all the intended operations might be obtained, and we lay down as best we might considering the number of our party. But it has been truly said that "man proposes and God disposes," and we most innocently expected a quiet rest of at least some five or six hours; but after a snooze of about two, the noise of getting underway, the running out of the chain after we had taken up our position, and the jerk, jerk, on the windlass dispelled the soft illusion, no longer to return. My excellent and most worthy friend too, B—, lay opposite me on the sofa. Sounds which at first wavered between the sharpening of a saw and a low whistle escaped from his gullet, and then gradually heightening in intensity, the noise rose to a cross between the scream of a locomotive and the mighty roar of the tiger or hippopotomus; after which exhausted nature frightened at herself took rest for a minute, but only to return to the charge with renewed vigour. We read that the Romans of old were allowed to divorce their wives upon very slight pretences, such as being subject to influenza, or a common cold in the head—the present wives might surely be allowed to send their worse halves to the right about for these midnight atrocities.

When daylight appeared, human nature could no longer stand the sight as well as the sounds of the performer, and we rushed on deck to enjoy, what painters call a picture of *still* life, or at least a scene of greater repose.

The daylight gun had just fired—the mass of shipping lay before us in proud magnificence. One after another the ships of war were disclosed to view, and the giant forms of the line of battle ships loomed heavily in the distance. We were anchored close to the line of mortar boats in order that we might be as near as possible to the line of procession laid down for her Majesty.

The sun rose most brilliantly, promising a veritable Queen's Day. Only a small fleecy cloud here and there whitened the blue sky. Now and then a light air of wind from the south tipped the water, which lay placid as on any summer's eve. We could now discern a long line of vessels gradually lessening into the horizon at the west, while to the east the Duke of Wellington, the Orion, the St. George, and other line of

battle ships, with their grim forms and heavy masts and spars frowned on us in the distance. At 6 o'clock the picture became more animated, gun-boats, like water-kelpies, flitting about everywhere, and as if ready for any mischief; gigs and launches passing and repassing, and ever and anon some of the Portsmouth wherries looking out for a job would cross our bows.

Our party had now assembled on the white deck to get a mouthful of fresh air before breakfast.

"Ah! there's the Belle Isle! and there's the Euryalus! did you ever see her—a beautiful vessel; and there's the Imperieuse—we were quarrelling all day yesterday as to which was the handsomest frigate—then there's the Old Arrogant; she's a very handsome ship but there's a defect in her rig—her masts are badly placed."

"That Shannon's a beauty," said Lord C—, "she's 20 feet longer than the others—the finest craft that ever was built!"

"Here's a magnificent day! a wonderful day for the season—wherever our Queen goes there's fine weather!" said another.

"Do you see," said Captain P—, "how the top-gallant yards are all along ready to go up when the Admiral gives the signal at 8,—and the royal yards, they will all be manned by-and-bye."

"If I were an Admiral," said Lord C—, "I never would allow a royal yard to be manned—with any sea on it is positively dangerous."

"Hurrah! there's the old Edinburgh beat them all—but then she's a block ship and much lighter rigged. Hallo! there's dress ship—why there's that beat opposite not crossed yards yet—how pretty all dress simultaneously—a very pretty sight! No, there's the Edinburgh all behind—Ah! you lazy fellows! now there go the flags—Up go the life-lines on the yards."

The bands were now playing on board the large ships and the scene around gradually heightened in animation.

The same might be said of the scene below, for on descending to the cabin we found the creature comforts ready for us in the shape of tea, coffee, eggs, grilled bacon and other savoury dishes, which make the yachtsman's mouth water after four hours "glow'ring frae him" in the cool of the morning, and all did ample justice to the entertainment.

At 9 the captains are cutting about in their gigs. "There's H— of the Blenheim,—somehow or other he does not make himself liked. . . There's Keppel of the Colossus, an excellent fellow, and there's Jo Ramsay. But who are all these women with them?—Oh! I suppose they are the friends of the captains going on board. My eye! this will be a piping hot day," said one of our party.

"That Duke of Wellington is a noble ship.—Ah! there's that bless

Centurion not got her colours up yet. There's a great variety of opinion as to whether a ship looks best dressed or not. Some think the flags look like clothes hung out to dry. If you are near enough to distinguish the colour of the flags it alters the case for the better.—Why it's the *Majestic* that's late in dressing ship—the blockheads! I'll bet you two-pence it is. I'm sure it is—the lubbers!”

At half-past ten comes first amongst the passengers-vessels the *Tay*, with crowds on board; an ugly looking craft like the American steamer in the Collins' line; she is puffing huge volumes of black smoke. From the west comes an enormous steamer, the *Atrato*, also vomiting volcanoes of carbon; numbers of yachts, schooners, cutters, and sloops are gliding through the waters, and amongst others may be seen what the Chinese might characterise as they did the first steamer they ever saw “an indecent and disgusting exhibition.”

This consisted of a sloop apparently of about 20 tons, with a gaff only about a fourth of the length of her boom, and over it a top-sail, the foot of which was about twice the gaff's length, out-herding Herod and beating the *Phantom's* topail into fits of a most convulsive character. This is Ultra-Americanism with a vengeance. These sloop owners will not see that although a short gaff enables them to go to windward a shade better, there are two other points of sailing they are sure to be beaten in—running and reaching—and the shortness of their gaff thus forces them in light weather to use a most awkward looking sail aloft, and the craft waddles about like an old woman, Mrs. Gamp for instance, with a bonnet bigger than her body. The beautiful *Dream* at this moment passed, and hid her fortunately from our view.

11h. 45m.—The Royal yacht was now seen coming out of the harbour, and at noon when she reached the Spit, the Duke of Wellington commenced a salute, followed by all the men-of-war along the line. At this moment the yards were covered with men also. The magnificent sight made one's heart bound for his country. Oh! that this noble fleet had been ready a short year ago! now perhaps doomed to rot in comparative idleness;—but let us not waste time in fruitless prophecy.

The Royal yacht now passed us, and our party and crew, as in duty bound, ascended the rigging, and gave three stunning cheers. From every ship the same loud notes were heard, and far along the line the heaving ran. The same spirit lived still that animated the fleet when at Trafalgar the crews gave *their* reply to England's expectations.

Literally hundreds of steamers of all sizes and shapes, Government and passenger vessels now crowded past, vainly pressing on the rear of the Royal yacht, and the sea which had been so quiet before, was now troubled as if a heavy gale had swept over it.

As the Royal party returned through the line of ships their rigging was now dotted with men, on the port or starboard side as it happened to lay next the yacht. The great Duke had a man standing aloft on each truck as well,—a giddy sight even to look at.

The French corvette which had brought over some Officers to witness the manoeuvres still had the men standing on the yards. Poor fellows ! they must have been there for two hours at least. Admiral Jurien de la Gravière, Author of "*Sketches of the last Naval War*," came over with them.

It is curious in reading this work, to see how candidly and nobly a Frenchman can speak of our Nelson and his achievements. He gives us every credit for our bravery and smartness, and enters in the most philosophic spirit into the causes of our vast superiority in naval matters during the last war. He does so from the desire that his countrymen should emulate us in those subjects in which we excel. It is rare indeed to find a Frenchman confessing a series of defeats. Not so M. Thiers, who is by no means scrupulous in fabrication. All honour then to La Gravière who dares to speak the truth from motives of patriotism.

The barge from the St. George has now gone alongside the Royal yacht, perhaps to take Her Majesty and visitors on board. The beastly Tay and Atrato, in defiance of the orders to burn Welch coal are smoking away in a most disgusting manner.

It is really disgraceful to see so many spectators denied in this manner the treat for which they have left their homes. Are any of the Directors on board ? They ought to be kicked out of the fleet, and their wives put on board respectable ships, amongst more gallant men. We could see no other steamers in the whole display, that committed this gross nuisance. But it has been said that the Lords of the Admiralty in the Black Eagle were equally guilty.—For shame !

Now look along the beach, from Fort Monckton to Southsea Castle, it is perfectly black with human beings. The gigantic stands erected for the occasion are also crowded. How many tens of thousands are there, no one can tell.

Now come the dispatch and gun-boats. The Victor No.1, in the van, followed by a line of gun-boats puffing like a rush of locomotives through a distant forest.

1h. 45m.—Down come the colours from the leading ships, and the others are taken by surprise, except the Euryalus and Imperieuse, that are both very smart in manoeuvring.

"Look at that ship!" said Captain P. "Ah! you rascals!—no down-hauls rove. Off goes a hand on the jib-boom with a lead line;—that's very slovenly—it's very bad. We're paying these fellows money like

the others, and they're not half so smart. What ship is it?—The Brunswick,—and she was the longest too in getting up yards:—I'm sure its the Brunswick!"

"There goes up the preparative signal on board the Admiral, something's going to happen."

"Now then, Dick," cries one of our party, "put that pistol down—remember the Trusty! we'll send you on board the Trusty!"

The ships were now getting up anchor and they began to move ahead under steam. Not a particle of canvas was to be seen on board one of fleet. What a contrast to former days! How Admirals, Captains, and even middies turned up their noses at the bare idea of their ships being turned into kettles. But now all see the advantage of the giant steam.

A great many yachts and little cutters were flitting around. Amongst the lot was seen a smack of the oldest school. Where she could have come from, or where she could have been laying up for the last hundred years no one could tell. It is not unlikely that the Wandering Jew and some kindred spirits were out in her for the day. She was about 150 tons, with a jib-boom and high poop in the most perfect sty of preservation.

The gun boats as they pass have all their ports down, and their bowsprits in, ready for action. How beautifully in line they are coming down and anchoring in succession about a cable's length from each other. No. 43 is opposite to us. Look out for a row! Two to the westward began firing. The word is passed "Cease firing." A pretty blowing up their Commanders will get. All the large ships are now going round the first ships to the East, and while there as pretty a luncheon was discussed by us as ever fell to the lot of mortal man. Solids and fluids equally disappeared, and the evaporation of all tangible substances was rapid in the extreme.

"Now then, Dick, what are you up to, you'll go on board the Trusty, by Jove you will!"

"If you please gentlemen," said the steward down the companion, "I think they're going to fire." And so they did with a vengeance; but before this and to show the growing laxity of our service, the commanding officer of No. — was seen by us quietly walking the deck with a pipe in his mouth! Surely at such a time such a display should be highly reprimanded. A real sailor prefers a strict ship to a vessel of this sort: he knows what is wanted in every place, and what is required of him. He knows too that a lazy one who does do likewise will be punished. We had a good mind to print his number.

The firing now began by a mimic attack on Southsea Castle. We were very near three of the gun boats, and one of the dispatch boats, and the noise of their 68 and 32 pounders was absolutely deafening. At every explosion one felt as if he had a slap in the face. However it was all fine : we were in capital spirits, and through the roar we laughed and joked and felt proud that we were Englishmen.

Through the smoke we saw the *Transit*, laden with the *Peers*, attack a poor little gun boat, and with her jib-boom sweep masts, funnel, and all from the deck. Unlucky *Transit* and unlucky *Peers* !

Now homeward we bent our steps to the railway station, not foreseeing that our homes would not be reached until with "the milk in the morning."

"I hope" said Captain P. in his simplicity, "I shall have a larger bed to-night than I slept in on board.—I like one that I can move about in, where I can wear if I cannot stay, and plenty of room withal to stretch in".

"Adieu" we cried "to Portsmouth"

"Be quiet now, Dick," said the Vice-commodore, "if you go on in this way, we must really send you on board the *Trusty*."

PALINURUS.

AN OUT-AND-OUT BALLAST TRIMMER.

A RACING yacht, and a pleasure yacht, are, now a days, two different classes of vessels : an out-and-out racer is not a pleasure yacht, and for this plain reason,—that there is *no pleasure* aboard them ; at any rate not for a timid man, or one unaccustomed to match sailing.

But a pleasure yacht combining comfort with speed, might be, and ought to be the order of the day. We are happy and *proud* to say there are many such amongst the present squadron of English yachts, they may be found in every yacht club in the Kingdom, in tonnages varying from the tiny six ton model yacht, to the gigantic schooner of two or three hundred tons : such therefore must be a pleasing reflection to every considerate yachtsman. On the other hand there are out-and-out racers in every club, from the model six tonner, to the fifty ton cutter. An out-and-out racer need not be a ballast trimmer ; although more than half of that class formerly were so : we will not say they are so numerous as they were two years ago, no ! God forbid that they should ! Or, by this time many a blooming young yachtsman would probably have met a watery grave. Every year ballast trimmers were

getting more preposterous than ever ; and had there not been a check put upon it, heaven only knows what sort of machines would have been invented by this time : what with a stern-post raking to an angle parallel with the heel of the mast ; and spars big enough for a vessel of more than double her tonnage ; we should have had a strange sort of a fleet for the season of 1856.

It is one of these last described machines that we are about to write the history of.—The *Slasher*, was designed and modelled with exquisite care and skill by one of the most celebrated yacht builders of the year 1854. The builder was limited to one thing only—tonnage. In every other respect he had *carte blanche*. “Build me an out-and-out clipper” said the yachtsman, “I want her to beat every thing afloat, I care not for accommodation : the cabin may be used for shifting ballast, or any purpose that will make the yacht go faster.”

With such a pleasing order and such a liberal customer, this celebrated builder determined on stretching his lines to an unprecedented extent : and if he ever before felt that he had an opportunity of getting into *fame*, he now felt almost on the road to *glory*. He well knew that with such a commission, at an age when ballast trimming was not prohibited, and yachts’ sterns had not been raked *half enough* ; in his ideas, he could build an enormous vessel, that would completely overpower all others of equal tonnage.

The *Slasher* was built, launched, ballasted, rigged, and fitted for sea. *Sea* did we say? Query? but no matter, there she was—a soundly built, strong yacht, as pretty a looking thing as had ever been seen. Every eye that saw her as she lay at anchor could but admire her. She was a long, low, rakish looking clipper : every inch a racer, and a match for anything of her tonnage afloat, if she could but carry her tall spars and huge sails : which the builder was quite sure she could, with the aid of her shot bags. She was tried privately, and when her exact trim was discovered, was entered to sail a match. It was a fine day and a light wind : she therefore won it easily. The next match she sailed was in a rather stronger wind, and she won again. Her fame as an unrivalled clipper was then established, she was declared the fastest yacht afloat, and fit for *any weather*. Ugh ! How we shrugged our shoulders to hear such a thing said of her. The third match was the real trial : it blew *great guns*, but the *Slasher*’s men said, “we must maintain our character,” and the *Slasher* glided to her berth, shook her feathers, and picked up her moorings in the teeth of the gale. A pair of reefs were hauled down, the top-mast housed, fore-sail reefed, and third jib laid ready. Other yachts of more sturdy appearance showed us a more

cautious example, and came to their moorings with three reefs in their main-sails, and had spit-fire jibs. Many experienced yachtmen declared the *Slasher* could not carry her canvas in such a gale: the odds were ten to one against her, we took them wherever they were offered, for we well knew, that barring accidents, we were sure to win.

Away we went, on the signal being given for starting, like wildfire in the wind, and on the second tack the *Slasher* was the leading yacht, and every tack she afterwards made increased the distance from the other yachts: every shot bag was thrown up to windward, and with one of the most daring sailing-masters at the helm, we drew towards the sea. Ugh! Here then was the perilous encounter. Nothing but the most careful sailing and undaunted courage of the Captain saved us from going to the bottom; as, rolling in the sea, we dashed and struggled through it: our deck was swept and swept again, and all were obliged to hold "devilish fast" to prevent being washed overboard. Who would fancy being battened down in the cabin as ballast trimmer on such an occasion? However two of our crew were battened down there all the time. I believe all of us rejoiced when we rounded the farthest flag buoy at sea, and ran before the wind for smooth water. Contrary to the expectations of those aboard the weatherly yachts, we had actually increased our distance in the great sea-struggle, and finally won the cup with greater credit to ourselves, than on either of the two previous occasions.

Now, yachtmen, one and all, hear a sailor's candid testimony as to that desperate and perilous encounter.

We won the cup! and the *Slasher* had become *famous*. But amongst the hundreds who witnessed that match and so highly extolled the *Slasher* and her crew, how few were aware what a fearfully hazardous and foolhardy race we had sailed. With upwards of a ton of ballast heaved up to windward in a rolling sea, had the yacht made a heavy lurch to leeward, or fallen on her beam ends, so as to cause the ballast to fall to leeward, no power on earth could have saved her; she would have been swamped like a coffin, and every soul aboard would have gone to the bottom: the yacht could not have recovered herself as any other vessel could, with ballast secured beneath the platform. But by sheer good luck, and most skilful sailing, we were carried through without an accident. Three times we were as near a capsized as possible, and on two occasions we were equally near in smooth water, when a heavy squall tossed us on our beam ends.

As a yachtman, and a sailor of many years experience, I do not consider there was the smallest particle of credit due to us, or the *Slasher*, for winning that cup; still less for venturing to sea in so dangerous

machine. There are three sound reasons why there was no credit due to us. First, because in size and form of 'hull, spars, and sails, the *Slasher* was nearly twice as large as any of her competitors, although what is called "her tonnage admeasurement" was no more than the others.

Secondly, because we could not have carried *half* our canvas without artificial means, or more plainly, without *shifting ballast*.

Thirdly, because the *Slasher* being nearly twice the length of many of the others, would forge a-head faster in a seaway, and labour far less than shorter vessels. And finally, it is only to be wondered at that the *Slasher* was allowed to sail on such unequal and unfair terms.

Soon after this "famous match" the rules were altered, measurement was differently arranged, and shifting ballast entirely discountenanced.

The *Slasher* was then a useless vessel, she could not carry her sails, in fact she could scarcely stand alone, without her shifting ballast: she could not afford to have her tonnage doubled, or any old cod-smack would beat her, so she was laid on the shelf, fit for nothing, despised and rejected by all. Such is a history of the brief career of "an out-and-out ballast trimmer."

MY CRADLE BOAT.

—
BY TOMMY BLUFFBOW.

CHAPTER V.

I KNOW not which vexed me most, whether the loss and destruction of the *Harebell*, Murray's treachery, or Kitty's grief. All three were subjects of regret whenever they entered my thoughts: but it was of no use repining at either. The men were punished, the yacht punished, and poor Kitty punished: but of all the punishments I had the greatest share, the loss of as beautiful and swift a little yacht as had ever been built, the forfeiture of all confidence in my captain and crew; and my yachting pleasures completely marred for a long time.

To replace the *Harebell* by building a new yacht of larger dimensions was now my serious intention. For two whole weeks I was engaged, concentrating all my skill in designing and drafting a plan for a 10 tonner. Young Allen was with me every day; and when we had quite decided on the form, I requested him to make a model for a yacht of the required

dimensions, taking care to inspect its progress from day to day that any new suggestion might be considered, and if desirable carried out. Great pains had been taken in designing the Harebell: but ten times more care was bestowed on the new model: which when complete I exhibited to several nautical men; but not one could or would find a single fault with it, although urged to do so, that the yacht proposed to be built from it might not be constructed on an erroneous principle.

I should not forget to inform my readers that I had at this time left my Father's roof, and lived a bachelor's life in a small house in the village; and it was in my bachelor abode that Kitty Murray paid me the mysterious visit mentioned in the last chapter.

Whilst the new yacht was being built, I occasionally amused myself in my late grandfather's pet boat the Swallow, which had ever been my Cradle Boat, and for which, for my grandfather's sake, I much valued. In no boat had I learnt so much practical seamanship: nor enjoyed so much early pleasure; and even in those my later days, when I had become owner of a yacht, could I find better instruction or take a better lesson than by sailing the Swallow in a stiff breeze: and for very evident reasons:—she was swift and safe in dexterous hands, but dangerous and unmanageable when an unskilful sailor sat at the helm: such is the case with most open boats; they are tractable as lambs when thoroughly understood; but mere floating coffins in inexperienced hands. It requires *years* of experience to make a good boat sailor; and the best yacht sailors of all, have learnt their art in open boats: the worst of all are taken from square rigged ships. Indeed, few sailors whose life has been entirely devoted to ships, can sail an open boat with large sails in safety and with skill.

Whilst my new clipper was building, Bob Hart walked into the yard one morning and inspected her. I showed him the model: the form of which he much admired, and appeared to note its peculiarities and improvements, he told me he intended to be on equal terms with me as regards size of craft: and having heard of my intention of building a 10 tonner, he had also one of that tounage in hand at his builders'; and if I would go over he would show me his model. I told him I was delighted to hear of the spirited manner in which he determined on sailing side by side with me; that I would certainly take an early opportunity of calling to see his model; and that I looked forward to the day when we were again to sail our new rival clippers for a wager.

"And what do you intend doing with the Stranger," I enquired.

"She is for sale," he replied "unless some smuggler or other should come and steal her away for unlawful purposes, as did your trustworth

captain and his mate. By the way how is Kitty? have you seen her lately? and does she bring you presents of fresh smelts as usual?"

"By heaven she does Hart," I replied. "The little beauty grows more winning every day. Poor girl! If you had seen her discomfiture and grief at her father's crime, you would have been moved to tears."

"As you were, I suppose?" said Hart.

"I cannot help feeling sorry for her," I replied; "but I must say no more about her just now, for fear of betraying her."

"And yourself too" rejoined Hart.

A few days after Hart's visit I repaired to his builder's yard, for the purpose of inspecting his model, and the new yacht: and there, on the stocks, and in a state of greater forwardness than mine, was a vessel which almost staggered me: and although I previously thought my own perfection itself, Hart's completely eclipsed it; her form was faultless, and looked desperately wicked: she was three feet longer than mine and eight inches narrower: but of precisely the same tonnage.

"I see you are determined to beat me" said I, after walking round the yacht, and examining the model.

"Well Bluffbow I am not so sure of that, I cannot find a fault with your yacht, although you appear to prefer the form of mine."

I replied "I do, but I shall not alter the form of my own now that it has progressed so far as to be skinned and decked."

"You would be very wrong to do so," said Hart, "for I assure you when I first saw your model the other day I felt almost as shaken in confidence as you are; and wished I had not sacrificed breadth for length. I fancy it can only be a sort of "love at first sight" that makes you prefer the form of this vessel to your own, and when you return home, and walk into your builder's yard, you will, on examining your model again, be as satisfied with its form as ever."

And so it was, just as Hart had said; on returning home I preferred my own: but expressed my opinion to the builder, that I believed we should be more evenly matched than ever. The greatest possible care was therefore bestowed upon the yacht, in endeavouring to turn her out to the best advantage: and no two rival builders ever took greater pains to excel, than did Tom Allen and George White, in constructing our little 10 tonners.

Early in the spring of that year the two yachts were launched, both on the same day, that they might be of equal date, to tally with the racing qualities each were supposed to possess. On the morning of that very day I was unexpectedly and agreeably surprised by a visit from the aforesaid "little innocent sailor-boy;" but Kitty came not in disguise, as

before; I had never but once seen Kitty in a jacket and trousers, although I had frequently joked her about her cabin-boy attire.

"Well Kitty," I said, "how do you do this morning. {Are you come to apply for the berth I offered you aboard my new yacht a few months ago?"

"No sir," she replied, "I have been making a flag for your new yacht, which I beg you will accept of: and as I understand the launch is to take place to-day, I thought I should like to bring the little flag this morning."

"That's just like you Kitty: and I declare it is the prettiest little present I have had for many a day, and so nicely made too. Well now Kitty, I assure you that up to this moment I am undecided as to a name for the yacht, I will therefore confer one small honour upon you, in return for this pretty present. The yacht shall be named Kitty."

"You do me too great an honour, sir," she replied, "particularly after the sad fate of the Harebell, and the painful remembrances which have ever since claimed a sad seat in my thoughts."

"The fate of the Harebell, Kitty, is a subject I will not allow you to touch upon. Not a shadow of blame rests on your shoulders with regard to it. The past is all forgotten by me, and I must insist on your never again shewing regret at that affair; which must now be for ever buried in oblivion."

"I will endeavour to bear in mind your request," said Kitty, with her eyes full of tears: which on observing I endeavoured to dispel by some commonplace joke. "But I really think you had better not name the yacht after me, you can find many prettier names than mine."

"Perhaps I could Kitty, but none that would please my fancy so well. My friend Hart has named his new yacht the 'Fanny,' after some pretty girl; but I do not believe Fanny has made him such a burgee as this."

"No doubt but she has though," said Kitty, "and a far better one I dare say."

"That is impossible," I replied.

"Well sir," said Kitty, "I wish you every success and enjoyment with the—the—the—the—your new yacht I mean."

"Why do you not call her by her name? Go on, Kitty, I wish to hear the conclusion of your speech."

"I was going to observe I wish you much pleasure and enjoyment with the 'Kitty.' Oh! I don't like the name; I never heard of a yacht named the Kitty."

"The name being so rare amongst the craft, makes me like it better every minute," I replied.

Kitty laughed, and I am half inclined to think, that after all, she was pleased at the yacht being named after herself.

"When will you come for a sail with me Kitty?" I enquired.

"Never sir," she replied, "unless some other females are with me."

"Will you come if Mr. Hart and his Fanny are aboard with us?" I asked.

"I really do not know who Mr. Hart's Fanny is," she replied, "and if I did I think it would be better not to go."

"But you are an excellent sailor, and I have frequently seen you in your father's boat: therefore when the weather gets warmer I shall expect you to come and have a day with us."

"Indeed I must decidedly refuse your kind invitation," said Kitty.

"And I admire your firmness" I replied, "although you would be perfectly safe under my charge; and I would undertake to hold you harmless: still you show a cautious discretion I like to see."

"I am not at all fearful of trusting myself under your charge, sir, or I should not have ventured to call here this morning upon this frivolous errand: but should the unkind world hear that I had been for a sail with you in the yacht, you are well aware the mischief it would make."

"You are quite right, Kitty; but as nobody is looking at us at this moment, I must have one kiss—there, good-bye, you interesting little cabin boy."

"I declare I must never call here again if you behave so rudely, sir," said the blushing girl.

"This is the day of the launch" I replied, "and that is the only means at hand of naming the new yacht 'The Kitty'."

YACHT MEASUREMENT.

SINCE this subject was revived in our number for January last, it has been much canvassed and discussed amongst yachtsmen of every Club in the kingdom: one Club in particular (the R.L.Y.C.) has set the example of altering the Tonnage rules so as to correspond with the T.Y.C. Still we are surprised at the tardiness of other clubs, and that other our pages nor the columns of our contemporaries are authorized announce to those interested in this long agitated question, that a Committee is to be formed for the purpose of carrying out our highly applauded suggestion. As this is not done, we feel justified in pursuing a system of agitation which we hope may ultimately tend to rouse a few

10. 5.—VOL. V. 2 F

influential members either to adopt the plan proposed by us, or to put forth some other. It is a subject of vital importance to Yacht Owners, and from the long period it has been complained of it is strange one universal system has not been adopted.

The much condemned tone of 'Elderly Nicholas', nor the rejoinder of the 'Proposer of the plan of giving a prize of 100 guineas' will not settle the question, yet they serve to draw attention, and may induce others to give their opinions. That the plan proposed has not passed unheeded is evident from the letters of "Young Thames" and others, and from them we may infer that the writers have felt the ill effects of the present system.

There can be no doubt but the plan proposed in this Magazine would, if carried out, give satisfaction to all, and though no one has come publicly forward, yet there are many willing to assist, only lacking the nerve to take the first step. Is there no one in the whole "Twelve Hundred" possessed of sufficient independence to take the lead? Surely one of the many who have written on Measurement anonymously in *Bell's Life*, and in our journal has power to form a Committee, and we should then see whether the proposal is tenable or not.

According to "Young Thames" the present system is bad "*and is discreditable to the promoters of Yacht racing.*" Of this there cannot be two opinions—it has always been a source of great discontent and annoyance to owners of racing craft that they must be measured at *every* match before starting. If one specified plan was adopted this would be avoided. Every yacht could be measured by the Club to which she first belongs, and a certificate given to her owner: on the production of which, at any place where she was entered for racing, it would be deemed by the Committee a sufficient guarantee. There can be no doubt but a Yacht could be secretly altered so as to falsify this, yet we do not believe there is one man in the whole "Twelve Hundred" who would impose on any Committee. For the sake of argument, suppose A or B should make the attempt; a reference to the Builder would soon cause detection, and the penalty of exclusion would be the result.

We will point out one great error which now exists:—in looking over the Club Lists, we find many vessels we could name set down at different tonnages, not one of them is correct. Now, if a uniform system be adopted, our *Universal List* should give fractional parts of a ton, thus become the Standard of Measurement, which being in the possession of every Committee would prevent deception.

The proposition of raising a Fund to repay any one for his trouble solving this intricate problem seems fair and honourable, but we mu

fear, as the period has arrived for fitting out, that it will not be successful until the season closes. When the Yacht Owners assemble at their respective stations for summer cruising, we urge on them the necessity of appointing one from each Club to form a Committee, to meet during the following winter, to legislate on this important subject.

A HALF HOLIDAY AT ST. HELENA AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

BY A VETERAN YACHTSMAN.

It was Saturday, the bell of the ship had just been struck seven times indicating the hour of half-past eleven A.M. On hearing its joyful sound our Dominie (who in the days of which we write had not attained to the honor of being entitled "Naval Instructor,") ordered us—the youngsters—to pack up our traps and place them on their accustomed shelves until the ensuing Monday. On that day this petty monarch was again to resume the sceptre over his small subjects, and prove to them that if the world was round, his ruler was flat, producing as it fell upon the palms of the recipient a sharp note of rather an inharmonious quality.

A terrible fellow was old Keen-one the Dominie,—that is when he didn't get drunk, which event happened as often as he could procure the means to do so. And then indeed the day succeeding his libations to the jolly god was one of great delight to his pupils, the Doctor having on that occasion to report Mr. Keen-one on the sick list, as being afflicted with a violent bilious attack; however when these reports were made, the commanding officer was sure to wink his eye and remark—"What a good christian is *that* man, seeing that he *loves his enemy*." It cannot but be acknowledged that the Dominie was a monstrous clever fellow, and although he could not (more than others) "square the circle," yet he would not fail to square the yards, and thus balance counts between you and himself if you chanced to misunderstand his instructions; his method of teaching created quite a sensation, as I saw to my cost very soon after I had commenced my novitiate. The kind reader is a specimen. "Youngster," said the preceptor, "come up to me,"—with fear and trembling I obeyed the mandate.

"Now boy, I'll teach you how to box the compass."

"Thank you, sir," said I, at the same time wishing him and the Gunter's scale which he flourished, to Jericho.

"Now observe," continued he, "there are thirty two-points to the compass, beginning at North and ending at North and by West. You'll remember that the opposite point to East is West and North is opposite to South," and so the Dominie went on until he had gone the round. Now be it remembered this was my first lesson in boxing the compass, and when after he had finished the thirty-two points and their opposites he began, "Well, boy, which is the point to East and by South."

If he had asked me how many bulls tails it would take to reach to the moon I might have given an approximate answer, but as he didn't ask me anything quite so simple, at least to my understanding, I did nothing but keep silence and look perplexed.

"Well sir," roared the Dominie, "give me an answer."

"I don't know, sir, what to say," stammered I.

"What should you think is the opposite point to East by South—come sir, let us have something."

Thus pressed I answered at a venture "West and by East, sir." This I soon found out was a reply with a vengeance.

"Hold out your hand young gentleman," said Mr. Keen-one. Reluctantly I obeyed, he flourished the Gunter's scale and down it came with a whack, this was repeated again and again. At whack No. 1 "West," said the Dominie, at No. 2, "by," continued he, at the descent of the scale for the third time, "North," added the castigator, so the reader will perceive that it was indelibly stamped upon my palm that West by North was the opposite to East by South,—Well, my first lesson was now over, and as I retired to my seat he remarked. "I dare say you'll prefer boxing the compass to-morrow to my boxing you," and certain it is he was right, for leaving the school cabin in the evening I repaired without loss of time to the fore cock-pit, and by the aid of the sentry's lanterns, (hung up abreast of the gunner's store-room) I studied hard, and acquired sufficient knowledge of the compass to satisfy my terrible preceptor at the next examination, leaving to the pupil who followed me the full benefit of Nelson's motto. "*Palman qui meruit.*" But all this is steering wild, (the novel writers would call it a digression,) therefore as the French say, "return we at once to our narré."

After the youngsters had cleared the school table of books, slates, instruments, and had deposited them in their places, we were free quit the awful presence; a permission which all joyfully availed the selves of, and as Saturday was (as on shore) always a half holiday

was determined that after our dinner of salt horse was despatched, we should ask leave of the first Lieutenant to let us have the jolly boat for a sail. Accordingly our names, six in number, were written on a strip of paper, and lots were drawn who should ask the aforesaid officer for the boat, as well as permission for each individual, on the list to go, "the lot fell upon Jonah" as the saying is, and putting a bold face on the matter into the gun-room I marched, and stepping up to the head of the table where Mr. Tysall (the first Lieutenant) was seated, I preferred a request that he would be pleased to permit us whose names were on the list then presented, to have the jolly boat for the afternoon to take a sail or row. It was not long before that officer growled out a sharp "No Sir, you shall not have the boat. I find by Mr. Keen-one's report that you are a pack of idle young scamps and not deserving of any indulgence." Like a dog tail piped, I walked out of the gun-room without reply, and with an ominous countenance reported progress to the five "young scamps," waiting outside.

"Confound that old vagabond," said one.

"I'll put a lively cray fish in the brute's hammock to night," remarked another.

"Let's rub his nose with caustic when he sleeps," suggested Jones.

"Capital idea! by Jove we'll do it!"—exclaimed all.

Whilst the youngsters were thus giving vent to their indignation, that old Keen-one should have been base enough to get their leave stopped, I was summoned back to the first lieutenant, during the interval he had finished "making the sun over the fore-yard," or in other words had swallowed his luncheon glass of brandy and water. I perceived that he was rapidly experiencing benefit from the medicine, as he now addressed me in a very pleasant tone, "S——w," observed he, "I can't spare you the jolly boat, nor can I allow six young gentlemen out of the ship to day, I must have three on board for duty, the remainder go on shore if they please."

"Thank you, sir," said I, as I bolted out of the gun-room with the glorious news: upon the communication of which to the youngsters, we again had recourse to lots as to the three which should be at liberty to leave the ship for an afternoon's amusement—this time the fates were in my favour for I drew a "ticket of leave," as did Carden and Russel; then came the question "What shall we do? where shall we go?" Russel proposed that we should go poaching, that is to ensnare with wires the cock partridges, which abound at St. Helena, and are chiefly to be found on the rugged beaches of the island. This however was a dangerous time, as there was a penalty of £50 levied on all who were convicted

of capturing or destroying game without licence, and these birds were so considered; to say nothing of the unpleasant consequences likely to accrue from officials high, I therefore objected to this proposition, and put in by way of amendment that we should resort to the more harmless amusement of gathering blackberries, of which there was an abundance growing about three miles from the sea coast. After some little discussion the amendment was carried, and provided with a small basket and haversacks we got a shove on shore in the ship's dingy, landing at Leman Valley; as however that operation is sooner said than done, the reader should be informed that notwithstanding the everlasting trade wind blowing over the island, (even on its lee side,) it would be difficult to find a smooth place to land, and that it not only requires skill in watching for, and judging the proper moment to back in the boat stern foremost with the rudder unshipped, but the greatest activity in jumping from her to the shore, and woe betide the unlucky individual who should happen to jump short of the distance; for independent of a good ducking he would be sure to receive a tremendous bruising by the dashing of a heavy surf against the rocks, to say nothing of the chance of losing the number of his mess either by drowning or the more horrid death of being bolted by a shark, of which there are always a goodly number at St. Helena.

I once witnessed an instance of the danger arising from being overboard anywhere in the locality. The first lieutenant had a remarkably fine Newfoundland dog, which was refused permission to follow him into the boat, when the officer was bound for a cruise ashore; but had not gone fifty yards from the ship when the dog freeing himself from the sailor who attempted to restrain him, made a bolt up the gangway ladder, knocked over a diminutive side boy in his progress, and in the twinkling of a bed post plump he went into the briny, and striking out with vigour after the boat which contained his master,—but poor "Boatswain's" minutes were numbered, the animal had not swam an oar's length ere a huge monster was observed to be making for the dog. Several boats crews were piped away to the rescue, but too late, for long before his master, who was the nearest to the spot could reach it, the shark had put the fatal question, as he is said to have once done to a lawyer, "Won't you come in out of the wet," taking care however to close the door of the horrid sepulchre upon poor Boatswain without giving him time for a reply, for in less time than I can write it, the dog was complete bisected, leaving a large area of the sea deluged with his blood: it needless to add that the voracious brute did not await the coming of the sailors to revenge Boatswain's death, but that for *divers* reasons he was soon

"Down amongst the dead men."

But thank Providence we got on shore at Leman Valley, "all right and tight" wet of course, that we didn't mind, each had on a pair of white unmentionables, and our "ducks often took to the water," so they were used to it. Well, on we trudged up the rugged road winding through the valley; the steam getting up very fast, as we lost the breeze and had the vertical sun pouring down his rays upon us, and giving us a warm reception. We called in at the Naval Hospital, a miserable erection in a miserable locality, and saw some of the unfortunate patients who had lost all identity of themselves, the mosquitoes having evidently had a desire to make a human being's face resemble a well stocked plum pudding—aya, and had succeeded to admiration.

We did ample justice to Jack Newcastle's sherry, and Peter Shorttail's cigars. Jack was a civilian in charge of Government stores; he was famed for his hospitality, but not for his genius, and was evidently a descendant of the "Know-nothings" of which we hear so much in the present day. As for Peter Shorttail he had charge of the gardens, and devoted his studies to the very laudable desire to rear potatoes for the Admiral: he was a mate of the flag-ship, and wore a pigtail; the sailors used to say of him that in his youth the nursery maid let him fall on Deal beach, and the shingle thereof had pitted his face, so much so, that landsmen appeared to think he had been marked with the smallpox; be that as it may, he was a worthy fellow. When he was nearly aged half a century the Lords of the Admiralty bestowed on him a lieutenant's commission; perhaps he had had a recent interview with the First Lord, and that gifted individual doubtless had perceived by Shorttail's visage the "coming events which cast their shadows before," in short that he could not live above a couple of months, so they generously bestowed on him a lieutenant's commission: the Government by the wisdom of their Lordships gained a trifle by this considerate bestowal; for poor Shorttail paid his guinea for the commission which entitled him to five shillings per diem after his 30 years service, and he died on the fourth day after taking up the parchment;—so by all the rules of logic the State gained one shilling by making Shorttail a lieutenant. Well we took leave of the two worthies and agreed to take the starboard side of the valley; indeed as far as the goodness of roads is concerned we had little occasion to say

"How happy could I be with either."

They were worse than sheep tracks, and although the natives traversed them with ease it was no such easy matter for us; as for going by way of the valley itself it was totally out of the question: huge rocks interspersed with swamps, obstructing all who made the attempt to travel

through it. At length we came to an ugly piece of the track we were upon ; about twenty yards of the narrow path had been loosened by rain or other causes, its edge had subsequently crumbled away, falling into the valley, now 200 feet below us. We had scarcely more width than that of the palm of the hand, and even this precarious bit was rendered doubly dangerous by the small pieces of lava which lay upon its surface like so many peas ; there was nothing to hold by on the inner side owing to the precipitous and shelving masses of lava which formed that part of the pass : touch it you dare not, as in such case it would instantly detach itself and help to topple you into the abyss below.

Russel being in advance was the first to accomplish the feat ; Carden followed, I watched him, as he proceeded he evidently became nervous, and I trembled for his safety.—“ Come on old fellow, here's my hand,” said Russel as Carden reached within a couple of yards of where the former was standing, and lucky was it that the hand of his messmate was so near Carden's grasp, he had need of it ; for scarcely had Russel proffered his help than the foot of the other rolled over a portion of the loose lava, and he was all but a lost youth. However, the hands had met, and with a desperate jerk Russel contrived to cause the best half of Carden's carcass to fall upon the safer pathway, and he was rescued.

The reader will easily imagine that after what I had witnessed I felt extremely doubtful about my success in traversing this dangerous pass ; however my messmates were over, and I felt ashamed of remaining on the wrong side, so I rushed at it and reached mid-way like a hero, but here my good genius deserted me, bad as was the piece I had accomplished, *that* remaining to be got over was infinitely worse ; I paused to look at it and instantly became giddy ; with the greatest difficulty imaginable I sat down on the narrow slip, and endeavoured to regain a little composure, my messmates at first were inclined to banter me, but a different feeling very soon pervaded them, and they quickly comprehended the peril of my position. “ Hadn't you better go back old boy,” said Carden.

Alas ! I felt the force of the adage ; “ It is easy enough to give advice, but not always so easy to follow it.” I could not get up from my dangerous and uneasy seat, the perspiration poured profusely over my face ; I felt that unless Providence came to my aid I was doomed to a frightful death. My thoughts were rapidly carried to home, as pictured to myself the grief of my affectionate parents when they should hear of my tragic end ; then came the conviction that I was a sinner and although so young I had a long reckoning to be accounted for like the most hardened and profligate who scoff at religion in their

perity I was ready enough now to call upon Him who could deliver me from my peril ; my messmates endeavoured to cheer me, and proposed that one should proceed in quest of assistance. I begged that it might be so, although I could not form an idea how it could be effected ; but deliverance was at hand ; my mental prayers had been responded to, and Providence had sent to rescue me, a slave, on his way to the hospital, and who now suddenly appeared at the end of the pass where my shipmates stood. I have before remarked that the natives of the Island traversed these dangerous roads with the most perfect ease, in fact more like monkeys than men : the individual in question was not long in comprehending my danger and the best mode of extricating me from it. He addressed me thus " Ah my young massa, you nebber fear, draw up de legs and take de shoes off." This I essayed to do, and although by no means an easy task I succeeded in accomplishing it. " Now," said the nigger, " nebber mind de shoes massa, put dem on de path."

Having obeyed him in this particular, he next told me I must be prepared to rise with as smart a spring as I could muster, when he should come upon the path to seize my hand, advising me to avoid looking down, and to have confidence in his power to save me : he next to assure me on that point commenced running backwards and forwards over the most difficult part of the road, turning round with the greatest facility, and giving me to understand that the circumstance of his being shoeless was the cause of the firmness of his footing ; and that now my shoes were cast aside I should by his assistance find it a matter of little difficulty to cross over.

" Now, massa," continued the nigger, " stick out de right *and*, put de left *and* on de ground, and when I say *now!* massa, spring up on de feet look at my face and follow." So saying he sprang upon the path seized my extended hand, helped to pull me on my feet, and in a second I was led in safety by the dexterous blackey over the dangerous pass ; he then returned for the shoes I had left near the place and brought them to me. We mustered a couple of dollars for my preserver, and parted mutually satisfied with the bargain, at least I can answer for myself on that point.

Russel had brought an old musket with a bell muzzle which had been tured with a slaver ; it was now loaded with powder and slugs, cut from sheet lead, and vengeance vowed against the first rat which opened to cross our track ; and as these vermin overrun the Island it not long before bang ! went the blunderbuss, the rat, however sped the leaden shower, but it went plump amongst a brood of chick-disporting in the scanty herbage ; these Russel had not observed

when he fired. The clatter they kicked up threw us all into consternation, it would be of little use to attempt a concealment of the circumstance, the owner of the brood would have no difficulty in tracing the cause of their death, and we had reason to dread a verdict of wilful murder would be recorded against us ; for independant of a hut on the opposite side of the valley out of which came a number of children on hearing the report of the gun, there were several telegraph stations within view, and they were in duty bound to report by signal if any person shooting game or even firing were in their neighbourhood.

It was as plain as daylight to us that Russel had killed two of the brood and wounded others. What was to be done ? If reported to our superiors (although a mishap) it would very likely be viewed in a serious light. One was for burying the gun and the fowls together, remembering that according to law there can be no charge of murder sustained without finding the body ; but it was ultimately ruled that as "honesty is the best policy", and that our consciences acquitted us of the *wilful* part of the slaughter, it would be better to seek out the owner, tell the plain truth and remunerate him or her in cash for the mischief we had inadvertently committed. This wise resolution we soon had an opportunity of carrying out, for on proceeding about a hundred yards further, we had to cross a small ravine at right angles to the valley, and seeing a hut there walked up to it and ascertained that the brood belonged to the inmates ; we told our misfortune, and by the aid of a couple more dollars, and the promise of a bottle of rum succeeded in making our peace,—not however until the gude man had gone to the spot and estimated the damage. This important affair being settled, our party once more trudged on, not at all sorry to find a decided improvement in the road, as well as in the character of the vegetation ; instead of stunted cactus bushes and rank grass, there now appeared an occasional peach tree, or a patch of gorse in full bloom ; these were soon succeeded by pasturage and blackberry bushes loaded with fruit, and of which we were in quest : in short we had arrived at the summit of the island, and great indeed was the change. We had left every thing tending to give an idea of desolation behind us, and had suddenly emerged into a most charming country. Well, to work we went, let me assure the reader that for the first quarter of an hour, that considerably more blackberries found their way into our mouths than into the basket or the haversack, for after our miserable dinner of salt junk without a potatoe, and this walk to this land of promise we enjoyed the thing amazingly. Having at length our fill of the blackberries, it was agreed that no time should be lost in storing some up for conveyance on board in the

that our *salt-horse* for the morrow's dinner might be graced with a blackberry pie, I was going to write "tart," but have just remembered that with a set of hungry midshipmen the word "pie" would be more appropriate seeing that the tin dish in which it was baked would have served admirably well as a slipper bath for a two-year old baby; but *Allons*: we might have collected each a quart when Carden who was in advance hailed us to join him, as he had made an important discovery: this was no other than a lot of magnificent bushes teeming with fruit of the very blackest, the size of mulberries, and shining like a dollar on a nigger's face, but they were inclosed by a stone wall of some four feet high; of course this was but a trifling obstacle to our activity or wishes. So over the dry wall we vaulted, and again to our task like "winking," but we were not long in discovering that the owner of that enclosure had no idea of *winking* at the trespass we had committed, for scarcely had we plucked a half pint of the finest berries than we were startled by the sound of voices approaching, and suddenly emerging from a serpentine walk appeared on the scene to our startled vision a gentleman, having on either arm an elegantly dressed lady; he was not the less surprised than ourselves, and from the angry look he put on as he neared, it was easy to see that we were considered as intruders. He was not long before he gave us a taste of his quality.

"*Parlez vous francais.*" demanded the gentlemen in a fierce tone.

"Do you speak French Jack," said Russel addressing me. I shook my head pretending ignorance of the language.

"Answer him Carden, there's a goodfellow." said I.

"So I will returned he if the gentlemen understands Cornish.

"Vat dat you say, you young *mauvais sujet*?" broke forth the stranger. "Vat is *de langue* Cornish—is dat good for make *de robbery-de burglar*?" "Vat for you escalade my vall"—is dat *en-règle, en Angleterre*.

"I now explained to him, in English, that we were entirely unconscious of any thing like giving offence, had no idea of its being private grounds, our only object being to get a few blackberries; but we would now retire, and trusted that he would accept our apologies for the intrusion. One of the sweet creatures with him thereupon commenced an interpretation (in Italian) of what I had said, the other lady who appeared be somewhat older joined in the conversation—the purport of which I did not understand; however, it did not seem to mollify the gentleman, so he broke forth in broken English.

"I say vat for you come over de vall?"

"To pick blackberries," said Russel, opening his haversack and displaying the fruit and his stained fingers at the same time.

"To pick black-ba-ries—you come *tout le même chose* de rob-air over de vall. Vell I sall show you *au contraire*. Vat you tink de Gouverneur, Sir Hudson, say ven I make de *communi-cation*."

Well we didn't like the idea of a complaint to the Governor; although innocent in inteuition, midshipmen do not always succeed in making the big wigs understand *that*; besides our antecedents on the road might be somehow or other lugged in as a make weight, and if reported to our captain, why good bye to leave on shore for the next six months, to say nothing of that exhibition alluded to in the well known poem entitled the "Midshipman's Soliloquy."

"Oft times masthead'ing is his fate
On royal cross trees perched, in state
Like eagle on a spire."

So I made an appeal to the ladies, (who evidently understood English better than their male companion); again expressed sorrow for trespassing, and hoped that they would use their influence in our favor to appease the gentleman; to this the elder lady replied that she would essay her best, bestowing as she spoke a gracious smile, whilst the younger one almost laughed outright. Thereupon all three commenced a dialogue in Italian, which on being ended, our irascible friend once more opened fire upon us.

"No, no, I sall make *prisonier* of all de tree *aspirants*, dey sall see not for come like *rob-air* over de vall again. Hey Jean," sung out he at the top of his voice, and which shortly had the effect of bringing the gardener, if one could judge of his office by the rake he held in his hand.

If there was nothing prepossessing in the countenance of the new comer, there certainly did not appear much cause for alarm, he was very far from formidable, being of small stature, and as thin as a West Country whipping post; and I could not help thinking that if we wished to make a bolt of it, it would certainly require a better man than him to re-capture us: some such thought seemed to be running through the mind of Russel, for he sidled up to me and said, "I say Jack let's cut and run."

"No, no, old fellow," I replied, remembering the smiles of the elder lady and the roguish laugh of the younger one—"we'll fight it out manfully. I'm getting more interested than frightened."

All this time Monsieur, or Signor, or Mynheer, or whatever he ought to be styled, was giving some direction to "fat Jack of the boe house" as Russel called him, and when he had finished with the order he once more turned to address us, and with an imperious wave of his

hand said, "*Messieurs*, you will walk *apres le jardinier—si'l vous plait.*"

Thus instructed, we formed "order of sailing" as follows—*Monsieur le jardinier* with his rake shouldered and sloped, followed by Russel with his haversack; in his wake proceeded Carden with the basket, whilst I brought up the rear—the ladies and Monsieur Cholerick constituted a kind of "lee line" by taking another path leading to the house, which latter we now got a glimpse of; and here I could fill a couple of pages descriptive of this "Castle Dangerous" and its beautiful lawns, but would rather refer the reader to some one of the numerous novels abounding in long chapters, explaining that a man of property, lives in a comfortable house surrounded by extensive and well laid out grounds, let it serve our turn then to say that any one such description will suffice to give the reader an idea of the villa now before us.

Our conductor having arrived at a side door and rang the bell, it was answered by a flunkey in plush, who after a communication received from the gardener ushered us into a neatly furnished room, having access by glass doors to a charming conservatory. On leaving the room after placing chairs for us, he of the plush turned the key of the door, and we became prisoners.

"Who the devil is this fellow," said Russel, "that he should thus put a restraint upon our liberties."

"Well he can't hang us for picking blackberries, and its not a disagreeable prison after all," said Carden.

"And he does not look such a raw head and bloody bones," suggested I—"I'm quite sure he wont come the cannibal over us, but its certainly a queer affair."

"How long are we to be kept here I should like to know," said Russel, rather loudly.

"Not von minute more," replied the unknown as he opened the door and stood before us.

"*Messieurs* sall now see de punishment I prepare for coming over my vall like de burg-lair—come."

We followed the mysterious individual, and was conducted into an adjoining room, where sat the ladies we had seen in the grounds: they had made some little alteration in their toilette and now looked like courtesans—a magnificent *dejeuner a la fourchette* was on the table—the fair creatures smiled graciously upon us, and the elder one said, "I hope you will pardon the Baron, my husband, for making prisoners of you young gentlemen, he now invites you to partake of some refreshment, but at the same time I am to impress on your minds his total disapproval

of your getting over the wall, instead of gaining access to his house by the gate, and I trust you will commission me to assure the Baron that you will not repeat the offence, after the gate shall have been pointed out to you."

The reader may be certain that the required assurance on our part was readily given, with many apologies for our present trespass. The Baron then turned to me and said "you will *s'il vous plait* give de names of *votre amis*." I accordingly introduced my two companions in *propria forma*, and then announced myself.

"Var good, *Messieurs*, and dat is my name," said he, at the same time handing me a card on which was written

Baron S—t—r,

"And dat is my sister," said the Baron introducing us to the younger lady. "And now for the luncheon."

I passed the card to my messmates, and we became aware that our host was no other than the representative of the A——n Government; and I must do him the justice to say, that he speedily gave us cause to admit that we had prejudged him very unjustly: pigeon pies, ham, tarts, and jellies, *went down* as if they had been a regiment under a heavy fire of grape.

"Monsieur S——w," said the Baron, "the Baroness will take Champagne vid you," and he signalled to the attendant to fill my glass, whilst himself assisted the lady.

I bowed to the charming Baroness, as she said with her arch smile, "you will never come over the wall again? you promise that."

I laughed and could have replied, that for such a treat as the present, I would scale a fence composed of "patagonian" porcupines; apparently guessing the tenor of my thoughts, the younger lady said,

"Oh! the Baroness wishes your next visit to be made with less inconvenience to yourselves, by your adoption of the proper road through the lodge gate."

Russel who had just been honored by "Champagne" with the last speaker, said something about "this being the happiest day of his life whilst Carden who had hobbled and nobbed with the Baron, took course to say how delighted he would be to see them on board the ship of which he had the honor to belong.

Heaven help us thought I, splendid entertainment for you all in the Midshipmen's berth of the R——, and I ran over in my mind t

bills of fare during the past week, the summing up was as follows—we'll begin with.

Sunday.—A six pound piece of rancid salt pork reduced by boiling to two pounds, (eight persons to dine therefrom) *sans* potatoes, biscuit *ad libitum*, with the glorious addition of its being bespattered by the trail of cockroaches.

Monday.—A concoction called "lobs scowse," manufactured from salt junk cut into dice, and stewed with pieces of the cock-roachy biscuit.

Tuesday.—Salt beef with baked "duff" (alias pudding) the suet in it rotten.

Wednesday.—Some rancid pork curried, boiled rice, mixed with cock roach eggs.

Thursday.—As on Sunday.

Friday.—Same as Monday; and *Saturday's* dinner similar to Tuesday! if we changed the baked "duff" into a boiled one; but I ought not to omit our elegant and varied suppers. Vinegar and biscuit alternated by biscuit and vinegar: sometimes the luxury of an onion accompanied the above. But our gala nights were when fortunate enough to procure a potatoe, in order that we might convert it into cucumber, by slicing thin as a wafer, and pickling it well with vinegar.

Pretty larder truly, Mr. Carden, to feast your friends from, mused I, if they accept had you not better adopt the plan of Mrs. O'Flanigan?

"Plaise m'am," says that lady's little girl as she addressed her opposite neighbour, Mrs. O'Driscoll—"Plaise m'am mother wid be glad of your company to tay."

"Wid all my heart darling," replied the O'Driscoll, "I'll be wid ye, before ye says pays."

"In that case put in O'Flannigan minor, ye'll plaise to bring the tay, sugar, and butter, for sorra a bit have we at all, at all."

The sun had now descended below the highest peak of the Island, and prudence warned us to depart, as although we did not intend to return by the perilous way we had come, bad indeed was the best of our road to Leman Valley; we therefore thanked the Baron and his lady for their hospitality, and tendered our *adieux*. They begged us to revisit them on every opportunity, the lady adding "but beware of coming over the wall."

On going into the little room to resume our basket and haversacks, re-found them filled with peaches,—the Baron accompanied us to the edge gate, shook us heartily by the hand, desired his compliments to our Captain, and after pointing out the nearest path to lead us to the end of the valley, he returned to the house.

As there was nothing occurred worthy of note on our homeward journey, we arrived in due course at the hospital, and found our friend Peter Shorttail enjoying his weed, to whom we related our adventures.

"Why you lucky young scamps," said the worthy, "I have been trying this six months to get an introduction in that quarter and have not yet managed to succeed. By the powers I'll go blackberry picking on Monday.

"Can't you make acquaintance with your brother officer the gardener and get access to the house that way," suggested Jack Newcastle, who was unusually bright that evening.

"Faith" replied Peter, "there's no denying I've been in my time as great a *rake* as he can be, however, I shall cruise about the premises, and if fortunate enough to fall in with its fair inmates, I doubt not but my beauty and accomplishments will have its due effect." So saying, the worthy Peter slued his pigtail over his shoulder, and shook the end of it significantly in our faces.

"Well old fellow" said Russel,—"we can't always be with you,—take care of yourself, good-bye, we hav'nt much time to reach the boat before sunset."

In due time we got safely on board our ship highly gratified with our "Half-holiday," the consequences of which were, that although our misfortunes during the "cruise" cost us a few dollars, we had made acquaintance with the Baron and the charming ladies. But another important consequence of that Half-holiday is, that in recording our proceedings on the occasion in friend *Hunt's Yachting Magazine*, it will (it is hoped) amuse his kind patrons, and at the same time I am afforded another opportunity of introducing myself as

THE VETERAN YACHTSMAN.

CARNARVON ROWING CLUB.

Rowing is so connected with yachting, that we have much pleasure in complying with the request of our Welch friends, by inserting the following extract, which appeared in the Carnarvon paper. We sh—" always find space for all accounts of future proceedings that may forwarded to us.

"It is well known that Carnarvon stands foremost among the seaports of the Principality in its encouragement of aquatic sports. Numbers of our yachting friends as well as the crews of enterprising English rowing clubs, have, with their respective craft, gallantly contended a

the broad breast of the Menai, and triumphantly borne away many a silver cup, and many a golden prize awarded by the Royal Welch Yacht Club, at the annual regatta, which *fête* is carried out with an *éclat* and a spirit of liberality reflecting infinite credit on the promoters,

"But notwithstanding the activity of the Yacht Club, and the attraction of its regattas, it is a fact that hitherto the youth of Carnarvon have not been properly represented in the rowing races. This circumstance can only be attributed to the want of organization, inasmuch as there is no lack of "congenial spirits" accustomed to the water "from their youth upwards." The prizes have been uniformly carried away by boats from other localities; and although at a recent regatta a Carnarvon boat entered, the inferiority of the craft was so great, that there was virtually no competition as far as Carnarvon was concerned. The spur has, however, at length been given, and it is with pleasure we announce the formation of the Carnarvon Rowing Club, which was originated on the anniversary of St. David (the Patron Saint of Wales), 1856, and up to the present time, has progressed under very favorable auspices. A new race boat, purchased from Mr. Wyld, a first class London builder, has just arrived. She is an exquisite model, and doubtless, in the hands of a good crew, her capabilities will be satisfactorily tested at the ensuing regatta.

"The foundation of a new, spacious, and substantial boat-house, measuring forty-nine feet by twelve, inside the walls, was laid last week in a convenient spot on the Cood-Helen shore of the River Secont, at the entrance of Carnarvon Harbour.

"The following officers have been appointed:—President, Inglis Williams, Esq., Llan-fair-yn-nghornwy; Vice-President, J. A. Poole, Esq.; Secretary, R. B. Rowlands, Esq.; Treasurer, W. Forster, Esq., North and South Wales Bank.

"The advantages of such an institution appear to be fully appreciated, as evinced by the muster roll of the club, already comparatively large, and which, at each succeeding meeting, is increased by the election of new members. The general arrangements have been intrusted to a managing committee of seven, who are carrying out in a judicious and effective manner all the requirements of the club. It is gratifying to note that the nobility and gentry of the country have not been slow in seconding their efforts, by contributing handsomely to the funds.

In the list of subscribers we find the names of the Right Hon. Lord Abercromby, W. B. Hughes, Esq., M.P., Col. McDonald, High Sheriff, J. Lloyd Edwards, Esq., Frank Rufford, Esq., T. Finchett Maddock, Esq., the Rear-Commodore of the R.D.Y.C., the Mayor of Carnarvon,

T. Turner, Esq., R. A. Poole, Esq., J. Rowlands, Esq., J. Morgan Esq., H. P. Manley, Esq., Capt. Iremonger, Dr. Wynne Williams, O. Jones, Esq., &c. Once completely established and properly furnished, the club will be self supporting, and it is to be hoped that the Committee will not relax their efforts until this object is gained."

THE LONDON ROWING CLUB.

A NEW club on the Thames is in the course of formation, and although our work is called a "Yachting Magazine," we feel justified in extending our notices to all principal events connected with aquatics. Many of our best yachtsmen have

"Feathered the oar with skill and dexterity,"

and still delight in reading accounts of an amusement which in their younger days strengthened their frames, and enables them to enjoy good health in after life.

A meeting took place at the Craven Hotel, Strand, on the 29th of April, which was numerously attended, and about 100 gentlemen enrolled their names. The club is to be under the management of a committee consisting of Messrs. Addison, Casmajor, Freeman, Nottidge, Playford, Tidbury, H. Playford, Virtue, and Whitehouse; (the last named gentleman being appointed Honorary Secretary.) It was proposed that some noblemen be requested to become the President.

The whole of the proceedings were very satisfactorily carried out, and there can be no doubt the club will be highly supported. Any assistance our humble journal can give to the undertaking the members may command.

ROYAL THAMES YACHT CLUB.—OPENING TRIP.

APRIL 19th we may pronounce the commencement of the club season, and the assembling of yachts at the station, the hurrying to and fro of the amateur blue jackets, mingled here and there with the real sailor, caused a goodly company to meet on the Blackwall pier: this joined with fine weather added much to the hilarity and joyousness felt by a res-
sent. The Vice-commodore R. Green, Esq., was as usual at his post, and in his splendid yacht the Phoenix, welcomed a numerous company of the members, and at two o'clock p.m., gave the signal to the fleet to get underway; the following yachts obeyed the order:—Amazon, D— on,

Whisper, Lotus, Julia, Minnie and several others. The precision and seamanlike manner in which they took their several stations, and followed their worthy commander was the admiration of the "ould salts" who witnessed the departure.

On the arrival of the fleet at Gravesend a salute of 21 guns was fired, and on disembarking the company repaired to Waite's Hotel, where a sumptuous entertainment was prepared, to which about one hundred gentlemen did ample justice. In the absence of the noble commodore, (Lord Alfred Paget, who was in attendance on her Majesty at Aldershot,) the Vice-commodore took the chair, and an old and much esteemed member, J. Morgan, Esq., occupied the vice-chair.

The musical talent engaged to add to the enjoyment of the festive board consisted of Messrs. Ransford, Young, Perrin, and W. E. Ransford, whose delightful harmony gave the greatest satisfaction.

Immediately after the cloth was removed, the Chairman rose to propose the first toast which every loyal company invariably gave, namely that of their "Royal Patroness—Her Majesty the Queen," which from the cheering that followed the announcement expressed the true feeling of those present. After silence had been restored, the excellent chairman said "The next toast which he had to propose was one very similar, and like the first required no comments, and had reference to the illustrious person, and others on whom the happiness of the people depended. He then proposed "Prince Albert, Prince of Wales, and the rest of the Royal Family." (Immense cheering.)

The chairman then said the toast he was now about to drink, was always one they were most anxious to do honour to, on ordinary occasions, and particularly so at a time like this when peace had just been proclaimed. He therefore gave the "Army and Navy," associating with it his noble friend, Lord Clarence Paget, who sat immediately on his right. (Cheers.)

Lord Clarence rose to reply, not observing any other member of the profession toasted present, a subject which he deeply regretted, because of his unworthiness, to respond in becoming terms. He had been congratulated by many friends upon seeing him back to his country again, and he did not hesitate to say that it was a source of congratulation to himself. He could record many great and brilliant achievements performed by individuals connected with both the services, but would not occupy their time, as it would suffice to say, that the men had conducted themselves in a highly creditable manner.

The chairman commanded their attention for another bumper toast "Their Noble Commodore—Lord Alfred Paget," He had written to express his deep regret that business prevented his attendance there that evening, and he could estimate how pleased he would be if he were there to see the present jovial throng around him, contrasting so strongly as it did with the very sparse attendance of two or three previous years. The Commodore would be right glad to be with them, and he was sure they would be right glad to see him there. (Long and continued cheering.)

Mr. Morgan rose to propose the "health of the Vice-commodore." He would not trespass upon their time by describing his high mercantile position nor his qualifications as a gentleman or a friend. They must all be well aware of them, and in solely of his, (Mr. Green's) exertions on behalf of the club, he (Mr. Morgan) felt that his task was slight through their appreciation of the advantages the Vice-commodore had conferred. He had been with them many years, and had always used every exertion that would conduce to the welfare of the club which had risen to great pre-eminence.—Cheers.

The chairman acknowledged the compliment that had been paid him and said that his actions must have proved that he was a well-wisher to the club, and it would afford him much pleasure still further to advance its interests by any exertion in his power.

Mr. Morgan then proposed "The health of their Treasurer, Mr. Hutchsons," which was extremely well received.

Mr. Hutchsons, in acknowledging the compliment, alluded to his having been but very recently elected to the office, and being inexperienced in the duties; his kind friend Mr. Morgan, having consequently given him credit in anticipation of what he might do. Although new to the office, he said he had many years had the honor of being a member of the club, and would endeavour to discharge the duties of his post to the very best of his humble abilities; and he thought the road to success would be to follow in the footsteps of his late respected predecessor, Captain Wheeler, who had so many years merited their confidence and esteem. Their thanks would at all times be an ample reward for any assiduity on his part.

The chairman proposed the "Royal Yacht Squadron and other Royal Yacht Clubs," in a speech paying them considerable compliment.

A number of other toasts and some excellent songs and glees occupied the remainder of the evening, the company not separating until after the clock struck twelve, some returning on board their yachts, others to the more luxurious down at Waite's Hotel.

ROYAL CORK YACHT CLUB.

We have been favoured by the Secretary, C. K. Macan, Esq., with the following account of the regatta which is to take place on July 3rd and two following days in Cork Harbour.

First day.—A prize of £60 will be given for yachts exceeding 50 tons, time race, half rate Ackers's Scale, open to all yachts belonging to a member of a Royal Yacht Club, or of the New York Yacht Club. Entrance £3.

Another prize of £25 for yachts exceeding 10 and not exceeding 50 tons, time race half-a-minute per ton, open on same condition as former race. Entrance £1 5s.

A prize will be given by the Cork and Passage Railway.

Second day.—A prize of £40 for yachts exceeding 20 and not exceeding 50 tons, open on same condition as former races, time race, half rate Ackers's

Scale, and below that, half-a-minute per ton. Entrance £2.

Another prize of £10, for yachts not exceeding 10 tons. Entrance 10s.

A ball will take place under the patronage of the Admiral, Vice-Admiral, and the members of the club.

Third day.—A Corinthian Race, particulars in a future number.

YACHTING INTELLIGENCE.

We are delighted to hear that the *Mosquito* is again with us, and safe in the East India Dock. She came over from Sweden in three days, and we understand is for sale. Barring having rather a weather beaten look from the salt spray of the North Sea, she looks as well as ever. The *Cymba*, the *Amazon*, the (Coves) *Julia*, &c, may now tremble for their expectant laurels.

The *Mars*, late *Albicare*, which went down the river with a party last Saturday is evidently over sparred. When will owners see that a crank vessel requires a light and not over taunt mast, and when very sharp forward a light and short bowsprit.

Mr. Wyld's vessel lately launched and now lying at Erith in the mud is very unsightly. Her bilge pieces must stop her way fearfully, from not being placed parallel to the line of motion of the vessel.

The *Little Mosquito* has returned from Southampton, and looks much better since she has been lengthened. It remains to be seen whether her speed will be much improved. She will have two new opponents this year, the *Silver Cloud*, 8 tons, Commodore Hewitt, having an iron keel of 3½ tons, and a new clipper of 8 tons by Harvey, for Mr. Young of the *Amazon*, a thorough and high-spirited yachtsman. We are informed that her top-sail and that of the *Amazon* will this season be of almost fabulous dimensions.

The celebrated 7-ton *Julia* has changed owners, being now in the possession of P. Turner, Esq. We wish him as much success as her former owner, who has the great merit of building a vessel with more accommodation than any one of her class, and yet possessing greater speed. The Yacht builders have been thrashed by an amateur.

The *Therese*, schooner, 121 tons, was sold at the Cape of Good Hope, by her owner F. O. Marshall, Esq., who intends purchasing another.

The *Eulalia* cutter 20 tons, is sold to M. Du Tillet, of Paris, her late owners (Messrs. Hill of Bristol) have purchased the *Bonita* of Mr. Barnea.

A new yacht named the *Rob Roy* was launched at Spalding for R. Bugg, Esq.

Mr. Moore of Plymouth is building a top-sail schooner of 160 tons for Messrs. Forth of London, and also a cutter of 15 tons for sale. The *Pixie* has been altered to a yawl in this yard for R. Shurlock Esq.

Mr. Mansfield of Teignmouth has for sale the *Lady Bird* schooner, 32 tons, and *Ino* cutter, 15 tons.

Mr. Robinson of Gosport is lengthening the *Hesperus* cutter, which will increase her tonnage to 51. He has also on the stocks a small yacht 8 tons for Mr. Peters; she will be named the "*Palladin*".

Mr. Tuckwell of Greenwich is building a yacht of 8 tons for himself, which he will name the "Invicta". This gentleman is the builder and owner of the Blue-eyed Maid, and we have no doubt he intends to try for the Challenge Prize of the P.W.Y.C. We heartily wish him success.

Mr. Inman of Lymington, is in full work, having on the stocks a sloop of 80 tons for J. Weld, Esq.; a schooner of 50 tons for G. Wood, Esq., and a cutter of 25 tons for E. Ellice, Esq. He has for sale the Flying Cloud schooner of 74 tons; Vesper schooner, 74 tons; Edith yawl, 70 tons; Freak 60 tons; Swordfish sloop 31 tons, and a new cutter yacht of 60 tons.

TRIAL AT WESTMINSTER.

Before Baron Bramwell.—Roberts v Hunt.

The Counsel for the plaintiff commenced his opening by stating that two under-graduates of Cambridge had undertaken to row across England—that is to say from Cambridge to Chester, a distance of 270 miles in what is in sporting parlance styled "funnies". The plaintiff afterwards considered it would be amusing to his Fellow Collegians to read their exploits, therefore offered them to a work which had acquired some celebrity amongst aquatic gentlemen, viz. *Hunt's Yachting Magazine* and the defendant had been offered the Article in question, who in answer stated that the circulation of the work being limited, he the defendant could not give but trifling remuneration. That it subsequently appeared in several numbers of that periodical, and that the plaintiff had applied for remuneration but could not get any answer. He had also supplied a sketch of Blisworth Tunnel.

The plaintiff was put into the witness box, who stated that he had supplied an Article to the defendant styled "Rowing across England, that he had received a letter from defendant, but that he could not produce such letter; he perfectly recollected it contained an acceptance of the Article, and the defendant stated he could not afford to give much. He also supplied a sketch which was to appear if approved. In cross-examination by Counsel for defendant, he admitted that he had never seen the defendant, and that he never had received any specific promise of remuneration. The defendant might have considered the contribution gratuitous.

A Fellow Collegian was the next witness, "he was not one of the party who rowed, in fact he was not a rowing man. All he knew of the affair was that his friend the plaintiff received a letter from defendant, for it was signed with his name—and he believed, of course it began with the word Sir."

One more witness was called,—the late Proprietor of a rival publication, since defunct, made his appearance. In his evidence he stated in answer to the learned Judge that he thought a fair remuneration would be 10 shillings per page, the usual price was from 10 shillings to a pound. He spoke from what he had paid and there was about the same in a page of *Hunt's* as in his own. His work was dropped long ago at a heavy loss.

The Learned Judge said the "price mentioned by witness was much more than some of his learned friends received for their writings; perhaps in Blackwoods' such sums might occasionally be paid"—and in answer to the Judge the witness admitted he did not know from experience. The Counsel for the plaintiff then asked him (the witness) to put a value on the sketch (not produced) who after some hesitation said that it might be worth a pound or two, could not say exactly as he had never seen it.

The Counsel for the defendant stated that he should not call any witness as he considered no case had been made out. In fact he refrained from cross examining the witnesses except by a few trifling questions, content no promise had been made of remuneration.

The Counsel for Plaintiff did not wish to cast any reflection on Mr. F.

he might have supposed the articles were gratuitous; but such was not the intention of the plaintiff; he therefore trusted the jury would give his client a verdict.

The Learned Judge in delivering his charge to the jury, said, he thought they could not do otherwise than give a verdict for the plaintiff, but the amount of course rested with them. The plaintiff first sought £5, afterwards £10, and finally sued for £25.

The Jury deliberated for some time, when the Learned Judge asked if he could assist them. "There was £2. 10s between them" he suggested they should split the difference, but the jury refused,—they ultimately gave a verdict for £7. 10s. On the plaintiff's Counsel requesting the Judge to certify, he said, "*Certainly not, it was a case that ought not to have been brought into a Superior Court.*"

Now the facts of the case are simply these, in the commencement of 1855, we received a letter from a person unknown to us, stating that himself and friend had rowed from Cambridge to Chester in two funnies, that a notice of the performance had appeared in the newspapers at the time, but was desirous it should appear in the Yachting Magazine, would we insert a journal of the proceedings which would occupy only a few pages, and whether we could allow any remuneration. We replied that we would accept the journal, but as regards remuneration for articles unconnected with yachting, we could not afford much, if any, as our circulation was limited.

In answer the unknown wrote thanking us for our reply to his first letter, stating that he would introduce the work to his friends, and to a certain Institution at Cambridge. The journal arrived, was inserted, in the April number, and finding it was not completed, we requested the remainder to be sent, intending to conclude it in May, but did not press the gentlemen to be concise, he therefore extended the article to four numbers, making about twenty-six pages, having only arrived about half way. At this portion of the journal there is an account of their being out of funds, and we suppose the recollection of this circumstance prompted him to write to us for remuneration. He was answered by a member of our family, we being out of town, that if he would send the conclusion of the journal we should communicate with him on our return. Instead of doing this he demanded £5, for what he had written, and as that was not acceded to he then demanded £10. Such unjust claims were unnoticed; but so much in his estimation had the work benefitted the Magazine, (which we are bound to deny,) that he commenced proceedings against us for *Twenty-five pounds*, and the consequence was he has incurred a heavy bill of costs, and also entailing on us an expense we can ill afford to bear.

For his losses he cannot blame us, he was unknown to us, and although we requested his solicitor in vain to point the gentleman out during the time we were waiting for the trial to come on, we never knew him until he appeared in the witness box; and we deeply regret he should have been so unadvised as to proceed to law in a trifling matter like this, which had we personally known each other might have been amicably settled.

We could justly handle one of the witnesses for giving an opinion on an article which he acknowledged he had never read,—but let that pass, we will forgive and forget—and trust our readers will excuse our thus occupying a space of more valuable matter. We should have let the affair pass, but serving in a newspaper account of the trial that the plaintiff was made to whom he had applied personally several times; when he had most distinctly sworn he had never seen us, we consider we are justified in setting ourselves right with our patrons.

We cannot conclude this without expressing our thanks to C. F. Chubb, Esq., for without his assistance we must have allowed judgment to go by default.

REGATTAS AND MATCHES TO COME.

- May 14.—Royal Thames Yacht Club Sailing Match, for cutters only.
 21.—Ranalah Yacht Club Sailing Match. Entries close May 14th.
 June 12.—Prince of Wales Yacht Club Match. Entries close June 7th, 10h. P.M.
 13.—Royal London Yacht Club Sailing Match (first and second class)
 from Erith round the Nore Light. Entries close June 9th.
 14.—Royal Thames Yacht Club Schooner Match. Entries close June 5th
 28.—Royal Thames Sailing Match. Entries close June 19th, 10h. P.M.

HIGH WATER TIDE TABLE FOR MAY.

D M	High Water		The time of high water at the following places may be ascer- tained, by adding to, or subtracting from, the time at London Bridge.						
	Lon.	Bridge morn after.							
	h.	m.	h.	m.	h.	m.	h.	m.	
1	11	22	11	50	Aberystwith.....	add 5	23	Aberdeen.....	sub 0 56
2	—	—	0	20	Alderney.....	4	38	Aldborough.....	3 23
3	0	42	1	5	Bantry Bay.....	1	39	Belfast.....	4 2
4	1	27	1	50	Bridlington.....	2	23	Brighton.....	2 29
5	2	10	2	35	Carmarthan.....	4	3	Carnarvon.....	4 47
6	2	55	3	15	Cork Harbour.....	2	23	Cowes.....	3 22
7	3	35	3	55	Dartmouth.....	3	58	Dublin Bar.....	2 55
8	4	20	4	40	Dudgeon Light....	5	23	Dungeness.....	3 17
9	5	0	5	25	Eddystone.....	3	8	Folkestone.....	3 37
10	5	45	6	10	Exmouth Bar.....	4	18	Foreland, North...	2 22
11	6	40	7	7	Falmouth.....	3	8	Foreland, South ..	2 47
12	7	40	8	15	Flamboro' Head...	2	23	Gravesend.....	0 37
13	8	55	9	35	Guernsey Pier.....	4	23	Greenwich.....	0 20
14	10	10	10	45	Hartlepool.....	1	38	Harwich.....	2 37
15	11	15	11	40	Humber Mouth...	3	23	Howth Harbour ..	2 59
16	—	—	0	5	Kinsale Harbour..	2	23	Ipswich.....	2 7
17	0	25	0	45	Lands End.....	2	23	Kentish Knock ...	2 37
18	1	0	1	20	Leith Pier.....	0	15	Lowestoft.....	3 37
19	1	40	1	55	Lynn Regis.....	4	38	Margate.....	2 2
20	2	10	2	30	Plymouth.....	3	26	Nore Light.....	0 58
21	2	45	3	0	Swansea.....	3	48	Portsmouth.....	2 27
22	3	20	3	40	Torbay.....	3	58	Sheerness.....	1 28
23	3	55	4	15	Waterford.....	3	43	Southampton	2 27
24	4	35	5	0	Weymouth.....	4	23	Spithead.....	4 37
25	5	20	5	45	Whitby.....	1	38	Yarmouth Roads .	5 27
26	6	10	6	40	Amsterdam.....	0	53	Calais	2 19
27	7	10	7	45	Antwerp	2	18	Dieppe	3 2
28	8	20	8	5	Bordeaux.....	4	45	Havre de Grace...	4 15
29	9	40	10	10	Cherbourg.....	5	23	Ostende.....	1 12
30	10	42	11	10	Hamburgh.....	3	53	Honfleur.....	4 37
31	11	40	—	—	Brest.....	1	39	New York.....	5 7

A YOUNG YACHTSMAN.—We should be happy to give the design of the Margaret, provided Mr. Tovell would furnish us with drawings for that purpose; but as Mr. T. has patented his valuable invention it is scarcely probable that he will do so; particularly as he is himself a ship builder. If "a young yachtsman" is desirous of having a small yacht built upon the same plan as the Margaret, his best and safest course will be to employ Mr. T. to build him one; and from our acquaintance with that gentleman we are fully confident he would give every satisfaction, and construct a useful vessel; combining the important qualifications of "comfort and great speed." We would however caution "a young yachtsman" against attempting to copy the Margaret; for by so doing he may infringe on the Patent. The owner of a small yacht, the "Violet" which so successfully distinguished herself in the Thames last year, has slightly infringed Mr. T's design, and the case is placed in the hands of Mr. Tovell's solicitor; we are induced to hope the matter will be amicably arranged.—Ed.

HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

JUNE 1856.

ON RACING CREWS.

THE yacht season of 1856 may now be considered as fairly commenced, not only are many vessels underway, but the Royal Thames Yacht Club have sounded the note of preparation for the clippers, by giving the first race of the season on the 14th of last month. Whether the forthcoming summer is likely to be productive of much sport to the racers it is impossible to predict, but one effect is certain, viz. that there will be the usual proportion of disappointed yacht owners who have had clipper yachts built and equipped with lavish cost; the hull constructed with the greatest care by the most celebrated builder, and the sails cut by the most experienced sail maker, fitted with lead ballast and (shame to tell) unfitted with cabin work; unless the year 1856 be exceptional, there will be instances of such vessels taking their stations, starting, losing, and disgusting their owners; who naturally enough are annoyed with the builder, think the sails stand badly, and that altogether they have been led to spend necessary sums of money on a useless toy.

This is not an overdrawn picture, for there are annual proofs of the truth of the fact, that in sailing matches many prizes are lost by the fastest yachts, simply because those in command either do not know how to get ahead, or if they by chance get ahead, do not

know how to keep there. We may cite as examples nearly all the successful racing yachts,—How different was the result of the *America* sailed by her original crew to her performances afterwards. The *Heroine* when she first came out won about twelve or fourteen prizes in succession, but passing into other hands had to succumb to yachts she had previously beaten. The *Mosquito* was a mark of derision in 1850 and '51, yet with more able management she completely turned the tables on the scoffers. Again, the *Thought* was made to play second fiddle to the *Phantom*, till a new captain proved to the latter yacht that they were at least equal in speed; and, descending still lower in size the good sailing of the *Little Mosquito* in 1854 stands in bold contrast to her performances in 1855.

With these and other instances before us surely no more argument is required to show how much in yacht racing depends upon the management of the vessel. When so many yachts lose matches which they afterwards prove their ability to have won, surely the blame must rest on those who sailed the vessel, not on the vessel; and therefore the attention of a clipper yacht owner should be directed quite as much to the selection of a racing crew, as to the equipment and construction of his yacht, of course in this selection the captain will demand his first consideration.

A racing captain need not be a good seaman, or a navigator, or a fine gentlemen with bullion of brass buttons; he must be nothing more nor less than a racing captain, one who understands how to make the sails stand, who can make the crew work, can steer well, is cool and courageous, not given to drink; one who neither spares himself or his men in the great work of preparation for the race, who is a good judge of the weather, is not easily talked out of his own opinion, is a man of decision and energy. And where is such a man to be found? this is indeed a difficult question, there are few, very few men fit to be trusted in command of a racing yacht.

Dear reader, we know well enough that you are about to interrupt by saying that your captain is an excellent fellow, you will back him to set sails and steer against any man in the kingdom. How is it then that he is so successful in securing the second place for your yacht, surely the man in charge of the winner must set sails and steer a *little* better than your skipper. It is of no use your saying that luck has anything to do with it, luck may be an excuse for a failure but it won't do for half a dozen. Depend upon it you have

not got the right man in the right place, and if your captain pleads luck, and talks about "if," he will lead you into altering your yacht, or having new sails, or fifty items of expenditure only to fall back upon his luck again. If he finds he can persuade you into believing that any excuse exists for his constantly losing races, you may go on for ever with your sails *hung up* and your vessel as foul as he pleases. Your best plan is to get some friend who has got a non-racer to take him off your hands and find another skipper. Then arises the question, who is to succeed to the command, a question of which no ready solution is at hand. Some might suggest a fisherman, but although fishermen are from the nature of their employment generally good racing sailors, it does not follow that one is always well adapted for commanding a racing yacht. They are often lazy and careless, and apt to sail on the happy-go-lucky principle; they understand well enough how to make the most of the "charming Polly," but would be rather adrift at first in your fine sailing machine, and you would find your new captain rather at a loss and overmatched when opposed to the polish and artistic finish of a Nicholls or Pickett. But when your fisherman loses, you have the grand consolation that you are only where your late skipper would have placed you, and if the man is worth retaining in his berth, he will show it by his increased energy and determination to rectify his errors, rather than in accusing sails of not standing which he did not set, or in complaining about the vessel being foul, when he never looked after her being scrubbed. When you find him busy about his work instead of troubling your pocket, don't despair, that man will do; if however, after the first defeat he takes no measures for insuring future success, get rid of him and try again; and when you have got a captain who never says "that'll do" rest satisfied. When a skipper is of the "that'll do" order, the crew will gladly follow suit, and the result is that your main-sail is half set, the jib flying away to leeward, and the top-sail like a pudding bag. Remember, that in a sailing match nothing ever did too well, and when you hear your captain cry out "at'll do" it is a sure indication of his mind,—the second place will do for him! but when he sings out for that last inch on the hal-boards, and ends with a "belay O!" as though he only wished there was more of the sail to go up, he knows what he is about; and that man will give the crew such a drilling all day as they don't often get to wish for: if he does not secure the prize it is not his fault, and

then is the time to try alterations in the vessel or her sails, because you have a man who can and will make the most of such alterations. But there are many positions during a race when the ability of the commander can be rated. If he quietly sits down and lets another yacht gain on him or pass him without making every endeavour to keep his place, that man is of no use: if he talks of the vessel being out of trim, he is either a fool or thinks you are one.

We hear a good deal of yachts having lost their trim, now, we put it to any one with ordinary common sense, whether when a quantity of stores are taken out of a yacht, and a dozen men are spread about her deck, is it likely that her best trim can be found immediately? of course not! but when the work is done and the men are ranged under the weather bulwark the trim is soon found: and for this purpose some contending yacht is the best possible trial horse. A yacht may be out of trim when she is cruising, but if your captain cannot find her proper trim at a very early part of the race, he is utterly incompetent to take command of her on such an occasion.

Having settled about a captain we come to the pilot: in the selection of a pilot always endeavour to secure some man accustomed to fore-and-aft craft of about the same size as your yacht, take him out for a preliminary cruise and reach about in shoal water, question him as to the marks and soundings, and sets of the tide, you will soon find out whether he is competent to guide your vessel; When you have a pilot who is very confident and despises a lead-line, beware of that man, he will not reach far enough or else he will run you ashore.—Regular licensed pilots are to be avoided because they are accustomed to navigate large vessels in the deepest water, whereas in yacht races much depends upon your sneaking about in the shoalest parts to avoid the tide: hence fishermen are generally the best pilots in sailing matches.

In yachts of more than 30 tons it is very desirable to have a mate or first hand, because the captain has plenty to do without looking after all the minutiae of the working. The mate should see that the orders of the captain are carried out, his eyes must be everywhere; he must see that every rope has the proper number of turns round the cleat, he should hook the jib halliards, know where everything aboard is to be found, have one or two sharp knives at hand, and belay the jib sheet; but not interfere with the captain, though he may make suggestions: in fact, a good mate is a most important man.

sailing match: when an order is given he should direct its execution and not allow half a dozen hands to jump about when one is sufficient.

We now come to the crew, they should be adapted to the vessel, fishermen are generally excellent fore-and-aft-sailors, though sometimes they are apt to be lazy; but if you have a good captain he will prevent their getting idle.

A good crew may not be a good racing crew, which should consist of young strong men, one of them should be a light weight, and he only, except on emergencies, should be trusted to go aloft: the mast-headman is an important personage in a racing yacht, nothing is more common than for six or eight men to rush to the weather rigging and struggle for the honor of mounting when the captain orders some trifling thing to be done aloft, and very probably not one of them knows exactly what is required: he gets up and then finds he has no marlinspike, or has left his knife on deck, if he ever had one. Besides which the berth of masthead-man is one of considerable danger. Some men appear to have a natural aptitude that way, they know exactly what to do and how to do it, they are always secure, and feeling confident that no man is able to do more, they are not ashamed or afraid to say when they are over-tasked: hence, there is little chance of such a man being lost overboard by undertaking more than he is capable of: a good masthead-man has always two hands to work with, but a bungler is constantly holding on with one and afraid to move the other. The remainder of the crew should be chosen principally with an eye to their muscular power: a quarrelsome or perverse man had better be promoted to serve in a rival yacht where his propensities may tell in your favor. Judge of the men not by their seeming activity and impetuosity, but by what they actually do, one man may be very fierce and energetic at the start, but is slothful towards the finish; perhaps after all, he did little more than jump about at first, whilst the quiet unobtrusive man was doing the work; "above all things, no zeal" is a golden maxim for the crew.

We have thus given a general sketch of the sort of crew we should endeavour to select and organize; much might be said about the management during a race, and much more might be said about the part the owner should take if he interferes at all; but as every man knows best what is best to be done in his own particular case, perhaps we have already said too much on the subject, and exposed ourselves to the accusation of writing about what we know but little.

THE BALLAST TRIMMERS.

THIS engrosses with the "Measurement" question, the attention of those who are concerned in racing matters, and the pages of the *Yachting Magazine* cannot be devoted to a better purpose than bringing it forward for discussion. In the February number we observed an article by "Mercator," who attacks the system of Shifting Ballast with all the ardour of a young aspirant to fame; but vehement declamation, and harsh names will not carry conviction, or eradicate the evil. Although giving him credit for his intentions we prefer the remarks of "M.P." in the April number, who writes with candour. He is evidently a yachting man, and explains very fairly the utility of shifting in some craft, but as a general rule he says "I beg to state that I by no means advocate trimming ballast." If it is necessary to the "beamy craft", as many suppose, why it must be allowed to all whether "lean-ribbed" or not.

We condemn the system of sealing down to prevent the practice, but we do not endeavour to provide a remedy—by a dispassionate view of the subject we may arrive at conclusions which will be advocated by those interested. In the first place we ask, is it fair to suppose that no shifting of any description of ballast takes place in a match where it is prohibited. "Oh! that's impossible, the ballast is sealed down!" granted; but we would ask any racing man whether it is *not* practicable to shift ballast even when it is *sealed down*. This supposition many may think absurd; but the initiated well know that it *can be done*. We do not mean to assert that it is a common practice, but let any man who understands the stability of a yacht watch her closely, and then turn over in his own mind whether she can stand under the pressure of canvas that is on her when in certain positions; whether he can reconcile his mind to the fact that, she is complying strictly to the rule laid down "no shifting of ballast allowed". How such a man will smile at the innocence of the Sailing Committee who promulgated such a law. He well knows from experience what is going forward; he knows there are a "thousand and one" ways of evading that law without fear of detection.

Taking it for granted that Shifting Ballast is a bad practice and ought under every circumstance to be scouted.—How is it to be prevented is the next question?—not by sealing down certainly; for we hold that to unjust to the fair sailer. Many men enter their vessels to win by legitimate means, and sealing down is to them unjust; for instance suppose a yacht of this description comes in first—and is hailed the winner the prize,—the authorities proceed on board, and find the seals destroy or at least broken;—can they honestly accuse the crew of *wilfully dam-*

ing those seals? may not an accident have caused it? Is it not possible that during a race of five or six hours, some trifle has not caused the mishap? Yet what is the result, the owner is mulcted of his prize, besides being branded with a direct fraud.

Now in our estimation the most consistent mode is to place on board each yacht a person thoroughly acquainted with the usages of yacht racing, who shall report to the Sailing Committee at the finish of the match, that, to his knowledge no shifting of ballast did take place, and then the prize will be awarded to the successful yacht without any doubt remaining. We know a gentleman who was engaged by the owner of a yacht to sail her in a match. On his repairing on board he was astonished to find the crew prepared to violate the law, he refused to stay unless they would forego their intention; the crew demurred, they were ambitious to win, and it was only settled by his declaring that if they attempted to assist the vessel by any act *below*,—and she should win, he would denounce them, and they would only have a cruise for their pains. This determination was unanswerable, the crew promised obedience to his commands, and the result was the yacht won the prize by fair tactics only.

We merely mention this to show that, however, honourable an owner may be, it is just possible (not being on board himself) for his fair fame to be sullied by an over anxious crew. For no one would believe his crew would so act without orders.

We believe in a match last summer such a system as we propose was acted on, and a great outcry was raised about it, but why we cannot imagine; for is it not better to have a person on board to witness the proceedings than to win by a doubt.

Yacht racing was established for the purpose of trying the speed, without having recourse to covert acts which tend to destroy the craft, and soon render her unfit for service. The present class of clippers are built for speed alone, and during their successful tourney their owners are satisfied; but when, from the straining they have undergone, they become crank and unseaworthy, recourse is had to the builder; they are patched up again, but for a short period only. Now comes the tale; who will buy them? what are they fit for? Not for trading nor for any full purpose as seaworthy craft. They must therefore be broken up, and thus ends after a brief career these vaunted clippers, at an immense sacrifice to their owners.

In a great measure Shifting of Ballast tends greatly to the deterioration of the vessel, and all owners who would save their pockets will countenance the system, and adopt one which will work well, if fairly tried out.

MY CRADLE BOAT.

BY TOMMY BLUFFBOW.

CHAPTER VI.

THE Kitty being launched, rigged, and fitted for sea I had taken no ordinary pains in selecting two of the best men I could get to man her. I considered it a highly important step that she should be manned by good, active, daring fellows: and I took particular pains to enquire into the character of each, that the new yacht might not share the fate of the old one. My captain's name was Dick Evers; a man about 30 years of age, who had been accustomed to match sailing on the Thames and elsewhere, and who was also well acquainted with the coast: he was a short thick set man, with a bold and manly countenance. I had often seen Dick at the helm of the leading yacht in a sailing match, and had frequently noticed the skilful and masterly manner in which he sailed and manœuvred amongst his opponents. I had also seen him set a gaff-top-sail quicker than any man in the match; and perform other acts of seamanship worthy the notice of the most disinterested spectator. Such was the man I engaged as captain of the Kitty: many of my friends told me an ordinary seaman would have suited me just as well; because, during a match I always took the helm myself. And probably there was good reason for such an assertion, but still with such an one at my elbow, I was far more confident in extremes and difficulties than with two or three less experienced. It is a great consolation to have a man competent to take the helm under the most trying circumstances of match sailing; even though the yachtsman may be ever so experienced himself; and I can truly say I never regretted taking Dick Evers into my service; but, on the contrary, I always found him a great reference and authority under difficulties; and I felt my confidence and courage *iron bound* whilst he was with me on deck. My other new hand was John Lester, a seaman from the Marquis of Anglesey's yacht Pearl. Lester was a fine, handsome looking young sailor, twenty-two years of age. I had an excellent character with him, and he appeared the identical man for match sailing.

Having completed my crew and made the necessary arrangements for a few days' excursion, I hoisted Kitty's burgee at the mast-head; and under a sunny sky and gentle breeze, set out on our first cruise. I had Hart was lying-to for us a few miles down the river.

It was quite understood between us that we were to keep together as

well as we could during the cruise, regardless of racing or sailing one against the other: neither yacht was supposed to be in trim, and we therefore determined on changing our ballast fore and aft, until the proper bearings were correctly ascertained. After eight hours sailing we brought up in the harbour of a small town at the mouth of the river; intending next day to try our vessels outside, just to discover what sort of seagoing qualities they possessed; so leaving the yachts in charge of our men, we repaired to the best inn we could find; where we made ourselves as comfortable as we could, and sat talking over our adventures and future intentions until a late hour. After breakfast next morning we "joined ship," and set sail, the wind still light, but the sky somewhat cloudy.

"We shall have a breeze before the day is gone, Sir," said Captain Evers.

"Glad to hear you say so," I replied. Half an hour's sailing carried us clear of the harbour; and the Fanny and Kitty for the first time soured their hulls in the salt sea waves. We were each carrying a whole main-sail, fore-sail and second jib, when Captain Evers drew my attention to some white scud two or three miles to windward.

"Down with a pair of reefs lads!" I instantly shouted, "Shift jib, and be as smart as you can!"

I turned my eye in the direction of my friend, and found he had observed the approaching squall, and was preparing for it. We had both taken the precaution of housing our topmasts before leaving the harbour; and with fore-sails run down, and good way on our tiny vessels, kissed the squall as it bore heavily upon us.

One luff, and a shake of our canvas, and we pressed boldly on our little clippers. The wind had now settled down into a strong unsteady breeze, causing a tumbling sea, and sousing our decks with buckets of spray. For three hours we fought a battle with wind and waves, at sea: and having all the time been beating to windward, I signalled to my friend Hart that it was time to bear up and run for the harbour.

It would be unfair at this stage of my tale, to express an opinion as to the sailing qualities of either yacht; neither of which were as yet supposed to be in proper trim; besides which, new rigging and ropes had become so slack and stretched, that it was impossible for the yachts to do as much as might be expected from them when in better trim: I will therefore now only add that there appeared but very very little difference in their speed, either in a sea-way or smooth water.

That afternoon we cast anchor in a large harbour, beneath the shadow of a castle wall; and as on the day previously, my friend joined me

ashore, and we spent the rest of the day together : although I had not quite so much of my friend's conversation as formerly, because it was at this town that the real, *living*, Fanny resided ; and where and when Hart had the pleasure as he said " of introducing me to the young lady I had so frequently heard him speak of."

Miss Fanny Evans was a pretty, and highly interesting looking girl: very cheerful and apparently cordial-hearted, and accomplished. She was the only daughter of a wealthy retired Ship-owner, who was resting his gouty leg on a stool near the fire : he looked fierce and revengeful whenever any one approached near his foot ; but chatted good-naturedly to all who kept at a respectful distance from him.

" And do you not think you have been too venturesome to-day with your new yacht, Mr. Bluffbow?" enquired the young lady.

" We have certainly gone as far as prudence permitted," I replied, " but I do not think we have at any moment endangered our lives, or risked the safety of the yachts."

" I am afraid you are both of you too courageous in venturing so far with such small vessels. I saw none so small as the Kitty and Fanny at sea to-day."

" And pray when are we to be honoured with your presence aboard the yachts, Miss Evans?" I enquired.

" Oh, I will sail with you one day ere long," she replied ; " but pray who is the young lady you have named your yacht after, Mr. Bluffbow?"

" Well really, Miss Evans, it is a mere whim of mine," I replied with some little confusion. " The fact is my friend Hart told me he should name his yacht after some pretty girl——"

" I beg you will lavish no nonsense or flattery upon me, Sir," said the lady with a sterner look than I had yet seen on her face.

" I intended no flattery, Miss Evans," I replied, " I was merely repeating what Mr. Hart said."

" Oh, yes, it's quite correct," said Hart, " that's the reason why I named my boat the Fanny, and my friend Bluffbow was moved by similar inspirations."

I was very glad Hart came to my rescue at that moment of difficulty, and for the first time I began to wish I had not named my boat after the pretty little Kitty.

Two days more were spent in a similar manner to the previous ones, we cruised about during the day ; sometimes at sea, and sometimes in the river : but every evening I accompanied my friend from the model-Fanny to the living-Fanny.

We had determined on *not* sailing a private match, but waiting for

a public one ; when we could enter in company with others and sail before the eyes of the yachting world in the far-famed matches of the Thames.

Early in the month of May, a distinguished sailing match was fixed to come off at Erith, for a Cup, valued Twenty guineas ; and to that important locality my friend Hart accompanied me a few days before the regatta. We were very cordially received by the Committee and Managers of the Yacht Club, and a numerous circle of gentlemanly yachtsmen. Hart had never before been on the Thames ; and he had some misgivings as to his skill in sailing a match amongst so many crack yachtsmen ; but he was considerably consoled by my assurance that he was as good a sailor, and as experienced a yachtsman as any he would encounter there. The great thing was to secure a good honest pilot for each yacht. I thought it advisable to get underway two or three times before the regatta day, that Hart might become accustomed to Thames sailing, and gain confidence in his yacht. Several London boats cruised with us, some of which we knew to be entered for the race ; and—"If two and two make four," said Captain Evers, "they did their best ; and if so, *both* the country yachts can beat them."

A good deal of discussion was heard ashore as to the two new country clippers, which some remarked "looked uncommon likely ones." Others said "A country crew can never do anything with a Thames crew."

"Hold your stuff," said an old sailor turning his quid, "They are all picked men aboard those little yachts ; and the captain of the Kitty is no other than Jack Evers, a man bred and born in a Thames cutter yacht."

"If Jack Evers be aboard that little craft, I'll bet six to one on her ;" said a bystander."

"I'll take ye," said the skipper of one of the Thames yachts.

"Then book the bet," said the sailor.

"Jack Evers is not going to sail my yacht," said I, having overheard the conversation and the bet. "I shall be at the helm myself, but Captain Evers will be close at my elbow."

"I wish you had told me that before, sir," said the skipper who had so eagerly snapped at the bet.

"Then you have no faith in my seamanship ?" I enquired.

"Well, sir, you may be as good a sailor as ever grasped a tiller : and as far as appearances go I should guess you are ; still I don't know you : but I do Captain Evers. I like the appearance of your little yacht. In fact both the country yachts in my opinion will be close upon the town boats."

"Will you back the four Thames yachts that are to sail to-morrow against the two country ones," said the old sailor, who had made the previous bet.

"I will," said the skipper.

"Then I'll take you in tens or fives whichever you like," said the sailor.

"Oh, singles will be heavy enough for my purse," said the skipper.

"Very well then, I'll book the bet in singles," was the reply.

Such is a sample of the betting conversation overheard on the evening before the match: and I was afterwards informed there were several heavy bets made in the Club room at the same time, by the leading members of the yacht club.

I shall never forget the excitement on the morning of the match. Every one was in good spirits and full of enthusiasm. The day was all that could be desired: a strong steady easterly wind and a sunny sky.

"Well, Hart, how are you this morning, old fellow? Is the Cup to be yours or mine?" I enquired.

"Well, old boy, I begin to think it belongs to one of us. I have not so high an opinion of these London cracks as I had at first sight. I am determined to make an effort, and must confess I consider you by far my most formidable rival."

"As to that Hart," I replied, "we are so evenly balanced that I can only look on you as a terrible rival, and shall be much surprised if I come in first: but I shall be more surprised if one of these Londoners is first."

Shaking my companion by the hand I left him, and repaired aboard my own craft. When just as I passed by the Committee vessel a voice shouted to me "Do your best, Mr. Bluff bow, I've a heavy stake pending on you."

What an anxious moment was that when every man aboard the six little clippers stood, ropes in hand, eagerly watching for the smoke from the muzzle of the gun which was to signal them to start.

What a noise and bustle followed: what cheering, halloing, and excitement, as the little craft threaded their way amidst hair-breadth escapes of bowsprits, booms, and bobstays. Luckily no accident, or fouling took place: all got away clear, and No. 1, London yacht took the lead, Fanny second, Kitty third: and thus they continued for the first five minutes on a reaching wind; but directly we hauled our wind Miss Fanny placed herself first; and in three tacks Miss Kitty did exactly as I wished her, and placed herself second. "Good-bye, Londoners," said I to myself, "you will not overtake us again during the race unless we meet with some accident."

I now put on my best and redoubled exertions to pass my terrible rival: that those exertions were somewhat successful may be readily supposed from the fact of my having so far gained upon the Fanny as to go tack and tack with her, and every time we put about, the most cunning manoeuvre I could contrive was detected by my country friend, and by no art or stratagem could I pass him. But our manœuvring, (as is too often the case) was productive of bad effects: for whilst hauling each other's efforts we lost ground, the Londoners were coming up with us hand ever hand. Hart turned his head and saw the evil of the trick: he then bore slightly away for an instant, and we luffed across his weather beam and took the lead. This was extremely judicious on the part of my friend, for he well knew that in a few more tacks we should again find a reaching wind, when the extra length of his yacht would tell in his favor, and he might again expect to regain his position.

"Dare we set a top-sail Captain,"? I enquired of Captain Evers, as we were rapidly approaching the side-wind reach.

"Certainly, Sir, it shall be up in an instant when we round the point: for although we shall not require it more than five minutes, it will keep us well up to the mark."

"Like lightning Captain Evers run up the top-sail at the critical moment of rounding the point. I slightly eased off the main and jib-sheets: and before Hart had time to think about his top-sail, we were through the Reach, and still maintained a leading position.

Hart had thought proper to go through it without setting a top-sail, decidedly a wrong notion; and by which we gained sufficient to peril his chance of winning during the remainder of the race. Tack after tack was now discussed, and every inch contested with determined effort: still the Kitty was the leading yacht on rounding the flag-boat. And now came a desperate struggle, we must set our largest top-sail, at the risk of carrying away the top-mast or Hart will pass us. It made me shudder as she felt the first pressure of the wind, the top-mast quivering and bending to its threatening power.

"Down with it! down top-sail this instant!" I exclaimed, for I saw too clearly the perilous position of my top-mast. This was almost a fatal error: and before a smaller top-sail could be set, Hart was under our lee quarter with a wet sheet and a flowing sail, and an exceedingly cautious looking top-sail. Hart's boat was evidently the faster of the two with the wind abeam, although for several miles we ran side by side. It was now clearly a mere toss as to which would win. The whole excitement and attraction of the match lay between the two new country boats, the town boats being considerably astern.

Dame Fortune appeared disposed to smile promisingly upon me, as a favoured breeze gave me a beautiful lift, and I shot a full length ahead of my rival, another short bit of sailing close-hauled gave me a further drag: and I was two full lengths ahead when the station boat heve in sight. I then felt the cup almost within my grasp. The sheets were eased off again for the last time; when one of those well-known currents of wind, so prevalent in the Thames, greeted my friend's little yacht, and he came running up rapidly on my weather quarter, whilst I felt not that favoured current, but was ploughing steadily along. Had that fanciful breeze continued half a minute longer in my friend's sails, he must and would have passed me, but it only brought him to my side, and left him with the same steady wind that filled my sails; and Miss Kitty contrived to pass her bowsprit in front of the Umpire's vessel, just six feet in advance of the Fanny! the first London yacht coming in eleven minutes later; and thus, amidst a tremendous burst of loud and prolonged cheering, I won my first prize on the river Thames.

YACHTING IN JUNE.

"Yet here, Laertes! aboard, aboard, for shame;
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are stalled for."—SHAKESPEARE.

JUNE is the month when every yachtsman and boating man in the kingdom unfurls his canvas to the sunny skies and summer gales that sweep the hills and valleys of Old England, and fan the trees that adorn the richest and most fertile lands. The very breeze that revels in such rude encounters, and skips from hill to hill and shore to shore, is gladly welcomed by the yachtsman, as it lifts the gentle waves and hurls the foam across the deep blue sea to dash it playfully along the pebbly beach.

Let the fair songstress warble forth in all her sweetest sounds. "Oh! charming May!" but the yachtsman will respond with all due deference to the "fairy of the glen," and say "Oh! June, merry, merry June!"

It is of all months in the year that in which boating and yachting may be indulged in with real pleasure and delight: the sun is seldom too hot, nor the wind too heavy to suit the most fastidious sailor; but throughout the month, merry summer breezes are expected, and invariably favour the lovers and admirers of aquatic sports. Some of the best sailing matches of the season generally come off during this favoured month: for then it is seldom that yachtsmen encounter that total mar to their sport—a dead calm.

The crack match of the month is the R.T.Y.C. schooner match for a prize of the value of 100 guineas, to be sailed on the 14th, a time race,

of a quarter minute per ton. It is now three years since the members of the R.T.Y. Club first established a schooner match on the Thames. The prize in that year (1853) was awarded to the *Rosalind*; although the *Sverige* arrived at the winning goal a few seconds ahead, and would have been entitled to the prize had she not incautiously fouled the *Violet*, and by that means forfeited her claim.

The following year (1854) no match could be made, although a prize was offered, as on the previous year, the great objection being that no time was allowed for difference of tonnage: a circumstance which ought at once to have opened the eyes of the members of that club, as to the impropriety of advertising a schooner match without allowance of time for tonnage. We have schooners of sizes, as various as cutters; therefore why deprive them of their just due in a sailing match, and class vessels of 200 tons with those of 50 tons.

Notwithstanding the failure of the match in 1854, we again find the Thames Yacht Club putting forth an announcement in 1855 of their annual schooner match coming off under the old rules of *no time for difference of tonnage*, and, strange as it may appear, two gentlemen with schooners of 59 and 70 tons actually had the temerity to enter them against a celebrated clipper schooner of 175 tons upon equal terms.

It really appeared so much like the old fable of the race between the hare and tortoise that we could only smile at such a match, and saw no pleasure or excitement in it. The *Shark* 175 tons (as every one predicted) won the prize. But, let us ask, with what credit? Much as we admire sailing matches, and boat races, and in fact aquatic contests of all kinds, we cannot applaud a giant for thrashing a dwarf, nor a Cochin China game-cock for putting *hors de combat* a tiny bantam. We have all along, said—"handicap your schooners, and you will make a good race of it; but whilst schooners are to sail upon such unfair terms, there will never be a match worthy of record in the annals of yachting."

This year (glory be to the man who proposed it,) the Thames schooner match is to be sailed on fair and equitable terms; and a quarter of a minute per ton allowed for difference of tonnage. We shall now see if the huge *Shark*, whose capacious jaws have snapped at and engulfed several £100 prizes, will come forward on the watery stage, and challenge her old opponents to a battle on terms of fairness and impartiality. But we intend no disparagement to the *Shark*, or her owner: that yacht was sailed strictly in accordance with the rules laid down by the regatta committees, and the announcements put forth in their advertisements. The blame, if blame is due, must be attached to those individuals who proposed and carried out that arrangement.

The match this year is to come off on the 14th inst., and the entries close on the 5th: already the judiciousness of the new arrangement may be seen; for several yachts have entered that would not have done so had it not been a time race. There is every reason to hope that it will be one of the best schooner matches ever sailed. Indeed, we have no hesitation in saying, that should there be a spanking breeze, it will be as well contested, and as full of excitement as a first class cutter match. There are two or three well known little schooners, real cracks of their class; which, for the aforementioned reasons, have been deterred from entering in matches in which they would have shown many a veteran yachtsman that speed may be obtained from a schooner of 50 or 60 tons with as much certainty as from one of four or five times that tonnage.

We are pleased to observe that the Vice-Commodore of the Royal Harwich Yacht Club has entered his beautiful little vessel, the *Aquilina*, 55 tons. Little is known of the real merits of that vessel; and her public performances have been very few: she was built in 1853 by Harvey of Ipswich, and is as perfect a model as the eye can desire to rest upon: she is but moderately sparred, and has scarcely sufficient canvas for racing.

Several yachtsmen have expressed a wish that the *Elizabeth* schooner of 75 tons, should enter for this match, her performances having been extremely satisfactory: should she enter the contest, and be as well sailed as on former occasions, there is no doubt she will be amongst the leading yachts during the match. But it is difficult to decide on the favourite until the entries are completed: our readers must therefore not depend too much on our present prognostications.

With these few remarks we will take our leave of the approaching schooner match, trusting that the highest anticipations of those who are looking forward with interest to its attractions may be fully realized; and that the schooner matches of 1856 may not be the miserable exhibitions of aquatic failures, which it was our pain to witness last year.

Now that we have had our Naval Review, our fireworks, and illuminations, the peace rejoicings are well nigh at an end; and the clash of swords is now no more heard throughout the land. Let us therefore revel in these returning days of tranquillity, and welcome back the heroes from the battle-field with good old English sports, such as in days gone by it was our wont to do, when

“As they caught the sounds on air,
They echoed back the hymn,
The Islanders, in joyous mood,
Rushed emulously through the flood,
To hale the bark to land.”

ORAL TRADITIONS OF THE CINQUE PORTS.

BY CAPTAIN K. B. MARTIN.

PART I.

IN reviewing the past, we hope to elicit enquiry, persuaded as we are from our own experience, in our own particular locality, that great mistakes have been made in the records of the Cinque Ports, by inattention to geological changes. These changes are slowly, but surely marching on, and what are we to anticipate for the future. In the year 1838 I published a pamphlet, "On the necessity for harbours of refuge, and their proved utility in that part of the British Channel, called the Narrows, carefully selected from original and official documents, and addressed to the merchants, shipowners, and underwriters, of Great Britain." We see no reason to alter our opinions therein expressed. Dover only remains of the once famed Cinque Ports, and Ramsgate occupies the place of the once favoured ancient port of Sandwich. Its estuary is filled up, and according to the received opinions of the most eminent engineers, Hastings, Romney, Hythe, and the rest, as harbours of refuge, are irrevocably gone. Dover can and will become to the roadstead of Dungeness, what Ramsgate is to the Downs, and that will be a great point gained. One more efficient harbour of refuge between Dungeness and Spithead, for the average class of merchantmen, would be a national boon, as we cannot expect in the course of things, that wars are at an end for ever.

Our large class men-of-war will not require a harbour, they never did do so, but flotillas of steam gun-vessels for protection against invasion would, and they are most effectual protectors under such circumstances. Fifty heavy guns in small detached vessels, at equal distances would have a fifty gun frigate at vantage, she being the radii upon which all that shot would plunge, while her broadside must be brought to bear upon an extended line, and probably much of its effect lost in the intermediate spaces; they keep out of the deep water, also too near the shore for bringing them to close quarters. In every point of view, it must be a matter of regret for any country to lose its available harbours. The south-east coast of England has great *natural advantages* for the constructing of harbours over the opposite shores of France and Belgium, and it would be a national sin to neglect it. What may be done, it is the province of the engineer to determine. What has been done in one solitary instance upon our coast, it was the object of the before mentioned pamphlet to shew.

When the Traditions were prepared for the amusement of friends, there was no desire that they should appear in print, as they did in 1832, and as suggested by several members of the Antiquarian Society at the investigation of my kind friend, then, the Deputy-keeper of State Papers. Since that time, their republication has been repeatedly solicited with such additions as might present themselves, and as time passes on, fresh proofs continually arise to strengthen my convictions, as to the geological changes corroborative of the traditions of our ancestors.

They now appear a third time under similar circumstances, and by the solicitations of those who in the pursuit of intellectual amusement desire to place the researches of the geologist and antiquary upon a fair footing; the one may be termed the natural, the other the artificial records of the past.

Beneath the massive granite of the obelisk which stands before me, are safely deposited in a glass box, hermetically sealed, the finest specimens of gold and silver coins, of the present age. Should they be found ten centuries hence, will they afford even an outline of Ramsgate at the time of their consignment to the rocky base beneath the platform of masonry. Will it be imagined that headlands of chalk projected beyond its parallel when it was erected, upon which the crested wave broke with every flood which laved the shore? If present cause and effect continue, Ramsgate then will have become a sandy peninsula stretching into the sea upon a low flat shore, for as its cliffs recede, the muddy flats of Sandwich advance, and the marsh meadows will be enlarged and extended, its much admired pier (if not continually renewed) will long 'ere that have crumbled into dust. It is not yet a century since it was commenced, and in many parts the Pholias has honeycombed its foundations. Such are the boasted works of man contrasted with the enduring monuments of creative wisdom, therefore, in the investigation of his antique remains, it is well to enquire what were their past associations in a geological point of view.

When Denon discovered a fertile soil at the base of the Great Pyramid, many feet beneath the desert waste of sand which surrounded it, he concluded that the inundations had covered the whole of that immense tract; and many philosophic men did not hesitate to believe those mysterious structures to be antediluvian, and the sands which encircled their base, to have been deposited during that awful catastrophe, when "a shoreless ocean tumbled round the globe." This was indeed visionary, but it is one among many proofs of the uncertainty of human conclusions, as to the relics of the past.

When we contemplate recent discoveries in America, the mausoleums

of thousands to which no clue can be obtained, we may well shake off all pedantic opinions, as to the changes which are taking place about and around us. We should humbly compare the corresponding features which the different sciences present, in order to make up a whole, and although we may not prove to demonstration, the opinions we advocate, we may, by shewing their inherent probability, improve our own mental capacities, and assist others in the development of their researches, and investigations.

Is it not a matter of regret that many highly talented men in the Royal Yacht Squadrons do not contribute from their journals a portion of the very interesting matter which many of them have recorded while in the Mediterranean, and other distant seas. My exploration of St. Michael's cavern, Gibraltar, when in the command of the Emma, in 1823 found its way into "Fairholm's Geology."—Surely it was gratifying to contribute to the Researches of an amiable and talented individual; and who can be sceptical as to the Traditional Records of change on our own coast, who have had opportunities of seeing those volcanic regions where Islands rise from the depths and again subside, hiding their burning crests again in the cool waters. Who would cavil about the Goodwin Sands having been once an island; who remembers the Sabrina in our own day; or that in the reign of Edward the Confessor islands were destroyed in the German Ocean, when we may see the most astounding changes taking place in the South American continent yearly, almost periodically; or by a pleasure trip to that wild and interesting country, Norway, look upwards at ring marks in the rocks above their reach, where formerly ships' moorings occupied the place!—Such are the changes of earth and sea. Yachtsmen put down for a moment the everlasting cigar, and give to pen and pencil their fair share; then in the plenitude of that enjoyment which leisure and wealth bestow, you may amuse! instruct! and benefit mankind!!!

In contemplating the past, it is well to consider that the tales of the Olden Time have been handed down from father to son, and from generation to generation, principally as matter of speculative entertainment; and although the present *indefatigable and toiling race of Britons* (*generally speaking*) treat with contempt the vagaries and researches of the Antiquarian, and the deeply speculative mind, still they cannot but allow that these pursuits are innocent in their tendency. It is more healthful to inhale the sea-breeze in quest of shells and fossils—to climb the mountain's brow, or survey the massive ruins of antiquity—to collect specimens for our cabinets, which in years to come may beget an association of ideas pleasing to the mind, than to fume away our hours over

the bottle, or degrade our intellectual faculties in the feverish haunts of dissipation.

My principal motive, is to afford amusement (particularly among my youthful friends) by awakening curiosity, and eliciting enquiry. History must be consulted to produce comparisons; knowledge will by that means be attained, and the vacation of the student be a season of profit, instead of idleness, and habits of industry will banish from his presence that most intolerable companion—*Monsieur Ennui*.

In our journey through life, we neglect our social duties if we do not contribute, according to our means, to that universal fund from which knowledge and national intelligence receive their nurture and support.

The sciences should go hand in hand in the development of effects from causes, but this is seldom the case. The minds of men are diverse in their intuitive tendencies, and prone to contradiction. The geologist makes a discovery; the chemist labours to prove its impossibility; the antiquary points to centuries and dwells upon their remains exhumed from the ruins of time; the astronomer turns from such researches with indifference, treats them as peurile, and gazes upon the starry fields of Heaven whose records are *lost in infinity!* Yet *truth remains!* and it is only by listening to the dictates of *truth*, that any satisfactory progress can be made in any science. "Facts are stubborn things"; they corroborate each other! and it is much to be regretted that geology is so little attended to by Societies, which in their investigation of the coins, brasses, and monumental inscriptions of man are so apt to disregard the *Medals of Creative Wisdom*, the *changes* which are *surely*, but almost imperceptibly passing around them; changes which in their progress record with much precision *momentoes of the past*, and point with unerring certainty to the *future*.

We stand upon the shore, and as the dashing surge undermines the chalky headland, and its crest is prostrated at our feet, we can but mark its annual waste. And when its geological features are considered, its undeviating naturally inclined plane, gives assurance that its altitude always decreases with distance, and its waste some ages back, must have been still *greater* than at present. When we trace this effect in the lapse of twenty centuries, a picture is presented to the mind's eye of the promontories which formed the estuaries and havens described by Roman Historians, scepticism vanishes, and tradition and history are confirmed.

It is impossible to deny, that the earth's surface has ever been, and is, in a transition state: the beautiful fossils which we pick out of the chalk, all evince the gradual but enormous pressure which the solidifying of the strata has undergone, and its consequent decrease in altitude.

The slips and fractures, as certainly prove that in bye-gone days the earthquake has by its undulatory motion [disturbed every part of its surface, that islands have been submerged, and lowlands elevated, that floods have driven to the shore at one point, the crumbling strata which they have swept away from another ; and in our own day, the sea yields up to us continually the giant remains of mammoth and rhinoceros, compared with which the present living specimens are pigmies. It is then a *mere question of time*, when such creatures lived and moved, and the trees which sheltered them as a natural consequence, have also *disappeared!* *When? that is the question!* The changes now are *gradual*, but there must have been a time when they were more sudden and decisive. Extinct volcanoes and basaltic caverns give sufficient evidence of this, in every district of Europe ; and it was not till the early centuries of the Christian Era, that the Northern kingdoms appear to have settled into comparative *physical repose!* We shall examine this more closely as we proceed to compare the *Traditions of the Past*, with the *Geological evidences of the present*, combined with the investigations of the antiquary, which, however, are unfortunately more exposed to imposition, and which the wisdom and vigilance of that energetic society have prudently *cautioned* its members to be *guarded against*. The tracings of Nature's pencil cannot be invented, whether we ascribe her momentous changes to "the sea following the perihelion in declination," and alternately invading either hemisphere in the lapse of ten thousand years, or adopting the more modern hypothesis, consider volcanic agency as the sole disturbing cause (and these forces may have some relation to each other) still the *proofs* remain, *proofs* which point to that beneficent Almighty author, with whom "a thousand years are but as yesterday," seeing that which is past, as a watch in the night. How many amiable literary men, shrink from these investigations for fear of impugning scripture evidences. The eye of faith regards the Bible as the scriptural history of man.

A revelation suited to the condition of the whole human race, and its consummation in christianity, has been the belief and consolation of the most expansive intellects. Newton was a christian, and many of our most eminent divines are geologists, and recognize in the sacred page, the most probable order of creative love. Napoleon, after a life of conquest, and close analysis of human minds, convinced at last, is said to have expressed himself thus to his bosom friend. "I tell you Bertrand, that I have known and studied men, and I tell you that *Jesus* was not *man*. His religion is a self existent mystery ! and it proceeded from mind *superhuman!* There is in it a deep peculiarity of character

which has produced a code, and succession of doctrines and characters till then *unknown*. *Jesus* borrowed nothing from *human knowledge*, neither was he a philosopher ! for his *proofs* were *miracles*, and his disciples from the very first adored him ! In fact, *science* and *philosophy* are powerless to Salvation, and the sole object of *Jesus* coming into the world was to *unveil* the *mysteries of Heaven*, and the laws of mind. Alexander ! Cæsar ! Charlemagne ! and myself have founded empires, but on what did *we* rest these creations of our genius ? *upon force* only. *Jesus* has founded an empire upon *love* ! and at this moment, millions of men would *die for Him*. It was not a day or a *battle*, that won the *victory over the World* for the christian religion ! No ! It was a long war ! A fight of three centuries, begun by the Apostles, and continued by their successors and the christian generations that followed. In that war, all the kings and all the powers of the earth were arrayed on one side, and on the other side I see *no armies* ! but an *immortal, invincible arm*, a mysterious force ! A few men scattered here and there, in all parts of the earth, and who had no rallying point, but *faith* in *redeeming love* ! In the *mysteries of the cross* ! I *die* ! before my time ! and my body will be put into the ground to become the food for worms ! Such is the fate of the once great *Napoleon* ! What an abyss between thy deep wretchedness and *Christ's Eternal Kingdom* ! *Proclaimed ! beloved ! adored !* and spreading through the world ! *Was that dying ? Was it not rather to live ?*"

The christian philosopher's reply, would be, yes ! it was ! To *Live for ever*, and who after such a confession could fear that philosophic investigation would ever in tracing cause and effect, become sceptical as to *Spiritual Truths* !

It is certainly more pleasing to prove the evidence of antiquarian research by appeal to geological facts, for it requires to be continually borne in mind, that our predecessors have left us very deficient of determinate data for our investigations. Take for example the relative changes of land and water. We have very little historical evidence, few recorded facts, and were it not for Oral Tradition, which with feeble light, shines through the mists of ages, the reminiscences of ancient days must have passed into oblivion. Let us then compare them in our retrospect of that interesting portion of the British dominions, the stations of Roman surveillance, the Cinque Ports of the present day.

Oral tradition must have had some source more worthy of credit than the love of the marvellous, or the idle inventions of mankind ; for in the long past it was regarded with extreme veneration. The names, places and of things were carefully preserved, and transmitted from g

neration to generation, as an unfailing register of sudden casualties and extraordinary events. The mind of the historian may be warped by national prejudice, or misled by ignorance, but the antiquarian will find in natural causes, and their effects, proofs of the truth of oral tradition too strong to be refuted by books, many of them uncertain in their origin, and most of them the productions of monastic or secluded men. It is very natural to judge of the capacities of our fellow men by our own feelings and standard. Hence a very clever writer on the antiquities of Dover, expresses a doubt as to the precise situation of Julius Cæsar's army, and the proximity of Cassivellanus, with his warlike Britons, because "The sending a messenger sixty or seventy miles, through an uncultivated country, intersected by two large rivers, would certainly have retarded the business." Did he then believe that the hardy barbarian of Britain, was less a man than the Mohican of the American forest, or the Cisalpine Gaul of coeval history? What would have been such a distance to an Indian following the trail of his enemy? What to the clad-akin warrior of Albion, rushing towards the frontier of his invaded country, and excited by the war-cry of his chief? Yet the same writer assures us Cæsar was awed by the warlike appearance of the Britons, who lined the shore to oppose his landing, and that he sailed a considerable distance along the coast before he attempted to disembark his legions.

I find also in the history of the Isle of Thanet, a lame attempt made to discredit oral tradition, and to prove that the extraordinary changes which have taken place in its neighbourhood were brought about by the gradual recession of the sea. Yet, had the reverend author been as good a geologist, and mathematician, as he was an able pastor, he would have perceived that he has negatived his argument in his own pages, where he describes the burial place of Ethelbert as a fortress now covered with the deep, yet at some times in very low tides visible, its demarcation perfect, the strata around it abounding in Roman pottery, coins, and armorial fragments, &c. The latter is a well authenticated fact.

And the sea in lieu of receding, is advancing along our whole line of coast in the Isle of Thanet, of which we shall speak hereafter. The Reculver Rock is unquestionably the ruins of an ancient fortress, at a comparatively short distance from the churches, which (but for the artificial means used to preserve their remains) would soon share the same fate. If the recession of the sea from the estuaries on our coast had been gradual and progressive, how could we possibly account for the extraordinary discoveries continually made in our tracts of marsh land? The Richborough Channel and Wantsume, were both extensive oyster grounds: so say Tacitus, Antoninus, and others of the Roman writers.

But little attention seems to have been given by our ancestors to a study of the physical sciences, or their histories would not abound with so many inconsistencies. In the same breath they speak of an isthmus having united England and France, and dispute the tradition of Godwin Island. They assert the probability of an inundation of the whole of Flanders and the low countries, having drained away the waters from the Thanet levels and left them dry, and yet allow the Shepway adjoining Kent to have been submerged. How very unphilosophical! If cause and effect were confined to so small a space, the depression of land would raise the waters; but these men did not contemplate the North Sea, as part and parcel of that mighty ocean the mysterious and gigantic tidal column of which advances and recedes in majestic grandeur twice in every day we breathe, true to time and space; or, the yet unfathomed source of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. Imagine but a single tide heaving in terrific grandeur, in one convulsive throes its restless bosom: imagine the islands in question submerged! What are the waters of the North Sea compared to this tidal wave—their parent source! The mysterious equipoise of the first receding tide would restore the level of their fluid field! Fertile islands might become barren lands! But that the multitudinous ocean would be affected by such a change is not rational! A temporary undulation might follow, but like the rings which succeed the falling of a pebble upon a pond, they would spread away upon the bosom of the Atlantic, and sink to rest amid its vast expanse of waters.

If we dig a well in many parts of the marsh, the first soil gives place to a confused mass of marine substances, flints, and fossils, hurled indiscriminately together as if by a sudden bursting in of the sea in its fury; and to these succeed a line of shelly strata, regularly deposited, as is the method with all the beds or reservoirs of oysters. In tracing this strata to that part of the coast near the Reculvers, where the entrance of the channel existed, we have a convincing proof that it was no gradual recession, but a more violent operation of nature, which destroyed this and several other armlets of the sea upon our coast. Here, upon a stratum of disrupted chalk, united by a muddy cement, is a deposition of sea-sand, shell, chalk, flints, and other marine substances, in an undistinguished mass; not in regular lines, but, to use the language of Fuesli "resembling the figures upon what is called marble paper." Above this variegated stratum is a layer of light sand and pebbly flints, about two feet in thickness, being the last deposit of the waters. What a terrible inundation, or stormy convulsion of nature, would have produced these effects and appearances, and thus have choked the mor-

of the channel? Are there any proofs, then, of the gradual recession of the waters? What has become of the land around the Reculvers, of Whitstable Street, and great part of the Island of Sheppy? They are all existing proofs of the impossibility of the sea having gradually retired from a navigable channel, converted the anchorage of navies into smiling pastures, and, at the same time, have covered for ever the stone-built fortress, in the immediate vicinity, or buried the greater part of a town, a few miles distant, in the bosom of the deep.

The following exhibits the super-position of the strata at Minster as bored through in the formation of Artesian Wells, near the lowest levels of marsh lands in 1845. On removing the vegetable earth in many of the gardens, the oyster beds are found from one to two feet below the surface. Then follows the blue clay (usually found in all estuaries) to a depth of six feet. This reposes on a quick sea-sand, to a depth of fourteen feet. To this succeeds seventy feet of black hard clay with sulphurets of iron (pyrites), and this reposes on a thin layer of flint boulders, rounded by attrition and resting on the chalk, or hollow of the Sandwich basin. Thus we have from the surface to the base, ninety-two feet of alluvial deposit, and upon the margin of the shore which terminates these marshes at Clifles End, may be seen a most interesting line of strata, affording complete evidence of several changes in these levels! Marine and lacustrine shells there alternate in layers which must have been uplifted to their present position far above the highest tides, which now flow only at the foot of the bank, and under which the chalk dips in regularly defined slips and fractures, amounting to a depression in altitude between this and Ramsgate of sixty feet. These are evidences of earthquake not to be mistaken. These oysters so praised by the Roman epicures eighteen centuries ago, must then have been covered to a considerable depth at the *lowest* tides: they are now in many places, much above the high water mark of the *highest* flood.

Now let us consider the nature of these convulsions. They may be compared to the undulations of the bosom of the deep, with this difference;—after the disturbance ceases the sea resumes its placid level; not so the stubborn earth, its waves of undulation remain, and I have seen in the Azores after an absence of only six weeks an estate so altered that I could not have recognised it as the same; mounds depressed,—hollows upstaged; and tolls of orange trees launched from their position like the removal of a ship from the stocks!* Thus cause and effect only differ in degree. If oral tradition has any foundation in fact, islands were submerged when this estuary was raised into a marshy flat, and that a

* Consul Head's estate in the Island of St. Michael.

most extensive devastation did take place upon our coasts of the Northern Sea, and British Channel, in some period of the Saxon heptarchy, is generally believed in the history and traditions both of our own country and Belgium. Treating it, therefore, as a matter of amusement and speculative inquiry, we will begin with the Cinque Ports; and in comparing their present topography with their ancient traditions, I think we shall find that the mighty waves of the ocean do not abandon their empire; but, while they encroach upon our chalky cliffs and promontories, undermining their base, till their nodding crowns are precipitated into the restless tide, they have in no one instance left proofs of a retrograde movement, except where, by the erection of breakwaters, natural causes are counteracted by artificial means. Or a natural beach has been thrown up against the base of the headlands, and protected them from the encroachment of the sea. As a case in point, we have only to examine the continual waste upon the gault formation eastward of Folkestone, and contrast them with the majestic cliffs east of Dover to the South Foreland. The former has wasted rapidly during the last century; the latter preserves its contour from time immemorial; having an inclined plane of shingle before it, securing it from the inroads of the sea. Or following the line of coast compare the South with the North Foreland, during the last half century, a period which enables us to give our own testimony. From Dover to St. Margaret's Bay I can look on the same features of the precipice which greeted me in my boyhood, the same mounds of green, and patches of wall-flowers at its base where we assembled in our gipsy parties fifty years ago! the same marks in the cliff, resembling a sugar-loaf, the cutter under sail, which (as the tale went when I was a sea-boy) had oft been fired at by mistake in the shades of night; these still exist: but all the associations of the past are melting into the ocean tides along the whole margin of the Isle of Thanet, and there is no doubt this rapid advance of the sea upon the North Foreland commenced when the channel of the Wantsume was choked, and the tide which before that ebbed and flowed through, between Thanet and the mainland of Kent, fell with all its momentum upon the chalk cliffs to which its stream has been diverted.

It appears from history and tradition, that the Romans had fortified those prominent features of our coast, which in after years the Northern invaders designated the Cinque Ports: and it is also evident that the Romans selected the most eligible places for the reception of their fleets, and the encouragement of general commerce and intercourse from the river being on a parallel with those ports in Gaul, from whence their armies would embark on their continual and successive expeditions, and afford g

so many immediate and direct keys to their newly acquired dominions. That they would also erect piers and moles for the better protection of their navies is without a doubt: it was always the first employment allotted to the conquered by their victorious consuls. Hence, we find the port of Civita Vecchia, or Rome, was entirely raised by the Egyptian slaves, in the reign of Trajan; and the manner of building, with those people, afforded quickness of work and solidity of structure: caissons were formed, and huge masses of rock placed in them: the intermediate spaces were then filled in with a liquid cement, which, as it hardened, penetrated into the more porous substances, by which means it was firmly attached and became an impenetrable solid mass. Those who have travelled on the shores of the Mediterranean, and observed the magnificent moles of ancient engineering, will find the stone in many instances, worn away by the restless waters, and the cement, hard as adamant, defying their power.

Admitting then, that the Romans when established in Britain, pursued the same line of policy which they adopted in Liguria and Gaul, what has become of the harbours they constructed, and why are their remains buried in oblivion, while the moles and piers in the Mediterranean still exist as imperishable monuments of their former skill and energy? Was the material on our coast less durable? No! Dover, Studfall, Richborough, Chilham, and other fortifications, exhibit a cement in their walls from which the tool of the mechanic recoils as though it had struck upon iron. Is it rational, when we inspect the ruin of these once powerful fortresses, the strongholds of a renowned and enterprising people, or when we accidentally lay bare a suit of magnificent baths, and costly pavements (as at Dover, beneath the old church)—is it rational to suppose they would neglect a shelter for their navy, or build a line of fortifications where there existed no pier or harbour to protect and defend? What then, we will ask, has produced the difference? The practical engineer will have no difficulty I think in solving this problem: the Mediterranean has no sensible tides, no considerable rise and fall of its waters, no recession of distance from high water mark, leaving its harbours dry, and then rushing in a mighty flood, rising to an elevation of twenty feet in a few hours, impelled perhaps by the sweeping hurricane driving its resistless billows in terrific grandeur to the strand, and fearfully overleaping their ancient boundaries; thus creating changes upon our coasts unknown in the Mediterranean. By such causes, most probably, the Roman ports were ruined, at a period when the energies of the projectors were withdrawn from the aid of a country then retrograding, as fast as the arts and arms of its conquerors had called it into civilization and

power. Britain at that period of its history, must have resembled an adopted child, suddenly deprived of its foster parents, and exposed a prey to the world. If we may believe Tacitus, Marcus, Flaminus, and others, the Britons were a noble minded people: but the age was a sun of glory sinking into a night of darkness and ignorance, clouded by superstition, and debased by barbarity. The Britons were again vanquished, not by the conquering legions of Rome, but by the rude unpolished warriors of the North; the Britons were enslaved, and their local history and records perished with their freedom. The early Saxons were careless even of established towns. Adventurers of the European seas, and warriors of the forest, they neglected the establishments so necessary to a more social and improved state of society, and their rule in Britain has very properly been classed by the historians among the dark ages. What wonder then if the decay or destruction of the noblest relics of antiquity were unheeded or despised; or that the earthquake, or tempest, was ascribed to the anger of their fancied dieties, in lieu of being recorded as natural phenomena, for the instruction of succeeding generations? The Normans were not so slow in appreciating the value of the Roman fortifications. Governors were appointed to improve the stations, and they soon received the appellation of the Five or Cinque Ports.

ROYAL THAMES YACHT CLUB MATCH.

WEDNESDAY, the 14th of May, was appointed for the first match on the Thames this season, and contrary to the usage of former years, the R.T. Y.C. took the precedence. It has been the misfortune of this club not to meet on a "Queen's day," and the dreary appearance of the morning forboded the usual ill-luck, the result being an attendance of but few of the fair-sex, and we believe that on board the Prince of Wales steamer which was chartered for the occasion, there were not more than 150 or 160 members and friends, among whom we noticed Viscount Templetown, Lord De Ros, and many other noblemen and gentlemen, ardent promoters of aquatics, whom neither "wind nor weather" can daunt. Had the morning shown any sympathy with the feelings of the many who wished to attend, but fear of a soaking deterred, there is no doubt the vessel would have been crowded. However, such is the uncertainty of the weather at this time of year that with the exception of two or three sprinklings, the day was all a yachtsman could desire, plenty of wind, of a stiff S.W.b.S. kind, which for the river may be almost termed a "soldier's wind."

The passengers by the eleven of o'clock train at Blackwall, having

embarked on board the club steamer, she cast off, accompanied by the Oread a cheap steamer with about 200 on board: we mention this to show that yacht matches on old Thames, always create a desire among all classes to be present. On nearing Erith all eyes were on the stretch to obtain a sight of the competing yachts.

"There's the Thought, and there's the Phan——, no! by the powers the Phantom is *not* there," said a gentleman from the Emerald Isle.

She's afraid her laurels will be wrested from her," said one.

"Oh! no," replied another, "it's not that, her owner has no fears on that hand; but the fact is last night in a trial she broke the pintle of her rudder, and it was too late to repair the damage."

This was deemed by all who heard it perfectly satisfactory, altho' we did observe one portly gentleman shrug his shoulders. On further examination the Cyclone was found absent, which was accounted for by having split her main-sail in coming round from Bristol. Thus leaving only two in each class to contend, viz:—

First Class.—For cutters exceeding 35 tons, for a prize of the value of 100 sovereigns, half-minute per ton for difference of tonnage.

Yacht's Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Port.
Amazon.....	cutter	42	Alfred Young, Esq.	London
Extravaganza	cutter	48	Sir P. F. Shelly, Bart.	Poole

Second Class.—For cutters above 20 tons and not exceeding 35 tons, for a prize of the value of 70 sovereigns, half minute per ton for difference of tonnage.

Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Ports.
Thought	cutter	29	G. Coope, Esq.	London
Secret.....	cutter	33	H. J. Waring, Esq.	Plymouth

All the yachts were moored in line, and their jaunty appearance made us regret the absence of the Cyclone and Phantom. On the starting gun being fired at 11h. 42m., each yacht's crew were as nimble as cats, the lookers on were all anxiety, and silence reigned on board the steamer: at length a shout announced the Secret was first away with a start, and covered with canvas, before the Amazon, which was second; Extravaganza's crew rather tardy in getting her main-sail hoisted, (but we shall say a few words anent her hereafter,) and last came Thought, for some difficulty arose in canting her head round, she ap-

peared to us to sheer too soon, as she had to "try back" again. We regretted we had not timed the others to "seconds" at starting, as we should then have been able to state the exact time she lost before getting fairly underway. But whilst waiting for her departure we found the Secret and the others had not been idle, for they were bowling along at a merry pace; the steamer piled on more diamonds, and if she had been more heavily freighted with passengers would have had a long chase, for as it was we laboured hard to come up with the Secret which was still leading, Amazon, second; Extravaganza, third; Thought, last.

The Amazon was the first to set a top-sail, which example Secret next followed, and then Extravaganza, but the Thought disdained its use for some time, having her top-mast lowered, and we must confess we did not see her with a top-sail throughout the match, although we are assured she did hoist one for a short time.

The Amazon when off Purfleet drew gradually on the Secret, and it was here the latter hoisted her top-sail, but alas! all her efforts for supremacy were unavailing, for at Greenhithe the warrior lady forged ahead, and being now apparently "settled to her work," she stole away.

Off Gravesend the Extravaganza overhauled and passed the pretty Secret, which therefore became *third* in the race, but *first* in her class, the Thought still bringing up the rear, in a very easy quiet manner, her crew evidently bearing in mind the fable of the "Hare and the Tortoise;" and although behind, her sailing was the admiration of all nautical men.

The Secret from Gravesend to the Nore, was beautifully handled, and disappointed some of the knowing ones who had prophesied that her crew would not understand the twisting and windings of the Thames, but whoever was her helmsman he evidently knew his craft, and the business he had entered on. When she had a slight chance of overhauling the Amazon at the Lower Hope Point, the latter hugged the shore so closely to stop the intended compliment that we expected to see the former stuck fast in the mud; however a "miss is as good as a mile."

The Prince of Wales steamer having taken her station near the Nore Light, the yachts passed her in the following order and time:—

<i>First Class.</i>			<i>Second Class.</i>		
	<i>h.</i>	<i>m.</i>	<i>s.</i>		
Amazon.....	2	2	0	Secret.....	2 7
Extravaganza.....	2	7	6	Thought.....	2 7

The distance from Erith to the Nore about 31 miles was done by
 Amazon in 2h. 20m., Extravaganza 2h. 25m. 6s., Secret 2h. 25m.
 Thought 2h. 54m. 24s.

Having now rounded the flag-vessel, they braced up sharp for Erith, hugging the Blythe Sand. After proceeding some distance a bustling was observed on board the Extravaganza, and we ascertained she had carried away her jib halliard block; this for a time hampered her, as the jib was hanging overboard and stopped her speed; the Secret ever alive to embrace any opportunity to regain second place, now weathered and passed her: in coming up the Lower Hope the Extravaganza had another mishap, meeting an outward bound brig which so baffled her that she was compelled to put about to avoid a collision, and here she was passed by Thought to windward.

Off Gravesend the Secret made a short board to windward, and the Thought over-hauling her succeeded in giving her the go-bye, thus gaining second place, and *first* in her class, which she maintained to the close. The two matches were finished in the following order and time:—

<i>First Class.</i>		<i>h. m. s.</i>	<i>Second Class.</i>		<i>h. m. s.</i>
Amazon.....		5 44 50	Thought.....		5 48 80
Extravaganza.....		5 54 45	Secret.....		5 53 0

	<i>h. m. s.</i>
Amazon's time from Erith to the Nore and back	6 2 50
Thought's " (including time lost at starting) ..	6 6 30
Secret's) " ..	6 11 0
Extravaganza's " ..	6 12 45

As soon as the victors were arranged alongside the club steamer, the Vice-Commodore, (R. Green, Esq.) and the Secretary (P. Grant, Esq.) proceeded on board, and having ascertained that the seals placed on the ballast before starting were intact, they returned to the steamer.

In presenting the first prize (a beautiful silver cup and cover, enriched with dolphins and marine ornaments, with medallion on body representing the "Triumph of Neptune," with the figure of a sailor leaning on an anchor on the cover,) Vice-Commodore Green congratulated Mr. Young, the owner of the Amazon on the excellent manner his yacht had been sailed, and said "It was the first prize won by any craft this season, and he hoped he would be equally fortunate as he was last year."

The second prize (a large silver epergne for the table, composed of a scroll ornamented with festoons of flowers with three glasses on the foot for bon-bons and centre bowl for flowers,) was received by Picket, the captain of the Thought, in the absence of her owner, and the Vice-Commodore paid him a well merited compliment, by saying "If any man deserved a served a prize that day Picket did, for the careful, judicious, and seamanlike skill he had displayed throughout the match."

And we must add that every one on board joined in that opinion, many regretting that the captain was not the rightful possessor of the prize.

Mr. Young returned thanks for the encomiums passed by the Vice-Commodore on the skill displayed by the crew of the *Amazon*, and plenty of champagne having been handed round proposed "The Ladies," regretting there were not more on board to partake of the pleasures all present had enjoyed throughout the day. This toast of course was rapturously applauded, and one of the stewards was unanimously called on to respond to it on behalf of the ladies; from our station we were unable to hear the expressions which this gentleman gave utterance to, however they caused much merriment among those who were in a more favourable position than ourselves.

Thus ended the racing business of the day, and from the early hour we reached Blackwall the pleasure was enhanced.

Before closing this account it will be as well to notice a few of the incidents which attended our progress,—before leaving Blackwall a large American vessel was observed to dip her colours, and the return having been made by the club steamer, the band engaged, (the Royal Horse Guards, Blue) struck up "Yankee Doodle," which compliment our American friends acknowledged with cheers. During our progress other American craft were fell in with, and salutes were fired by them, and it was really pleasant to hear the excellent Vice-Commodore, singing out "Ansell!—Ansell!—give them a round!—another round, Ansell!—fire away Ansell!" and Ansell replied to the command with hearty goodwill. On passing Mr. Fitcher's building yard at Northfleet, a Swedish frigate (the *Esmeralda*) which was in the dock repairing, dipped her colours as the *Prince of Wales* steamed by.

When off the Medway on our return the steamer shipped two or three doses of salt water, a great portion of which was distributed over those forward, one person getting the lion's share: this caused much merriment: the veteran, (who wore a clasp and ribbon of service,) took all in good part and joined in the mirth.

Of the merits of the yachts little need be said, as they have been repeatedly recounted, therefore we shall only remark, with respect to the *Secret*, that we fear she is not improved in speed by her alteration since last out. *Amazon* is now canvassed by Mr. Gilbert of Railway Place, Fenchurch Street, and this worthy gentleman seems very sweet on the craft; and no doubt if we may presume to judge of his ability as a sailmaker by the set of the main-sail of the *Amazon* this day, the "c d salts" will be electrified when this yacht is fully "Gilbertised": we heard that a new top-sail yard is preparing upwards of 80 feet long.

The Thought was well sailed, and Pickett, her captain, deserves to be well rewarded by his owner, for if it had been an open race with the same allowance for tonnage she would have taken the first prize, being only 4m. 30s. behind the Amazon, and which would have been considerably less if the delay at starting had not occurred. We hear that Pickett complains of the captain of the Prince of Wales Steamer in washing the decks of the Thought during her progress.

Last not least, the Extravaganza. We opine she will, when all her gear is more pliable, and is in better trim, prove a greater teaser than many anticipate. She is a beamy craft, stood well up to her canvas, and could have safely carried more if we may judge by her appearance at the first match she was ever entered in. We noticed in some of the sporting journals that apprehensions were entertained that she would labour under the disadvantage of being an untried vessel, and that her crew were new to the Thames. All these have been proved by her on this occasion groundless, her crew are entitled to every praise; they sailed their craft in first-rate style: with judgment, good seamanship, and with every desire to give and take fair play. Wanhill will be 'ere the summer closes proud of his handiwork, or we are much mistaken. Many yachts were afloat on the occasion, but very few accompanied the racing craft.

RANELAGH YACHT CLUB MATCH.

On the 21st of May we steamed to that far-famed locality where the warriors of our country mostly find a resting place, (Chelsea,) to witness a match between seven small craft belonging to this Club. The day was fine, and the wind blowing steadily from S.S.E., we anticipated a pleasant treat, in part we were not disappointed, for on arriving at Battersea Bridge we found *all* the yachts ready for starting, and placed in the following order:—The Zouze had No. 1 station, nearest the Surrey shore.

Yacht's Names.	Rig.	Tons	Owners.	Distinguishing Flag.
urve	cutter	4	E. Sawyer, Esq.	Blue, red cross
genie	cutter	6	D. T. White, Esq.	White, blue cross
ary	cutter	6	E. Wyld, Esq.	Dark blue
oubtful	cutter	4	A. King, Esq.	White, red crescent
lice	cutter	4	E. Guest, Esq.	Blue, white star
ille	cutter	4	— Greaves, Esq.	Red, white and blue
emorine	cutter	4	J. Burney, Esq.	White, red cross

The match was for a splendid silver cup, from Battersea to Putney twice over the course.

The proceedings commenced by the Commodore being rowed to each of the yachts, in a neat four-oared galley in artistic style, with a coxswain in scarlet costume, after which the gun for starting at about 1h. 52m. was fired, and Alice was the first away, followed by Belle, Cremorne, and Eugenie;—the Zouve rather behind in setting her canvas, and the Mary and Doubtful disdaining the efforts of their helmsmen, drifted for a short space broadside with the tide, until a slight foul occurred between them. However, after this friendly salute they followed their leaders.

When off Cremorne Gardens the Eugenie took third place, and in rounding Pleasant Point the Belle overhauled and passed the Alice: and being now the leading yacht the Belle unfortunately mistook the distance to be sailed, having turned on her downward passage off the Meadows at Wandsworth instead of proceeding to Putney, and she had proceeded about a mile before the mistake was discovered, consequently she had to go about again, and round the station buoy at Putney. The Eugenie on the return took the lead off Wandsworth Pier, the Alice close in her rear, Zouve third, Belle Fourth, Cremorne fifth, in this order they rounded the flag-boat:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Eugenie.....	2	50	0	Belle.....	2	54	40
Alice.....	2	52	20	Cremorne.....	3	0	0
Zouve	2	53	15				

Some time after the above had proceeded on their second cruise, Mary hove in sight, and passing round the flag-boat went in pursuit, but we should imagine without any hope of winning, except some mischance befel the five yachts ahead. After proceeding a short distance the Alice carried away her bobstay, and the Zouve succeeded in passing her and taking second place; in this order they continued without any alteration to the finish; and when coming down the straight cruise to Battersea Bridge, some pretty manœuvring was attempted by the Zouve to go to windward of the Eugenie, the consequence was they both hugged the Surrey shore.

So determined did the Zouve seem to pass on that quarter that the Eugenie was in danger of running so far over as to lose the wind. The Zouve finding her rival bent on preventing her at all risks sheered to leeward, and fortunately for the Eugenie, a catspaw at the moment first filled her sails, and she shot ahead closely followed by her rival. This was the prettiest part of the match, and was an excellent finish, as it occurred in sight of the company assembled. The yachts came in in the following order and time:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Eugenie.....	3	37	10	Belle.....	3	45	45
Zouve	3	39	25	Cremorne.....	3	52	0
Alice.....	3	43	40				

This match was attended by one of those unpleasant acts which is generally the forerunner of much ill-will, viz:—a protest: although if it is the fact that the Eugenie and Zouve did not round the buoy at Putney and also that the Alice fouled the Belle, these protests are justifiable, and whatever may be the result they cannot be construed into harsh or frivolous allegations of the protestor.

ROYAL LONDON YACHT CLUB.—OPENING TRIP.

MANY of our readers will exclaim perhaps, here are the doings of another Metropolitan Club logged,—true! but why these are brought more frequently forward is easily explained; every assistance is afforded in obtaining information, and at all times if the Press is not present some one is kind enough to forward a report. Not so with the generality of clubs, for unless the secretary (who by-the-bye has much business to attend to) can find an opportunity of taking notes, the proceedings are unknown to the yachting world; the great bulk of the members not troubling themselves with the details. It is in the power of everyone to make known their club's proceedings, if they will.

Our task is with the London at present, a club which has called forth repeated mention in this journal; its prosperity having been marked from its foundation, and its onward course noted.

In the "merry month of May," many yachts bore the members and friends to that celebrated bacchanalian retreat of yachtsmen—Erith, where a good spread was provided at the Crown.

The Mars was the flag-ship for the day, the owner, Mr. Haines, having placed her at the disposal of the Commodore.

On taking the chair at the festive board the commodore was joined by nearly sixty gentlemen, who satisfactorily proved "by deeds" that the abilities of the caterer were approved. On the repast being ended, the chairman proposed in a loyal speech the "Health of her Majesty the Queen," which as usual with yachtsmen was drank with every mark of enthusiasm. The toasts of "Prince Albert and the Royal Family," the "Army and Navy" were loudly cheered.

Then the commodore proposed the toast of the evening, "the Royal London Yacht Club:" he was gratified at seeing so many members of the club with their friends present, a larger number than he ever recollected

at a similar meeting. It augured well for the prosperity of their forthcoming season. He was proud to see such an assemblage as it convinced him that peace was the herald of success in yachting affairs. He was glad to know that the Royal Thames had a most glorious opening a short time back, and he was happy to find that that club flourished equally with the London: at present the latter could boast of a proud array of members on its register, every meeting added to its strength, and whilst unity and concord reigned amongst them, the club would go on progressing.

Mr. Cook, in proposing the health of the commodore, regretted that the task had not fallen on some one more competent to do justice to the merits of that gentleman, he (Mr. Cook), was guilty of great assumption in attempting to give even a faint outline of the many excellent qualities of the commodore, whose indefatigable exertions in behalf of the club, and whose zeal to promote the noble cause of yachting had placed the London in the foremost ranks, and he (Mr. Cook) doubted not the gentlemen present would join him in drinking "The health of the commodore, J. Goodson, Esq., and may he long live to reign over them." (Much cheering.)

The commodore in returning thanks, considered that the eloquent manner in which his humble exertions had been lauded was far beyond their deserts. His endeavours to promote the interests of the club had fallen short of what he could have wished; but what he had done had been with an earnest desire to be of service to the body, and promote the interests of yachting. His time had of late been necessarily much occupied in other matters, so that he had not been able to apply that undivided attention to their interests which was desirable; but he had used as much as he could possibly spare, and he hoped they would make every allowance for his various engagements. He was proud of their position, and proud of the continued confidence they were kind enough to repose in him, and hoped he should always be sensible of it. He was happy in knowing their funds were in a flourishing state, and while they possessed these there was no fear that the Club would retrograde. (Cheers.)

Mr. W. Goodson then proposed the health of Captain Andrews, the Vice-Commodore, who, although absent, enjoyed a place in their memory. He complimented that officer upon the great interest he had always taken in the affairs of the club, and regretted he was not at that moment with them.

The commodore returned thanks for his colleague, and said that business of importance called him to Denmark. He was sure he would feel

much pleased with the way in which the toast had been given and received.

Mr. Crockford proposed the health of Mr. Eagles, the Treasurer, and thought they would not be doing justice unless they drank the health of one whose efficient services entitled him to that mark of their respect and esteem.

Other toasts followed, among which was the health of Mr. T. Gregory, who, as Secretary of the club, has done so much for its prosperity by his constant attention to the business and his uniform courtesy to all.

In the morning some of the yachts proceeded down the river on a cruise.

FORTHCOMING SAILING MATCHES ON THE THAMES IN JUNE.

Prince of Wales Match for the 12th is the first on the list, for a splendid piece of plate of the value of thirty sovereigns, the gift of Mr. Benson of Ludgate Hill, which will be sailed for by yachts of ten tons and under, belonging to the club.

Those owners who cannot personally attend may enter their yachts, by letter, enclosing one shilling per ton in stamps as entrance fee, addressed to C. F. Chubb, Esq., at the Freemason's Tavern, till Thursday the 5th inst, at nine p.m., when the entries finally close.

The yachts are to be at the Folly House, Blackwall on Monday the 9th to be measured.

Considerable interest is excited amongst the members, as some of the cracks will be opposed by two or three new craft: the commodore's new yacht the *Silver Cloud* is to make her *début* on the occasion, and Mr. Tuckwell's *Invicta* is also expected.

We are informed that the celebrated *Julia*, now the property of the excellent Treasurer, P. Turner, Esq., is disqualified for this match, having won two prizes in succession last year.

We are requested to state that the steamer engaged to accompany this match, will start from Blackwall, and not from Hungerford as heretofore, at half-past ten precisely, we therefore recommend the members to be on the pier by ten at the latest.

Royal London Yacht Club, first match of the season is the next on the rota, 13th, for first and second class yachts,—First Class prizes will be, first yacht £40, second £10. Second class, first prize £30, second prize £5. The course will be from Erith round the Nore Light and back to Erith. The last night of entry is on Monday the 9th inst.

Royal Thames Yacht Club Schooner Match on the 14th inst is for a prize of the value of £100. This match has always been the great gun of the Club, and much speculation generally takes place. We know of one new yacht at least which is making rapid progress towards completion, expressly to sail in this match; and her owner thinks he shall be well up at the finish.

By the foregoing it appears there will be three days' yacht matches in succession by the three principal clubs on the Thames, and from the liberality of the prizes, we anticipate a numerous attendance of yachts. We hope that each match will be well contested, and that fine weather and spanking breezes may reign predominant throughout.

The R.T.Y.C. matches for Third and Fourth Class yachts will be June 28th, from Erith to the Chapman and back, for prizes of the value of £50 and £30, half minute per ton for difference of tonnage, last day of entry the 19th inst, until ten p.m., the third class yachts above 12 tons and not exceeding 20 tons; the fourth class yachts, 7 tons and not exceeding 12 tons.

ROYAL THAMES NATIONAL REGATTA.

We feel great pleasure in complying with the wishes of the Secretary to lay before our readers the report which has just been issued, and we the more readily do this, as it is in a noble cause—namely fostering and encouraging young watermen, and giving substantial rewards to those who merit support. These regattas receive the patronage of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, His Imperial Majesty the Emperor of the French, His Majesty the King of the Belgians, the Duke of Cambridge, Duchess of Gloucester, and a numerous list of Noblemen and Gentlemen, many of whom are members of our yacht clubs:—We regret our space will not allow us to insert their names, as many well known would be recognised by our readers. The support given to this undertaking fully proves the interest aquatic pursuits create; and the determination to uphold, even in these days of smoke and steam

"The trim built wherry."

The Committee in again presenting their Annual Report to their Patrons, Subscribers, and the Public, cannot refrain from congratulating them on improved prospects that the coming season of 1856 presents over any of predecessors. In the previous years, the experiment of whether or no, London could support a Regatta, commensurate with its character and importance as the mistress of the world, had to be made; but all questions of possibility has now yielded to the convincing certainty of fact. The Royal Thames National Regatta of 1855 was admitted, without exception, by the F

(the great exponent of public opinion,) to have entirely eclipsed any before held in this or any other country, in the quality and excellence of sport, and the liberality and value of the prizes that rewarded it.

The unequivocal success the Committee would attribute to the gracious countenance and generous aid of Her Majesty the Queen, whose patronage, and liberal donation, at the commencement of the season, gave to the undertaking a character and importance that enabled the Committee to overcome the difficulties which the heavy expenses of a calamitous war necessarily entailed upon them. The advantages resulting from a Regatta of this universal character to the Watermen of the country generally, more especially of London, from whose ranks alone so many hundreds had willingly volunteered into the service of their country, and the stimulus that such an exhibition was for producing amongst them excellence in the art and calling for which their previous course of life and habits particularly qualified them, needed only to be brought under the notice of our gracious Queen, to ensure for it this graceful testimony to their services. The Regatta of 1855 was a triumph, and the Committee are proud, as they feel sure every Englishman will be, to acknowledge the leading cause. The Committee have the proud satisfaction of stating, that Her Majesty the Queen was pleased to command that, henceforth, the Regatta should bear the distinguished title of the Royal Thames National Regatta—an honour that is not enjoyed by any similar Institution in the Kingdom.

United with this royal assistance on the part of Her Majesty, has been the gratifying sympathy evinced by His Imperial Majesty the Emperor of the French, and His Majesty the King of the Belgians; also of His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, and Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester, it having been their gracious pleasure to bestow their especial patronage upon this Institution.

The long list of the Nobility whose names are now attached, as patrons and supporters to this Regatta, cannot fail to be appreciated—as the Committee feel confident it will be—and have weight with the community; while, the personal attendance at each regatta of the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, the President for the time being, attended by the Sheriffs, in his state barge, and also by some of the leading Members of the Corporation, and the presence of the heads of the Watermen and Lightermen's, and other wealthy City Companies, are convincing and gratifying proofs of the opinion they entertain of its practical utility and beneficial tendency to the large and industrial class over whom they preside, and for whose advantage it was mainly instituted.

The Committee take this opportunity of publicly recording their thanks for the very liberal support they received from His Grace the Duke of Buccleuch, His Grace the Duke of Norfolk, His Grace the Duke of Devonshire, The Most Hon. the Marquis of Breadalbane, The Most Hon. the Marquis of Westminster, The Most Hon. the Marquis of Londonderry, The Right Hon. the Earl of Chichester, The Right Hon. Earl Fitzhardinge, The Right Hon. the Earl Kilmorey, The Right Hon. Viscount Cambermere, The

Right Hon. Lord Dufferin and Claudeboye, The Right Hon. Lord Londesborough, Baron Lionel De Rothschild, M.P., Sir Charles Rugge Price, Bart., Captain Armstrong, Thomas Chamberlayne, Esq., C. J. Selwyn, Esq., R. Moseley, Esq., William Banbury, Esq., John Draper, Esq., J. F. White, Esq., T. M. B. Batard, Esq., the Lightermen and Watermen's Company, the Fishmonger's Company, the Navigation Committee, Messrs. Truman, Hanbury, & Co., Barclay & Co., Golding & Co., Calvert & Co., Combe, Delafield & Co., Smith, Payne & Co., and Sir R. Burnett & Co., and also to several Members of the Royal Yacht Squadron, the Royal London Yacht Club, and Prince of Wales' Yacht Club. The Committee enumerate the above, considering it their duty to inform the public to whom they were chiefly indebted last year for this grand festival.

But while thus instancing the unparalleled assistance and support of their wealthy patrons, the Committee feel they would be depriving the Regatta of its principal feature, if they omitted to particularize the aid and co-operation they have received from the aquatic world generally—whether the sister service of our congenial Yacht Clubs, or our own rowing friends, amongst whom, the Cambridge University Boat Club took the lead, followed by the Clubs of London, Glasgow, and other provincial towns. To all of these, and to the public generally, the committee tender their grateful thanks for the universal and flattering estimate thus set on the value of this institution, by the assistance received from men of all ranks and grades, and, but for which they feel that the proud foundation on which the Royal Thames National Regatta now stands would sink from under it.

It must be the general will and love for one of their oldest and most time honoured sports, that it as felt must be maintained and perpetuated in the position it has now acquired, of a National undertaking, that will keep the Regatta where it now stands, and it is to this spirit that the Committee once more confidently appeal.

That the finances of last year were inadequate to the expenditure requisite to support the Regatta, with becoming dignity, the Committee at once frankly admit; but the statement hereafter given will show, that all demands were immediately discharged, and that the liberality of the Treasurer and Committee enabled this to be done at the time.

The Committee may, perhaps, be pardoned for stating the cause for which, in their opinion, this deficiency may be traced—firstly the amount of subscriptions and donations was less than had been anticipated, owing to the absence abroad of so many of their staunchest supporters, the officers of the Army and Navy;—secondly, owing to the Regatta being much later in the year than it will in future be held, causing the entrances for the gentlemen matches to be much below what they had a right to expect; and thirdly, having to expend, during the last two years, a heavy sum for plate, which they were compelled to do for the purchase of cups—which being challenge prizes will remain the property of the institution, and consequently the outlay for plate alone this year will, it is believed, be about 70 per cent. less than its predecessors. For the future they have no misgivings.

The Committee beg to state, that during the three day's Regatta, thirty-seven races were contended in, and the sum of £376 distributed in money as prizes to Watermen—exclusive of a Coat, Badge, and Freedom for Watermen's apprentice, value £19. 11s.; and the further sum of £184. 10s. 9d. paid to Watermen for hire, gratuities, entrance money returned, &c., making a total of £580. 1s. 9d. paid alone to Watermen and their apprentices.

To their indefatigable Secretary, Mr. C. H. Tidbury, the Committee feel, that not only their own thanks, but those of the public are specially due, for the efficient and gratuitous discharge of the onerous duties that have devolved upon him from the first establishment of the Regatta; and they have the greatest pleasure in stating that, they still retain the invaluable services of this gentlemen, and they desire thus publicly to acknowledge their deep sense of their obligations to him.

The Committee also have to state, that the whole of the officers of this institution perform their duties gratuitously, which enables them to dispense with paid officers.

In conclusion, the Committees would once more earnestly call on the public to respond liberally to this undertaking, in the success of which their own national character is so deeply at stake. The late Naval Exhibition made on our shores has shown us the mistress of the seas; but the arm that directs the deadly bolt, and the cool courage that takes advantage of its power, are human, and the skill and endurance of our brave countrymen alone gave them their worth. It is to foster this spirit of aquatic superiority—the mainpring of our supremacy on the ocean—that is the chief aim of our Regatta; that whether the aristocratic and accomplished oarsman, or the unknown tyro, or apprentice on a village stream, he may have some arena, some place of public exhibition, where an opportunity of proving his excellence and perfection in his art, that practice and hard work have alone enabled him to reach, may be afforded. That what the Olympic Games were to the Greek, this National Regatta may be to the Englishman. That, whilst encouraging a healthy amusement and praiseworthy emulation, the physical endurance and stamina of our countrymen, and the spirit of manliness and fair play may be perpetuated, and that an equal opportunity of honour open to every one to struggle for the reward of proficiency, alone may be excited. That the struggle over the friendly hand of fellow and companionship may be extended as before, and that the lessons inculcated in the peaceful pursuit of honour and fame, in one of our national sports, may bear with them their beneficial fruits, when sterner scenes call for a far different exhibition of like powers; and that the historian of a future age, when detailing the sad recital of the sternest realities and deadliest struggles of the late war may tell, when the battle was over, of the manly bearing of the Englishman, to his fallen and vanquished foe, and trace this glorious result to the feelings imbibed and moulded into his nature by the animus of his national pastimes, of which that now urged stands pre-eminent. It is not only to the passing exhibition of the hour, but to the far higher good that springs out of it, that the Committee would direct public attention, and for which they ask the helping hand, which they know will not be withheld.

CLIFFORD'S NEW METHOD OF LOWERING SHIPS BOATS AT SEA.

WE are glad to find that severe tests at sea have tended to confirm the favorable opinion we gave in a former number of the benefit that this valuable invention would confer on the maritime community. The repeated trials under the officers of the Emigration Commissioners, Captain Lean, R.N., at London, Captain Schomberg, R.N., at Liverpool, Captain Smith, at Southampton, and Captain Westbrook, R.N., at Plymouth, all establish its general practical utility and simple and easy action, and the Commissioners have consequently, with a decision that entitles them to public gratitude, more especially that of the poor emigrants whose welfare they have shown this regard for, determined that all emigrant ships shall for the future carry two boats fitted with this plan as a security in cases of emergency, and a condition to this effect now forms part of a clause in the "Charter Party" signed by the owners of such ships with the Government. In accordance with this stipulation the boats of the following ships have been fitted;—the Hooghly, Bermondsey, Omega, Aliquis, Lloyds, and the Shanghai.

The enterprising firm of Baines & Co., of Liverpool, have the Life Boat's of all their ships fitted with this plan, and we recommend such of the public as are about making a trip to the Antipodes, to go by some ship having this alteration for the salvation of the lives of the passengers, on board, and not run the risk of those on board the "Josephine Willis," in the event of sudden accident.

It will be seen therefore that the ingenuity and perseverance of one of our townsmen, and we are happy to be able to add a leading London aquatic and sculler, has at last accomplished in an effectual and satisfactory manner this important naval want, decided to be such by the Parliamentary report, which stated at the time of the enquiry that was instituted into the cause of the dreadful loss of life that resulted from the fire and wreck of the Amazon, Mail Packet steamer, in the Bay of Biscay, and the Birkenhead, Government transport ship off the coast of Africa, that, "the means of lowering ship's boats evenly and readily disengaging the tackles, were *desiderata wanted throughout the naval service.*"

Surely our yachtsmen cannot be aware of the addition to their comfort and convenience that such a plan would be, or their well found craft, especially those of the larger calibre, would not be without it.

A working model of the plan may be seen at Bell's, late Farley's, the Dock-yard, Fleet Street.

*Colonial Land and Emigration Office,
Park Street, Westminster,
18th February, 1856*

SIR.—With reference to my letter of 28th ultimo, requesting you to communicate with Captain Schomberg on the subject of the application to a vessel

at Liverpool of your apparatus for lowering boats, I have much pleasure by direction of the Emigration Commissioners in sending you the enclosed copy of his Report of the trials made of that apparatus.

I have the honour, &c.,

S. WALCOTT.

Secretary.

To Mr. C. Clifford.

Government Emigration Office.

Liverpool, February 15th, 1856.

SIR.—I beg to report the result of the trials of Mr. Clifford's boat apparatus fitted on board the Government emigrant ship "Commodore Perry."

As the Commissioners have already witnessed a trial at Southampton of this invention, I will not trespass on their time by giving a description of the apparatus.

I proceeded on board the "Commodore Perry," at anchor in the Mersey, at 1 P.M., on the 11th, accompanied by some of the officers of this establishment, and also the owners of the ship, Admiral Grenville, Commander Luctcraft, (late of her Majesty's ship *Euryalus*), and some other gentlemen, among them the inventor, Mr. Clifford.

I directed the starboard quarter boat to be manned and lowered. This boat was fitted on the ordinary plan, as a man of war's boat, slung with a piece of chain clinched through the keel, led up through a thwart with a hook in the sling, the tackle fitted with a thimble in the block. The boat was lowered with the crew in, successfully, the tide running I imagine about five knots. I dropped this boat astern, and kept her manned, as a precaution in the event of accident. Mr. Clifford then came forward with a volunteer crew, to lower his boat. The boat was lowered and detached in a few seconds with perfect ease; she was then hoisted up, and again lowered and in the descent checked several times by my order, testing the power of the controller. I then made a third trial, testing the power of the controller when close to the water, as it might be desirable in a sea way to drop a boat or hold a boat. In this manner the controller on these trials was held by Mr. Clifford's seafaring man. In these several tests everything worked with the most perfect success and uniformity. On the 12th the second day's trial was made under the same circumstances as of yesterday, except I directed the crew to manage the entire operation. The boat was lowered twice with success, the gear all worked well, the tide running at about five knots.

The third trial on the 13th, I again caused the crew to manage the entire operation, which was quite successful.

The fourth trial, on the 15th, I inspected the boat, and saw she was ready for use. I then selected a crew, and from the time of their stepping into the boat until the boat was in the water did not occupy a greater space of time than *thirty seconds*, and on this occasion there was not a very strong tide running.

In presenting the result of the trials of this boat in the Mersey, I feel it a great pleasure to state the *very high opinion I entertain of the invention*. I

think it *simple, practical, inexpensive*, and a very great improvement on the ordinary fitting of ships' boats. It also has the great advantage *that any practical seamen can comprehend the working of it at a glance*, and I think it well worthy of a full test at sea with a ship in motion.

I have the honour, &c.,

(Signed) C. H. SCHOMBERG, Capt. R.N.

Government Emigration Officer.

S. Walcott, Esq., Secretary, &c. &c.

Government Emigration Office, London.

In consequence of this recommendation her Majesty's Emigration Commissioners gave instructions to Captain Lean, R.N., the Emigration Officer for London, to see it carried out, and Captain Westbrook, R.N., was sent from London to Plymouth to test the plan *en route*, when the ship was under sail. The rough state of the weather prevented this being effectually done, but the result of one trial with the ship underway, and six when she was at anchor in the Sound at Plymouth, with a fresh sea on, are given from Captain Westbrook's Report.

WITH reference to this invention I beg to describe that six trials have been made while the ship was at anchor, and one when underway.

First.—At Gravesend, (underway,) placing four men in the boat with Mr. Clifford (the inventor) as the controller, when she was lowered with perfect ease, and disengaged from the ship in the space of fifteen seconds.

Secondly.—The following morning I lowered her myself, having a crew of six men, with equal facility and success.

Thirdly.—At anchor in the Lower Hope, the experiment was repeated with seven men in the boat, and disengaged from the ship in twelve seconds.

Fourthly.—On the evening of the ship's arrival in the Sound, seven men were ordered into the boat, and lowered rapidly to the water, when the pendants were instantly disengaged, and the boat free from the vessel's side in the space of twelve seconds.

Being desirous to give the boat further trials when the officers and crew could be better spared, and to assist my judgment as to its merits, I repaired on board yesterday, having the attendance of the Master, officers, and crew; the boat was then lowered three times successively, with a crew of six, seven, and eight men, myself being once as the controller, and an able seaman on the other occasions. The average time in lowering occupied six seconds, and disengaging the pendants four seconds.

In conclusion I have no *hesitation* in reporting that the *Invention* is a *decided improvement upon the ordinary method of lowering boats at sea*; and also, I believe it will be found to answer the purpose for which it is *essentially intended*, that of *safely disengaging the boat from the ship's side while the ship is steering her course through the water*.

I have also the satisfaction of stating that I believe the invention has made a favorable impression upon the minds of the Master, officers, and crew.

I have the honour, &c.,

(Signed) THOS. WESTB

MEMORANDA OF CLUB DOINGS.

ROYAL CANADIAN YACHT CLUB.—TORONTO.

Our colonial friends are enthusiastic in their support of yachting, and by the accounts which we have received from them the club is firmly established, and powerfully patronized. His Excellency the Governor General aiding by his countenance and support to place the club on a firm basis. The fleet number near a score yachts, and there is no doubt that 'ere long we shall receive accounts of a very favorable nature respecting the matches that are sailed and the amount of prizes won. Yachting has become within a few years one of the most general sports throughout the civilized globe. N. E. W. & S., yacht clubs spring up, and the yachtsman meets brothers and friends go where he will.

ROYAL CORK YACHT CLUB.

Our attention has been directed to the following resolutions of the members of this club, in consequence of the resignation of the office of Hon. Treasurer, by H. T. N. Meade, Esq., who was also many years the Hon. Secretary. It was resolved—That Dr. Meade, having resigned the treasurership of this club, which he has held for a period of five years, and previously for several years acted as Hon. Secretary, the duties of which offices he had discharged with so much zeal and unwearied attention to the interests of the club in every respect, we hereby present to him, in the most emphatic manner, the warmest thanks and acknowledgments of the club at this general meeting." "Resolved—That a committee be appointed to prepare some more substantial testimonial of our esteem and regard for our late Treasurer, Dr. Meade, as a more lasting token than the mere verbal expression of our acknowledgments of his long and distinguished services in connection with the Royal Cork Yacht Club."

We have in conjunction with other journalists received many proofs of this gentleman's desire to afford on all occasions every assistance to the press; and we cordially add our best wishes for his happiness in his retirement.

ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON.

THE General meeting of this club was held at the Thatched House Tavern, St. James's, London, on the 9th ult., which was numerously attended, and the noble Commodore, the Earl of Wilton presided. Several gentlemen were elected members, among whom were Lieut. Col. C. Baring, Caprice, yawl, 56 tons; M. Ricardo, Esq., Maid of the Mist, cutter, 31 tons, F. R. Magenis, Esq., Drift, cutter, 50 tons; Col. J. T. Clifton, Plover, cutter, 35

tons; Lord Willoughby De Eresby, Panther, lugger, 35 tons; Capt. C. Edmonds, R.N., and Capt. T. R. Sullivan, R.N.

The accounts for the past year were audited, and a large balance was declared to be in the hands of the bankers, showing the prosperity of the club, which now numbers 173 members and ninety-one yachts, with 11,043 tons.

Other business was transacted at the meeting having reference to the rules of the Squadron, as also the regatta, which it was proposed should take place in the week after the Goodwood races, subject to the approval of her Majesty, the patroness of the Squadron.

The list of members was ordered to be re-numbered, thus a step will be given to the Vice-Commodore, and to Joseph Reynolda, Esq., who, with their seven predecessors, may be considered admirals of the Squadron. They, severally, being above the number 10, will hoist the jack over their respective numbers; those below that number being in common parlance vice-admirals will hoist the union between the numbers. The Marquis of Donegal stands No. 10 on the list, and according to naval routine, is the senior for the next change.

With reference to the contemplated new club-house, a lease of Cowes Castle for 41 years has been granted to the members by the Government, and it is said that the Squadron purpose expending a large sum in the contemplated alterations, to be completed prior to the next season. The castle will be so enlarged and improved by the erection of a tower on its west end, a spacious ball-room in front—in fact, undergo such an alteration for the comfort and convenience of the members, as will render it the first club-house in the kingdom, and worthy of the distinguished patronage it enjoys.

Her Majesty having approved of the arrangements respecting the regatta, which in future will take place the week after Goodwood Races, instead of as heretofore, the Commodore has announced through the Secretary the following:—Tuesday, August 5th, Prince Albert's Cup; Wednesday, August 6th, Annual Dinner of the Members; Thursday, August 7th, Her Majesty's Cup, value 100 guineas; fireworks in the evening; and Friday, August 8th, the Ball.

ROYAL WEAR YACHT CLUB.—SUNDERLAND.

THIS club is making rapid strides towards prosperity—it was founded on the 28th of June, 1855, and on the 9th of May last obtained the Admiralty warrant, with the privilege of carrying the Blue ensign of Her Majesty's Fleet, and a white burgee with a blue cross and a gold crown in centre of cross. The club contains a numerous list of members, and their station a society is a guarantee for the success which we auger will attend meetings.

As soon as the club have arranged the rules and elected the working committee, we shall be enabled to announce the *first* match of the Wear Yacht Club. There is one resolution come to which certainly proves the members

are inclined to adopt the views we have for years advocated, namely, to select a time when their matches shall not interfere with any other. This should be the feeling in all clubs, and we think will be in a great measure carried out this season.

Sunderland like most of our northern ports is celebrated as a nursery for seamen, and the establishment of a yacht club at this port will assist in training our future Nelsons—and enuring youth to brave the “perils of the deep” undaunted.

The Wear Yacht Club is registered No. 22 in the Universal Yacht List.

BIRKENHEAD MODEL YACHT CLUB.

The programme of the Sailing Matches of this Club is issued, and consists of the following details, thus:—

Thursday June 26th, £20 Cup, Entrance 10s. 6d. Challenge Cup Course. Entrance close on Monday June 23rd at 9h. P.M. Saturday July 26th, £20 Cup, Entrance 10s. 6d., Challenge Cup Course. Entries close on Tuesday July 22nd at 9 P.M. Saturday August 23rd Challenge Cup value £50, with £5 added; open to all the world for yachts under 8 tons. Entries close on Tuesday 19th of August.—Entrance Fee 21s.

Sailing Regulations same as last year.

All Entries must be made in writing with the Secretary. The yachts sailing in the Matches must be at their stations off the Club House, Birkenhead Ferry, not later than 2h. P.M.

A steamer engaged by the Club will accompany the yachts. Tickets one shilling and sixpence each, may be procured from the Commodore and Secretary.

WILLIAM SCOTT, *Hon. Sec.*

YACHTING INTELLIGENCE.

THE celebrated Mosquito, whose arrival in England we noticed in our last, has found a purchaser in Mr. Young, the owner of the Amazon.

Messrs. Spencer and Barnes of Cowes have lengthened the Vampire, 4ft. 1in., by the bow, increasing her tonnage to 17; the Haidee, 8ft. 3in., by the bow; and Surprise 8ft. 3in., by the bow, and 3ft. 6in., by the keel, to bring the sternpost more upright; they have also lengthened the Snake 10 feet by the bow, which will increase her to 30 tons. She belongs to Captain Bridgstock.

Messrs. Wanhill of Poole, have launched a cutter of 32 tons for J. C. Atkinson, Esq., of Cork, and another of 80 tons, for R. D. Kane, Esq., of Dublin.

The Leda, Sir. W. Bulkeley, which was ready for sea is dismantled, owing to a death in the family of the owner.

The Aurora Borealis, which is advertised for sale on our cover, has arrived at Cowes, her former owner Captain Beckman died a short time back.

Messrs. Fyfe of Fairlie have built the following yachts this season. Iothona, cutter, of 84 tons, for M. Rowan, Esq., late of Cymba; Scud, cutter, 19 tons, for W. Houldsworth, Esq.; a cutter of 30 tons for R. Speirs, Esq.; and a cutter of 13 tons for J. Arbuthnot, Esq., of the Maria, schooner.

The three first very sharp racing looking craft, the last constructed for comfort more than speed.

REGATTAS AND MATCHES TO COME.

- June 12.—Prince of Wales Yacht Club Match. Entries close June 7th, 10h. P.M.
 13.—Royal London Yacht Club Sailing Match (first and second class) from Erith round the Nore Light. Entries close June 9th.
 14.—Royal Thames Yacht Club Schooner Match. Entries close June 5th.
 24.—Royal St. Georges Yacht Club Regatta in Dublin Bay.
 25.—Royal Yorkshire Yacht Club.
 26 and 27.—Royal Western Yacht Club Ireland.
 28.—Royal Mersey Yacht Club. First and Second Class.
 28.—Royal Thames Sailing Match. Entries close June 19th, 10h. P.M.
 July 1.—Royal Mersey Challenge Cup.—Open to all Clubs.
 3 and 4.—Royal Cork Yacht Club.

HIGH WATER TIDE TABLE FOR JUNE.

D M	High Water Lon. Bridge morn after.		The time of high water at the following places may be ascer- tained, by adding to, or subtracting from, the time at London Bridge.			
	h.	m.	h.	m.	h.	m.
1	0	7	0	35	Aberystwith.....	add 5 23
2	1	0	1	27	Alderney.....	4 38
3	1	50	2	15	Bantry Bay.....	1 39
4	2	38	3	0	Bridlington.....	2 23
5	3	22	3	45	Carmarthen.....	4 3
6	4	5	4	25	Cork Harbour.....	2 23
7	4	48	5	10	Dartmouth.....	3 58
8	5	35	5	57	Dudgeon Light...	5 23
9	6	17	6	45	Eddystone.....	3 8
10	7	7	7	35	Exmouth Bar.....	4 18
11	8	0	8	32	Falmouth.....	3 8
12	9	5	9	35	Flamboro' Head...	2 23
13	10	2	10	30	Guernsey Pier.....	4 23
14	10	58	11	25	Hartlepool.....	1 38
15	11	55	—	—	Humber Mouth...	3 23
16	0	15	0	40	Kinsale Harbour..	2 23
17	1	0	1	22	Lands End.....	2 23
18	1	43	2	5	Leith Pier.....	0 15
19	2	25	2	45	Lynn Regis.....	4 38
20	3	5	3	30	Plymouth.....	3 26
21	3	47	4	10	Swansea.....	3 48
22	4	30	4	55	Torbay.....	3 58
23	5	17	5	40	Waterford.....	3 43
24	6	7	6	35	Weymouth.....	4 23
25	7	0	7	30	Whitby.....	1 38
26	8	0	8	32	Amsterdam.....	0 53
27	9	5	9	35	Antwerp.....	2 18
28	10	5	10	40	Bordeaux.....	4 45
29	11	11	11	45	Cherbourg.....	5 23
30	—	—	0	15	Hamburg.....	3 53
					Brest.....	1 39
					Aberdeen.....	sub 0 56
					Aldborough.....	3 23
					Belfast.....	4 2
					Brighton.....	2 29
					Carnarvon.....	4 47
					Cowes.....	3 22
					Dublin Bar.....	2 55
					Dungeness.....	3 17
					Folkestone.....	3 37
					Foreland, North..	2 22
					Foreland, South ..	2 47
					Gravesend.....	0 37
					Greenwich.....	0 20
					Harwich.....	2 37
					Howth Harbour ..	2 59
					Ipswich.....	2 7
					Kentish Knock ...	2 37
					Lowestoft.....	3 37
					Margate.....	2 2
					Nore Light.....	0 58
					Portsmouth.....	2 27
					Sheerness.....	1 28
					Southampton ..	2 27
					Spithead.....	4 37
					Yarmouth Roads ..	5 27
					Calais.....	2 19
					Dieppe.....	3 2
					Havre de Grace...	4 15
					Ostende.....	1 12
					Honfleur.....	4 37
					New York.....	5 7



HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

JULY 1856.

RUSSELL'S TWIN LIFE BOAT.

At a time when the public attention is directed to the saving of life from shipwreck, it is incumbent on all journalists to lay before their readers, such designs as may appear deserving support; some two years ago we gave a sketch of Mr. Richardson's Tubular Boat; and Lamb and White's Life Boat, and we now introduce the Twin Life Boat by Mr. C. F. Russell. This boat was built in the Isle of Man, in the year 1850, to compete for the Duke of Northumberland's Prize, and a model of it was exhibited at the Crystal Palace, 1851.

In the year 1852, Mr. H. Richardson and his son built their double Tubular Life Boat, the Challenger, in which they made a bold but successful cruise half round the coast of England, encountering heavy weather, and many hair-breadth escapes, and on this plan a Life Boat has been built and is now stationed at Rhyl, North Wales.

The canoes of Mr. Russell's Life Boat are clinch built of deal, copper fastened, they are each about 40 feet long, and 2 feet width, and each divided into ten air tight compartments, completely decked over; they are placed 3 feet apart, consequently she has 7 feet beam over all: there is a pump with gutta percha tube which can be passed into any of the compartments.

The stem, stern-post, and keel being all in one, and forming the segment of a circle offers no point as a fulcrum or impediment to the boat taking the beach, and in entering the surf this boat shoots right upon the beach as far as the sea can carry her; the greatest draught being right amidships, and the two stern-points of the canoes offering no resistance, the sea does not break over her, nor is there any chance of her broaching to, side on the beach, as the force of the sea between the two boats prevents this.

The fore and aft pieces of timber on which the rowlocks are fixed, are placed 8 inches inboard from the gunwale, thus allowing room for the oars, of which there are ten, to slew round with the rowlocks, and stow entirely out of the way in coming alongside a ship.

When under sail, this boat, though drawing about 14 inches of water, goes to windward remarkably well, particularly when the shifting centre-board (on which the rudder is hung) is down; even in the heaviest seas she will not miss stays, but will come about quite dry. It is quite astonishing the quantity of canvas this boat will carry: Mr. Russell fitted her at one time to try her capabilities of sailing, with the mast, boom, main-sail, fore-sail, jib, and bowsprit, of a cutter yacht, of about 8 tons, and though blowing hard he never could put the lee boat under water; but invariably carried away his mast, although well secured with shrouds, &c.

This boat is remarkably dry, for when out in broken weather in company with herring boats, they with their close-reefed main-sails, and spitfire jibs, wet up to the halliard blocks, this boat scarcely threw a spray over her, and could go to windward of them all.

A platform between the canoes gives ample accommodation for forty or fifty persons, and in the Isle of Man she was frequently used as a pleasure boat; parties of ladies, sometimes twelve going out in her with the greatest comfort; one or two gentlemen and a boy being sufficient to manage her: the ladies could all stand and walk about in her, there being no danger of an upset.

MEMORANDUMS OF A RECENT HOME-CRUISE IN THE CERF VOLANT.

BY TOUCHSTONE.

CHAPTER I.—THE THAMES.

"What is't to me—a passenger God wot,
Whether my vessel be first-rate or not."

POPE.

THE Cerf Volant, gentle reader, is a pretty little cutter, of some 10 of 12 tons burden. She is bolder on the water than the generality of small clippers, as she carries but six tons of ballast. Her accommodations consist of a comfortable cabin, ten foot by eight, a spacious cockpit capable of affording room for six or eight sitters, and for her tonnage a capacious fore-castle, with the other usual conveniences of a well appointed yacht. Insomuch that she is not only as the horse-chaunters advertise, "fit to carry a lady," but she has really carried a whole party of ladies across the Channel, and landed them on the other side, as the bills of lading say, "in good order and well conditioned."

From this it will be understood that in the quotation at the head to this Article the words "first-rate" have reference only to the size of the vessel, and not at all to the quality, the original expression in Horace (of which this is a paraphrase) being

—————"Ego utrum
Nave ferar magna an parva."————

I am rather intimately acquainted with the enterprising owner of this little craft, in fact we are chums of long standing. He is a gentleman deeply read in Regatta lore, and of decided opinions on sections, water-lines, rake and displacement. Though not without some experience myself in such matters I do not obtain from my more erudite friend much credit for my opinions, unless they happen to coincide with his own. I believe he considers me as a very good sort of hum-drum companion, but not at all worth the trouble of convincing. When our conversation approaches an argument on nautical subjects, he listens complacently to my observations, and perhaps busies himself about his cigar case the while, remarking sententially, 'ere he begins puffing away, that when we have studied the question as much as he has done I shall probably change my ideas. Being of a placable disposition I accept this solution of the difficulty, and the even tenor of our sociability flows on without interruption, *idem velle idem nolle*. Besides I rejoice in an occasional ease, and where I am heartily and hospitably entertained, I feel that I

have no more right to quarrel with my host's dogmas than I should have to complain of his tough beefsteaks. *Cum grano salis*, and a little patience, both may be digested.

It was towards the latter part of May that I ran against my quondam friend on the sunny side of Temple Bar. We had not met for some time before, and after a cordial greeting he proposed that we should have a cruise together as in "Auld lang syne." The yacht was at Gravesend and ready for sea; the weather was propitious; "we might start to-morrow." "Agreed," said I, "at a word." "I hope you will not find it dull," said he, "only us two?"

"I'll keep a log," replied I, "and record the little incidents of our voyage. Like King Henry at Agincourt I wouldn't wish one man more."

This settled the business, and the next day I proceeded with my carpet bag to the appointed rendezvous, where we got an early dinner together; and at 5h. P.M., on the 27th of May embarked on board the *Cerf Volant*, and made sail down the river with a light breeze at West.

The Thames is perhaps the best and pleasantest river in the world for the yachtsman. Its low banks harbour no squalls, and are favourable to a true and steady wind when it is to be found anywhere. Its freedom from rocks, its soft shelving sides, its deep channel, and its generally easy tides are great advantages, added to which its immense traffic always ensures you plenty of company, with which to measure your speed, or to execute skilful manœuvres; more especially, when you have to beat to windward as not unfrequently happens through a whole fleet. This awakens interest, excites observation, teaches smartness and promotes pleasure, and sometimes it affords food for conversation for hours after you have got out into the open sea.

On the present occasion we had scarcely emerged from the Gravesend squadron of steamers, ships, and coal hulks 'ere we found ourselves in the midst of a number of outward bounders of all sorts and sizes. A fair wind, like a gaming table has a tendency to level all distinctions. The collier brig, the clipper ship, the lumbering barge, the pushing fisherman, and the dashing yacht, all glide along together and change but slowly their relative positions; and a clumsy looking craft that was only a mile ahead of you at Coal-house Point may be within a mile astern of you at the Nore.

The breeze which had become lighter in the Lower Hope died away entirely when we reached Mucking, and the ebb being weak we made but little progress. Thick misty clouds were rising to the southward, portending wind and rain from that quarter, but for this tide at least we had neither. At half past 8 P.M., found it necessary to use an oar

sweep to give steerage way, and after our man Whiffle had exercised his sinews with half an hour's pulling, we succeeded in getting out of the fairway of the river into quiet anchorage. About half a mile eastward of Chapman Head Light, *and bringing it on with Mucking Light*, you will find two fathoms at low water, and here we brought up. At half past 9 went below and got our tea comfortably, during which we arranged the plan of the cruise. Tea by-the-bye always relishes more on board than ashore. Smoked a little, talked a little, read a little, and then went to bed.

CHAPTER II.—THE DOWNS.

"Sweet is the ship, that under sail
Spreads her white bosom to the gale."—OLD SONG.

"Hoarse o'er her side the rustling cable rings,
The sails are furled, and, anchoring, round she swings."—CORSAIR.

Next morning the 28th was awakened about 8 o'clock by the heavy pattering of rain on deck, some of which found its way through our skylight, which was partially open and wetted the cabin floor,—no other inconvenience. Slept again, and roused up at 6, fine sunshiny morning and a pleasant breeze from the westward; called the man and got underway before F. was awake, an uneasy-minded raven croaking at us from the land all the time, which Whiffle did not at all admire.

You may always know the croak of a raven! It resembles more than any thing else the grunt of a pig, but has a somewhat more ringing sound. According to the opinion the ancients had of the longevity of these birds, this might have been the identical raven that Noah sent out of the ark. In Hesiod's time a crow was reckoned to live nine times as long as a man, a deer four times as long as a crow, and a raven three times as long as a deer; by which mode of counting and adopting, the Mosaic period of the world's origin the first raven created might be alive at this day.

Off Southend pier at 8h. A.M., when I woke F., who seemed inclined to have his sleep out, made my toilet *al fresco* in the cockpit while he was dressing. How refreshed and invigorated one feels after a good splashing and rubbing in the open air on a fine genial morning! So different from our sensations in-doors, where we almost shiver if our dressing room window be left open! At 9h. we enjoyed a hearty breakfast of eggs and cold meat, with particularly nice bread and butter. We then set the square-sail, and shaped our course for the Foreland. At 10h. overhauled a fisherman bound the same way; breeze freshening. Off Whitstable at half past 10, made out all the buoys in succession, and

were abreast of Margate Jetty at noon ; still fine but stronger breeze, and southing. Rounded the Foreland at half-past 12, and took in square-sail, finding the wind ahead,—sky gloomy and threatening. A large clipper barque which came out of the river with us and went through the Queen's Channel, we fell in with again here, about a mile ahead of us, and taking in top-gallant sails. Off Ramsgate at 1h., wind increasing and sea getting up. Made a long stretch off the land and passed across the barque's bow, a good tumble of a sea on, and the yacht plunging bowsprit under. Made several tacks in the Gull Stream, but as it came on to blow hove to, and reefed the main-sail, after which weathered two fishing smacks beating to windward ; fetched through the Downs, and came to anchor close in with the land, about half way between Deal and Walmer Castle at half past 3 P.M. The barque came to in the Downs about half an hour after us, and a mile to leeward.

There is no harbour at Deal, and the surf seems always to break on the shore, even when the wind is off the land, but it is sheltered from westerly winds by the South Foreland ; and the steep hard beach affords such facilities for launching and hauling up boats, that the want of snug moorings is seldom felt. In an ordinary way when a boat comes in, she is run end on upon the shore, the men jump out, and with the help of such idlers as are about, who appear to be very numerous, and always ready to lend a hand, they run her up high and dry before, almost, the next wave has time to approach her.

Deal is just the watering place for superannuated mariners, but it has few attractions for ordinary visitors. It is a great pilot and coast-guard station, and is celebrated for an adventurous race of boatmen, who are equally ready to save your life at the risk of their own, or to divest you legally of your property without any risk at all. They count nothing of danger however, if there is a good prospect of booty. There was a man of this class in the *Cerf Volant* at one time, and it was amusing to hear him lament a great misfortune which befel him, whereby he lost as much money, he said, as would have made him comfortable for life. It seems a large ship with a valuable cargo had parted from one anchor, and was driving towards the Goodwin Sands in a tremendous gale of wind. She was seen from Deal by this man and his comrades, who immediately attempted to get their lugger afloat, with a heavy anchor and chain in her, in order to go off to the assistance of the ship, but soon as the boat was launched into the surf she filled and capsized up the beach. "Four times" said he "we hauled her up and baled her but 'twas't no use ! by that time the ship had struck on the sand and gone to pieces, so we guv' it up. "Ah" added he with a long drawl

sigh, "that was an unlucky day for me ! Such a chance a man don't often get in a life-time. She was worth ship and cargo fifty thousand pounds, and we were only a dozen of us. If we could have got the boat off the first time I wouldn't have took five hundred pounds for my share o' the salvage."

At 4h. P.M., we found the yacht driving ; veered her clear of some luggers lying at anchor astern of us, then wayed and set the fore-sail, under which we ran up to Deal, and came to off the jetty. Sent the man ashore for some additional stores, then went on to the *Small Downs*, and brought up in four fathoms, veering out plenty of chain. Here we lie easier, got all sails furled, set the cook to work, and enjoyed a comfortable dinner at 6h. : after which we smoked our cigars, and congratulated ourselves on being in such snug quarters. There were about forty sail of merchant vessels lying in the Outer Downs. The day closed in hazy, and blowing, and we decided to remain where we were for the night. Played chess till time for our indispensable tea, and when that was over, the evening being cold and cheerless we went to bed to be ready to start with the first chance in the morning.

The approach of sleep seems never so delicious to me, as when lying at anchor with just enough of swell to give an undulating motion to the vessel, as it did now. I tried to keep awake on my pillow to enjoy it, as a luxury to be made the most of, but the lulling influence of the waves soon overpowered my faculties, and to use a simile of honest Sancho's—"covered me all over like a cloak."

CHAPTER III.—THE WALLET SPIT-WAY.

"Here o'er the bow; the treacherous Sand-banks lie!"
Luff!" said the Captain, "Luff it is said I."—A NON.

I awoke at early dawn on the 29th, and was reminded of our proximity to the land by a familiar voice,—

"The feathered songster chaunticlere
Had wounde his bugle horne,
And told the early villager
The comynge of the morne."

When I got on deck the sun was up bright and clear, and a soft light breeze off shore scarcely ruffled the surface of the tranquil waters in which we now lay. A large lugger and a small fishing smack, which had been lying near us, were both getting under-way. The tide was running to the northward, and Whiffle hearing me stirring poked his nightcap up the fore-castle, and enquired if I thought it was "time for us to be moving?" Having no further inclination for sleep I gave it as my decided opinion that it was, so he presently applied himself to the

windlass, and by the time my comrade appeared outside of the cabin door we were off Ramsgate, all sail set, and slipping along at the rate of four or five knots an hour, with the wind on our larboard side, and the two craft which had preceded us, far astern.

Ramsgate has a very pretty appearance from the water, with its cliffs and terraces shining in the morning sun, but scarce a smoke-wreath was visible, and not a vessel was passing either in or out of the piers, though it was nearly full tide. Evidently Ramsgate was hardly yet awake. When one happens to be up early on a fine balmy spring morning, how impatient we are of any one else lying in bed, forgetting that three days out of four we are just as bad ourselves. I could have lectured *con amore* on this occasion. On the advantages of early rising "*Difficulus surgere saluberrimum est*," said I, and I virtuously thought that Ramsgate ought to be ashamed of itself.

Broadstairs has an inhospitable look. Huddled selfishly in a hollow of the cliff, it stretches out no arms to the passing mariner in the shape of piers or jetty, nor offers him a creek for shelter or repose. A solitary tug at anchor off the place only made it look more nautically deserted. We passed the Long-nose Buoy at 8h. A.M., wind light and unsteady, and stood to the northward, tide nearly done. Then went to breakfast, after which and when off the (now) striped buoy at the north-east end of Margate Sand, found ourselves suddenly enveloped in a thick mist, which not only shut out the land from us but prevented our seeing half a quarter of a mile around us. F. then got out the chart, shipped the binnacle, and shaped a course to bring us in with the land about Whitstable, the wind having got to the N.E., and piped up pretty freshly. At 10h. sighted the Wedge Sand Buoy, and passed it close to windward. It was marked *red* in our chart, but we found it *black*: I should have thought we were mistaken but that "*Wedge*" was painted on it. We were now running along at the rate of about six knots per hour, and passed very near several fishing craft. They seemed to come out of the fog all at once, loom over the bow like spectres, and vanish mysteriously over the stern. When we were abreast of the Pan Sand Beacon the mist cleared as rapidly as it had come on, and disclosed to us a number of vessels at various distances from us. We also made out the Girdler Light Vessel, and the tide not having fallen much, we hauled across the western end of the Pan Sand, and steered for the Girdler, the wind easing and freshening as the day advanced.

No one should attempt to navigate these minor channels by an old chart, as their Worshipships of the Trinity House are constantly making alterations, and we hope improvements, in the buoys and beacons. There was us

latterly only one buoy (red) on the Girdler Sand, but now there are several about it on the south side, and all red. The wind being fair to cross by the Mouse Light vessel into the Swin, we decided on making Brightlingsea our destination for the night, but we had scarcely cleared the Mouse Sand and hauled our wind, ere we found we should have a beat for it, and by noon the whole hemisphere was charged with heavy lead coloured clouds, partially relieved by streaks of light, and a strong breeze from N.E. had fairly set in. By this time we had passed the Shears Light, and resolved not to turn back as long as we could carry sail, and gain to windward over the tide, which in another hour would make against us. We therefore reefed the main-sail, set the second jib, and thrashed against a chopping head sea, all the way to the Swash or Spitway, which forms the track between the Buxey Sand and the Gunfleet. Here we overtook a fishing smack which had been carrying all sail to accomplish a passage, and which when we were at the Shears was at least two miles ahead of us.

There seems to be some inaccuracy in the charts with reference to these sands, for though they show a certain depth at low water spring tides, on each side of the buoys, particularly eastward, the fishermen do not like to cross outside the latter, even in small vessels of a light draught and on a flowing tide, and when they might save themselves much time and knocking about, by doing so. It must have been half-flood when we fetched the Spitway; yet the fisherman (about 20 tons) made an extra tack, and put his lee sail under water rather than run a hundred yards to leeward of the Black buoy.

Will no philanthropic yachtsman spend a day or two in the vicinage of this *pons assinorum* and correct the soundings or confirm them? for the benefit in particular of his brother craftsmen, and generally for whosoever else it may concern. *Hunt's Yachting Magazine* would doubtless readily record his labours, and the results obtained might be very useful. After hauling close to the aforesaid black buoy we were able to ease off the sheet a point, closely followed by the fisherman. Before we came in with the land however we had left him considerably behind.

CHAPTER IV.—THE COLNE.

"Where several wanderers travel day and night,
By different paths and none are in the right."—LANDOWN.

he entrance to the river Colne is only remarkable at a distance, and as you approach it from the south, by a martello tower on the east side, and a long gravelly beach which appears to project from beneath it like

a spit of sand. On the west side long flats run off, but the far-receding bank is thickly wooded forming part of Mersey Island, though not distinguishable by the eye from the mainland. There is a bar on the east side but in mid-channel between the red buoy and the white there is water at all states of tide.

It is discreditable to Colchester that with its great oyster trade it has erected no Lighthouse to guide its fishermen to the entrance of its intricate harbour; intricate to those who know it; and those who do not must take a pilot or blunder in how they can, whatever the weather without one. We ran into the Colne and anchored off Brightlingsea Creek about 6h. P.M. The fishing vessel which had been in company with us coming up and anchoring within a cable's length of us, a quarter of an hour later. It was cold enough for an evening in March. A keen searching easterly wind, made it uncomfortable to remain on deck, and there was not a gleam of sunshine to suggest the temperature of approaching summer.

After dinner when we had refreshed the inward man with some of Allsop's particular, and were considering whether to finish off with sherry within or "cold without" Whiffle, who was in the neighbourhood of his family made his appearance, and requested permission of his master to spend the night on shore. "Since he had been in the yacht," he said, "he had never neglected his duty for an hour, and had never asked for no holiday!" This eloquent appeal which I seconded was not to be resisted: leave was granted, and the boat lent him, as he had to go a mile or two up the river; and we availed ourselves of his absence to take possession of the stove in the fore-cabin, where with the aid of a cushion or two we found it much more agreeable to sit and smoke our cigars than in our own more dignified apartment.

This was the evening of the celebration of the Peace-jubilee, and Her Majesty's birth-day, and we expected that the little town of Brightlingsea would manifest its joy and loyalty by displaying a few rockets and Roman candles, but nothing of the kind could we see. I am not certain however, that I can positively say there were none, as I have my misgivings that we both of us fell asleep, and did not rouse for a couple of hours. I had an impression on my mind that our conversation was falling into a jumble of disjointed monosyllables, and finding myself rather stiff, and chilly, I rubbed my eyes and observed that the fire was nearly out. I then looked at my watch and to my astonishment it was half-past ten. My companion was evidently still far beyond 'the land of Nod' so I roused him with a friendly shake, and went outside to see the rejoicings.

I looked round and listened,—but all was dark and silent. Not a

light was visible, nor a murmur heard in the direction of the town. The baying of a farm house dog in the distance, an occasional sough of the wind, and the rippling of the tide close by,—these were the only sounds that met the ear, and a few twinkling stars above, and the deep shadows of the trees on the river's brink below, were the only objects the eye could distinguish. "Here at least," said I as the stillness around impressed itself on my senses—"here at least peace seems to be a reality!"

CHAPTER V.—THE RUN HOME.

"Much could I add, but see the boat at hand,
The tide retiring calls me from the land."—JOHNSON.

"Merrily, merrily, goes the bark,
Before the gale she bounds,
So darts the dolphin from the shark,
Or the deer before the hounds."—SCOTT.

The morning of the 30th, was the counterpart of the evening of the 29th, except that it blew harder. There was evidently, as the sailors say, 'a fresh hand at the bellows.' We could hear the wind playing on what Longfellow calls "the great sonorous harp" of the mast and rigging, and as our cook and steward was not expected back till nine o'clock we were in no hurry to leave the blankets.

Man must breakfast however, whether he has any one to wait on him or not: so we turned out at eight o'clock, and by an equitable subdivision of labour we managed to get the fire lit, the kettle on, and the table laid before there was any sign of our factotum. By this time his leave of absence had expired; we looked out but could see no boat coming down the river, only a solitary sloop driving before the wind under a reefed main-sail. Whiffle had obtained an extension of time on account of the hard pull he would have "against tide in the morning"—but it was now past high-water. "This won't do," said F., beginning to look serious, but his frown was changed to a smile as the sloop passed close by us, and cast off our dinghy from her stern.

"Well, Whiffle," said he as the other came alongside, "I always thought you a good sailor, but now I see you are a bit of an old soldier too."

"No sir," replied Whiffle, as he gravely handed the oars on board. "But I never see no good in pulling when I can make my passage quicker, and just as cheap without it! Hope I'm to my time Sir."

"All right," said his master.

The weather had now set in too decidedly disagreeable to make it worth while to prolong our cruise; so we adopted the alternative of returning homeward, and after breakfast we made preparations for getting underway. The topmast was struck, the bowsprit partly run in, the main-sail double-reefed, and the spitfire jib set, and at half-past ten we

got up the anchor, and started for the Thames. Rough as it was, we found many fishing craft dredging in the mouth of the harbour, and many others were running back,—Whiffle said “because they could make no fist of it.” We took one tack to windward under the land and then bore away for the Spitway, with a free sheet. When we had made out the buoys we perceived another yacht to leeward of us steering also for the Swash, and we both rounded the Red buoy nearly together, the other yacht slightly in advance, and carrying whole main-sail and jib.

There was a rough sea on, and our small dinghy towed heavily, and apprehending the painter would part, F. instructed Whiffle to secure it better. It was too late to get it inboard so he hauled it up short, and watching his opportunity he succeeded in passing a stouter rope through the bow-ring, and the two ends being secured on board made all safe. The prudence of this step was soon apparent, for in less than ten minutes afterwards the boat took a broad sheer in a heavy surge and the painter breaking short off, it was wholly dependant on the preventer just rove, but for which, with such wind and sea, we should have had a great deal of trouble to save it.

While this was going on the other cutter had hauled towards the Whitaker Sand to evade the strength of the tide which was against us, but we ran up our square-sail, and steered a straight course to the Shears Light House. When at the Shears the two yachts were abreast of each other within twenty yards, and on passing it, we forged ahead of our companion and continued to increase our distance all the way through the Swin. When we rounded Shoeburyness buoy we took in our square-sail, and set the ordinary fore-sail, but shook one reef out of the main-sail, and strange to say though the wind followed us round and was still nearly aft the other yacht,—The Spree—was unable to come up with us. The two cutters were about the same size, (we were certainly not the largest) but the other carried whole sails, while we had still a reefed main-sail and second jib. In the Lower Hope when we were so right before the wind that we knew not on which side to carry the boom, the Spree gained on us. Then her large main-sail told: but on hauling round the black buoy we again resumed our position. When we parted company at Gravesend, after a run of nearly forty nautical miles together, we were about a hundred yards ahead. The difference in the speed of the two yachts at this rate was not more than one in eight hundred or in time less than a second per mile. Nothing as regards the accomplishment of a voyage, but plenty to win a race. The whole run from the Colne to Gravesend is nearly fifty statute miles, and we completed it in six hours; half of it against tide, as it was scarcely two hours when we let go the anchor.

And now indulgent reader, for the present at least, "I hold it best that we shake hands and part" as my friend Fairplay and I did ; in hopes shortly to meet again and have another cruise. I did not expect to interest you very much in my little specimens of sea-weed and cockle-shells, carelessly strung together, just as they came to hand ; but unless you are one of those who "travel from Dan to Beersheba, and cry 'tis all barren," you will not perhaps feel that your patience has been put to a very severe test. But even a sermon may be too long ! and for my own part, I shall be very well satisfied if I have so far entitled myself to your good-will, as to obtain from you no worse compliment than that which one of the disputants paid to the other in Prior's Alma,

"Your tale however told was short,
So far indeed I thank you for't."

THE MATCHES ON THE THAMES.

In chronicling these events we shall take them in the order they occurred. As we announced in our last, three consecutive days were occupied by the three clubs.

Prince of Wales Yacht Club, July 12th.—The opening race of the season was sailed for prizes of exceeding beauty and workmanship, one of which of the value of £30 was the gift of one of the Members. The appearance of the morning was dreary, and the "weatherwise" prophesied an unpleasant trip. "Well come what may, the match must take place, and although we have sharp showers, and gales of wind, yet the little craft will be at their moorings."

In due time we steamed from Blackwall, the somewhat blustering W.S.W. wind giving us an opinion that the qualities of the yachts would be rather sharply tested, and we were not disappointed, as during the run down and return the strong puffs that ever and anon greeted them proved their seaworthiness.

The fleet was moored off Erith, and with the exception of the Violet and Rifleman were at their proper stations ; these two had by some means changed berths, but prior to the signal for starting were shifted to their respective buoys. As we have oft remarked, the appearance of yachts (whether large or small) preparing for the start causes as much excitement among the *nauticals* as the high metttled racers when saddling and among the *turfites*. Perhaps there is not so much betting, yet the points of the different craft are scrutinized with as minute and careful circumsppection, as ever jockey did his favourite mount.

On reference to the card we find the first prize was a Silver centre piece, value £30 presented by J. W. Benson, Esq., for yachts of 10 tons and under, and a second prize a Silver Claret Jug, value £10 given by the Club for yachts not exceeding 8 tons. Time for difference of tonnage one minute per ton. The course from Erith to the Chapman Light and back.

The following entered, viz :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1856.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
1637	Violet	cutter	10	J. B. Kirby, Esq.
607	Little Mosquito	cutter	8	E. S. Bulmer, Esq.
381	Flirt	cutter	8	A. J. Young, Esq.
876	Silver Cloud	cutter	8	R. Hewitt, Esq.
286	Veritas	cutter	8	J. W. Baxter, Esq.
632	Rifleman	cutter	6	P. Bennett, Esq.

At 2h. 20m. 40s. the starting gun was fired, and the snowy canvas expanded to the breeze, the Violet and Flirt had for some unknown cause been moored by the stern, with their heads pointed to the course to be sailed over ; why this was allowed we do not know, but it certainly gave them to all appearance an advantage ; they were first under canvas, yet the Rifleman which was moored in the strength of the tide, instantly canted and took the lead. In the start therefore we thus place Rifleman first, Violet second, Flirt third, the others closely following with the exception of the Silver Cloud, which, being a new boat had some difficulty in setting her main-sail, and when it was hoisted into position did not set well. The start may be considered, with this exception, successful ;—the telescopes were soon in requisition, and observations rife on the tactics displayed.

In running down the Rands Reach some jockeying took place between the Mosquito and Flirt, luffing up to prevent the slightest advantage to her opponent thereby wasting those moments which might have placed them in more prominent positions. When off Purfleet the Rifleman was still leading, followed closely by Violet, but the Silver Cloud having recovered the time lost at starting, came up hand over hand off Greenwich passed the Violet, and then the Rifleman, taking the lead, and the Commodore of the club was sailing his own craft he occupied proper station, as "the head of the Club." During the manœuvring the above the others were not idle. In Gray's Reach the Flirt with some difficulty hoisted her balloon jib which so increased her speed that before reaching Gravesend she had passed the Veritas and Rifleman :

was fast overhauling the Violet. The Little Mosquito also followed the Flirt's example, and passed the Veritas and Rifleman. In this order they sighted Gravesend—Silver Cloud, first, Violet second, Flirt third, Mosquito fourth, Veritas fifth, and the Rifleman last. Off East Tilbury they shook out their reefs; the Silver Cloud hoisted top-mast, but did not set the sail; Flirt set top-sail, which she carried but a short distance. In rounding Lower Hope Point the Silver Cloud and Flirt succeeded without jibing, the Violet tried and was compelled to go about, which lost her the second place; and in this order they rounded the Club teamer, which was anchored just below the Chapman.

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Silver Cloud	2	31	45	Mosquito	2	41	25
Flirt	2	35	30	Veritas	2	43	2
Violet.....	2	35	47	Rifleman	2	43	45

The Silver Cloud jibed well round, but her race was run, for on each tack she appeared absolutely to stand still; the Violet was well handled, answered her helm with alacrity, passing the Flirt, and ere they reached Holy Haven she overhauled the Silver Cloud and took the lead, she then shook out a reef and was never after headed. The Flirt came up to the Silver Cloud in Sea Reach, and some pleasing manœuvring took place between them, which ended in the former getting second place. The Mosquito also let out a reef and set a larger jib which had the effect of giving her a fresh spurt. In this way they passed up the Lower Hope, but in turning through Gravesend Reach the Mosquito passed the Silver Cloud, and without any other change they arrived at Erith. The Rifleman headed the Veritas, and became fifth, but with no chance of winning, in fact barring accidents it was evident that the Violet would be the winner.

They rounded the buoy off Erith in the following order and time.

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Violet	5	50	0	Mosquito	6	5	55
Flirt... ..	5	58	30	Silver Cloud	6	6	32

The Rifleman and Veritas we did not time. It is but just to observe that the Flirt rounded the buoy five minutes before the time above stated, but in consequence of doing so on the wrong side, she had to put about again, and fortunately for her the Mosquito was at a distance, or Mr. Young's chance of the prize would have been out.

The Vice Commodore who was the senior officer for the day placed the Silver Cloud third, which caused much dissension, as it was evident that the Little Mosquito was entitled to that honour. We attribute this misdirection to the firing of the gun *before* the vessels rounded the buoy;

as from our knowledge of the Vice-commodore we confidently state he would be the last man who would deprive any yacht of her just due.

We shall briefly notice the above yachts, as this was the maiden race with all but one. The *Silver Cloud* was built by Banckham under the inspection of her owner Mr. Hewitt, at Barking, and is a very stiff craft, there were many opinions given respecting her during the match, and as we prefer those of men who are seamen, we are inclined to think that their arguments against the ballast being all in her keel is worthy of attention; she carries a large main-sail which is laced to the boom, and is sloop-rigged. Her sails appeared too heavy for the number of hands she had on board, to shift with that alacrity which is required in a match. However, as her owner is a practical man, there is no doubt she will be made more serviceable ere long.

The *Flirt* is a very pretty specimen of the handicraft of the builder of the celebrated *Kitten*,—Harvey of Wivenhoe, and bids fair to add to the "prize money" of her owner, Mr. Young.

The *Little Mosquito's* performance are so well known that we shall not repeat them. Mr. Bulmer, must not be dispirited because he has not been so successful as her former owner. Perseverance will do much to lead her to victory.

The *Veritas* we see no reason to alter our opinion of, she will never be a racer.

The *Riflesman* was built by Aldous, but will not we fear add to his fame.

Royal London Yacht Club Matches followed on the 18th ult., and we regret to state that owing to the smallness of the entries, little can be recorded. The prizes for the two classes were £40, with £10 for second yacht in the first class; £30 with £5 for second yacht in the second class.

In the first class the *Maud* was entered to contend with the *Phantom*, and unfortunately she did not arrive in time to be measured, therefore the latter had merely a "*sail over*" to claim the prize.

In the second class those *celebres* of the Thames contested, the *Vampire* and *Kitten*. The wind blew strong from S.W., and the rain poured down with an earnestness, which convinced the company assembled on board the *Mars* steamer, that the voyage would be anything but pleasant. However as usual the admirers of the aquatic sport, were all determined to make the best of it. On our arrival at Erith the yachts were at their moorings.

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1856.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Ton.	Owners.
756	Phantom.....	cutter	28	S. Lane, Esq.
573	Kitten.....	cutter	13	R. Leach, Esq.
982	Vampire.....	cutter	20	C. Wheeler, Esq.

The signal gun was fired at 11h. 58m., and the Kitten was first under canvas, followed by the Vampire: the Phantom set her top-sail at starting, and the whole were close together: the Vampire endeavoured to pass the Kitten to windward, and the latter luffing up to prevent her, caused the trio to hug the Kentish shore. The Vampire and Kitten hoisted top-sails after a short time, and the former obtained the lead which the Phantom off Purfleet wrested from her. Down Long Reach they rushed staggering under their canvas, and careening over with fearful hazard, nearly buried in the waters. The Phantom had the lead, and was nearly half a mile ahead of Vampire at passing Gravesend. In this position they passed Southend, when the Phantom struck top-sail, the others speedily followed her example. They rounded the Nore Light thus:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Phantom.....	2	33	0	Kitten	2	47	0
Vampire	2	42	0				

After rounding they made for the Blyth, along the edge of which they kept. They continued the even tenor of their way without any change. The Kitten after rounding was the first to skeet, but the Vampire was not overhauled, although great credit is due to the Kitten for the pluck they displayed to obtain first place. And this is the more praiseworthy, for they were sure to receive the prize if the rules were abided by. They rounded the buoy off Erith in the following order:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Phantom	6	1	40	Kitten.....	6	21	40
Vampire	6	14	30				

A protest was entered against the Vampire in addition to the one of not being measured, viz., for having an extra hand on board. The committee afterwards met at the Club House and decided that the Kitten was entitled to the prize, on the grounds of her opponent not being measured; but they exonerated Mr. Wheeler from the charge of having an extra hand on board.

After the Phantom had come alongside the steamer, Captain Andrews (who officiated in the absence of the Commodore, J. Goodson, Esq.) presented the purse of 40 sovereigns to the owner of the Phantom, and said "although the Phantom sailed alone in her class, he felt a pleasure in presenting Mr. Lane with the prize, yet he must say that the pleasure

would have been much greater if he had been able to bring the Maud round in time to be measured. The prize most probably would have gone to the Phantom, still it would enhance its value by being honorably contested."

Mr. Lane, in receiving the prize "could assure the company assembled that he felt almost ashamed to accept it, as he had done nothing to merit such honor, however as he did not wish to give offence, he could only hope that on another occasion an antagonist would be found to compete with the Phantom."

The "health of the Queen and the ladies" was next given by Captain Andrews, who alluded to the unpropitious state of the weather, especially its effects upon the fair sex. He complimented the ladies upon their being good sailors, and hoped that on the next occasion their bright smiles would be mixed with bright sunshine.

The "Royal London Yacht Club," coupled with the name of Captain Andrews, was next given, and duly responded to; after which the business of the day terminated.

In coming up when off Southend, the Phantom fell in with her old antagonist the Thought, which had been out for an airing, her Captain Pittuck (commonly known as Pickett,) not wishing the weeds to entangle her bottom, after he had got her afloat for the season. The appearance of this yacht created a great bustle on board the steamer, and we believe more attention was paid to the manœuvring of these two yachts, than to the contending craft in the match.

In the friendly contest on this occasion the Thought had the best of it, as when she clued up her main-sail at Gravesend, she was at least a quarter of a mile a-head. She had only a crew of a man and boy on board besides the Captain.

The Aurora Borealis was also cruising about, and was highly censured for getting in the way of the Phantom more than once, but it might have been inadvertently done, although we must confess we have seen yachts not in matches most unjustifiably hamper those contending. This should at all times be avoided.

Royal Thames Yacht Club Schooner Match occupied the third day's successive sailing on the Thames:—This is considered the crack match on the river, and when it comes off as smoothly as its promoters desire, is no doubt A 1 of all yacht sailing. On the 14th June, the whole proceeding throughout was characterized with fair sailing, and an endeavor on the part of the respective crews of the craft engaged to give a take fair play. The weather was far from agreeable to the majority of

the company assembled on board the Prince of Wales steamer, engaged by the club, for although the morning was fair, in the afternoon several smart showers drove the company to seek shelter. However notwithstanding all this the Commodore Lord Alfred Paget, the Vice-Commodore, R. Green, Esq., and the worthy Secretary, P. Grant, Esq., exerted themselves successfully to give pleasure to all on board by their untiring attentions to their comforts.

The prize for competition was a piece of plate of the value of £100 quarter-minute time per ton for difference of tonnage. To start from Rosherville Pier to go round the Mouse Light and back.

An exceeding good entry graced the cards, and when we arrived at Rosherville we were agreeably surprised to find all the yachts at their moorings ready for sailing, viz :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1856.

No.	Yachts Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
1096	Wildfire.....	schooner	59	J. T. Turner, Esq.
586	Lallah Rookh.....	schooner	126	Lord Bangor
1025	Vestal.....	schooner	74	F. O. Marshall, Esq.
856	Sappho.....	schooner	104	G. P. Naylor, Esq.
43	Aquiline.....	schooner	55	J. Cardinall, Esq.

At about 12h. 35m., Ansell received orders to fire the preparatory gun, and after an interval of five minutes, the cannon again belched forth the signal to start. Ere the smoke had cleared away the whole fleet were actively engaged in bowsing up their snowy canvas, that

"Fluttered in the breeze."

Great attention is generally given to the start, as it is deemed one of the best tests of the activity of the crew. On this occasion the Wildfire was first under canvas, yet the Sappho canted first; the Vestal took the lead, but soon gave way to the Lallah Rookh. The Sappho luffing up, and seemed in some manner to be out of order. After passing Coalhouse Point the whole fleet jibed, and having set their top-sails, the Sappho passed the Aquiline, and the Vestal not content with the first top-sail she set shifted for a larger one which gave the Wildfire a chance of passing whilst so engaged. In Sea Reach the Lallah Rookh was leading, followed by Wildfire, Vestal, Sappho and Aquiline.

A heavy squall of wind and rain came on, which caused the Vestal to lower her top-sail. A large steamer belonging we believe to the General Steam Navigation Company, bound outwards, came up and took the wind out of the sails of the Vestal and Aquiline, and for some considerable time kept so close to windward of the Aquiline, as to baffle all her

efforts to get rid of the nuisance ; the back water from the paddles, had the effect of retarding the progress of the yacht ; and the Captain of any steamer who would not bear away to allow a craft to pass when contending in a match deserves censure. If he had eased for five minutes the Aquiline would have been able to get clear, and the steamer would then pass to leeward. But no, that did not suit the fancy of the skipper, he must be in the way. When passing the Nore Light the Lallah Rookh was leading by nearly a mile, and the others at various distances a-head of each other. The wind shifted more westerly, and the whole fleet struck top-sails and shifted jibs, and some of the yachts lowered their top-masts, and in this order they rounded the Mouse.

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Lallah Rookh.....	2	33	0	Sappho.....	2	45	10
Wildfire.....	2	42	50	Aquiline.....	2	48	10
Vestal.....	2	43	35				

The Wildfire was thus winning with several minutes to spare. The Lallah Rookh did the distance at the rate of $13\frac{1}{2}$ knots an hour. The whole of the vessels rounded very well, and stood over to the northward ; the wind strong from about W.S.W., with little sea. The Vestal shortly after rounding took the lead of Wildfire, but this was in a great measure owing to a mishap on board the latter. It appears the rigging and gear are of iron wire, and during the heavy squall that now assailed them, the starboard fore-mast shrouds gave way, and she was hove about to prevent her mast from going over. The damage as far as the crew had the means was speedily repaired, but still her foremast at every fresh puff tottered fearfully, and it certainly was a good stick or it would have gone by the board. After the squall (which was a regular hurricane in miniature) had passed away, the Lallah Rookh was leading a long distance a-head, with Sappho second, Aquiline third, Wildfire fourth, and the Vestal last. The wind now seemed more steady, and the two latter vessels kept on tack for tack, and succeeded in passing Aquiline and Sappho, and taking the position in which they rounded the Mouse. When reaching the Nore Light ship the wind shifted and enabled the Vestal to obtain second place, bringing her close to the Lallah Rookh, the wind again increased and another squall came on. The latter vessel from her size withstood the shock, and rushed madly along, throwing the spray half mast high, but the poor Wildfire was once more in trouble, the bolts to the preventer stays which were rigged out to assist the shrouds, began to draw, and the main shroud halliards parted, and the bolt and rope loosened and strained. The greatest fears were now entertained for the safety of her fore-mast, as it bent and swayed fore and aft. Fortunately it withstood the pressure, and the Wildfire once more

engaged in the contest with Vestal, passing and taking second place again. In entering Sea Reach the Mosquito, Amazon, Aurora Borealis, and the Vigilant, revenue cutter were observed cruising, and they hovered about the fleet. The Mosquito evidently having the best of the Amazon. Another squall was encountered at upper part of Sea Reach, but the water being less agitated the Wildfire kept her place, and when in Lower Hope the fleet was compelled to jibe as the wind headed them. In rounding the buoy off Rosherville the Lallah Rookh and Vestal overreached, and consequently lost a few seconds in going about. The time and order of rounding was as follows.

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Lallah Rookh.....	7	40	50	Sappho.....	7	59	50
Wildfire.....	7	44	10	Aquiline.....	8	6	30
Vestal.....	7	52	20				

The Wildfire was therefore the winner, with 10m. 55s. to spare : the whole distance there and back estimated at about 68 miles was performed by the Lallah Rookh in 7 hours 15 minutes, being about eight miles an hour. Lord Alfred Paget presented the prize to Mr. Turner, and this finished a first-rate schooner match on the Thames.

The Wildfire's time of building, &c., has been noticed in former volumes. This might be considered her maiden prize, having been altered from her originality as a cutter. Her present owner is more fortunate than his predecessor, and we think if he intends her for a racer, he will give her a thorough overhaul, and have her rigging made stronger; and larger canvas would not be an impediment, rather to the contrary.

The Lallah Rookh was built by Wanhill in 1854, she is a noble looking craft, and this we believe was her first appearance as a racer.

The Sappho was built by Camper in 1853, and is a good serviceable sea-boat, not kept for the purpose of racing, and her owner to make a good display of schooners entered her, without the least idea of winning ; in fact she sailed with her usual sea-going stores on board, not an article we are given to understand was displaced on the occasion. A few such generous spirits would add to the pleasure of yacht sailing.

The Vestal has lately come into the possession of F. O. Marshall, Esq., who formerly had the Therese, which he sold at the Cape of Good Hope, and having been only a few weeks the owner of the Vestal, had no time to prepare her. But to show that he meant business, the celebrated John Nicholls was engaged for the trial. She did not win it is true, but still she might have been in a better position at the finish, if she had not met with an accident before the race, viz., knocking off some eight or ten feet of her keel, and to our own knowledge the Captain on the morning of the race borrowed several tons of ballast, rather than not be in the contest. We shall expect to see her in the van before the season is over, as her owner intends visiting the Eastern Coast Regattas. The vessel is the handicraft of Inman.

Now come we to the Aquiline, one of the prettiest craft afloat—she was built by Harvey. In the present race, as we observed before, she was much impeded, and in addition we are informed by a gentlemen who was on board that it was discovered that upwards of a ton of water had lodged in her bilge, supposed from being improperly caulked. The Captain was new to his craft, and it takes time for a man to get the proper trim. We shall have occasion we hope to log her in our list of winners.

Royal Thames Yacht Club last Match for the season.—June 28th was the closing scene of this noble club, and many were the expressions of regret. All things have an end and so must yachting. This club very judiciously get their matches over early in the season, to allow the members an opportunity of taking their yachts seaward, and it is certainly a most excellent plan.

Last year we believe was the first in which prizes had been given to small yachts, (or more properly speaking the 3rd and 4th class,) and the satisfaction it gave to all parties concerned, as well as a numerous company, has produced a second, and we hope it will be perpetuated as long as the club exists.

The club on this occasion offered two prizes, one of £50 value for third class yachts, between twelve and twenty tons, and one of £30 for fourth class, between seven and twelve tons. For the third class, four entered viz., Fawn, Exquisite, Brunette, and Vampire; for the fourth class nine entered and all started :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1856.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
381	Flirt.....	cutter	8	A. J. Young, Esq.
1037	Violet.....	cutter	10	J. R. Kirby, Esq.
816	Quiver.....	cutter	12	T. Chamberlayne, Esq.
546	Julia.....	cutter	7	P. Turner, Esq.
312	Eek.....	cutter	10	H. Meadows, Esq.
875	Silver Cloud.....	cutter	10	R. Hewitt, Esq.
134	Camelia.....	cutter	9	Lord de Ros.
1072	Wave.....	cutter	8	T. Rickman, Esq.
864	Sea Nymph.....	cutter	10	R. Solly, Esq.

The course was from the usual starting place, about a mile above Erith to Chapman Head and back.

In due course we arrived at Erith, where we found the above sm craft at their moorings,—but alas! no yacht of third class made h appearance. Does the sight of the “white, red border, bat in centr frighten all aspiring owners from the waters, surely some one or t might be found, to make the attempt at least to vanquish the monster; h

the owner of the Kitten been one of the R. T., this affair would have terminated differently.

The first gun was fired at 11h. 38m. 50s., when the little "hives" were in commotion. "Fire," cried Lord A., at 11h. 43m. 50s; this precision of time showed the discipline of the noble commodore. The Quiver was first round, followed by Violet, then Flirt, the rest in a ruck, the first named set her canvas with great smartness, and Flirt ran up a large but light top-sail; and the Silver Cloud made an attempt to hoist an enormous top-sail yard, long enough apparently to reach from the bowsprit end to beyond her boom; but unfortunately in some respects the yard bent like a reed, and they were forced to encumber their deck with it. There was scarcely sufficient wind to keep the sails from flapping at the start, and that nearly north, so that it could scarcely be called more than a drift match. The Sea Nymph took the lead before reaching Purfleet which she kept nearly through Long Reach, when the wind having chopped round to west, they were once more together. A slight catspaw having been felt by the Flirt she darted ahead, followed by Sea Nymph, but before reaching Gravesend numerous changes took place, and they passed this "city of shrimps," in the following order, Flirt considerably ahead, Quiver, Esk, Julia, Sea Nymph, Violet, Camelia, Wave, and slightly in the distance the Silver Cloud.

After entering Sea Reach several changes took place, and when off Hole Haven, the Flirt and Quiver as they lay becalmed on the Essex shore, were passed by the Violet, Julia, Wave, and others that had hugged the north shore.

The steamer went a-head and anchored within a mile of the Chapman; the tide being now on the turn, the steamer remained with her head seaward, which the yachts did not at first observe, and when they went round the vessel it was one of the most imposing sights ever witnessed by the oldest "salt." The Quiver which was the first to discover that the steamer was moored, bore down on her to round, followed by Sea Nymph, when the Flirt which had gone farther a-head, tacked and came rushing on the other two, and they had to give way to her: up came Violet at this moment also bore down, and thus a collision seemed inevitable, but good seamanship prevented it. Up came Julia, Esk, and Wave, followed in a few seconds by Silver Cloud and Camelia, thus the nine boats were in a cluster, the bowsprit of some hanging over the counter of others.

The whole fleet rounded as one vessel, at about 3h. 53m., amidst the deafening shouts that ever issued from an excited and enraptured multitude. The fishes were disturbed from their repose, the sea birds away screaming, and we should opine that even the Nore Lighters if they heard the shouts went into convulsions.

The officials placed three vessels thus:—Violet first, 3h. 52m. 15s., Flirt, 3h. 52m. 16s., Esk, 3h. 52m. 17s., but we really could not decide: all we can say is that the oldest man living never saw such a scene, and its one of those sights that a man would be almost justified in not believing if he were not present.

There was not the least attempt at fouling, the crews of the respective vessels seemed enchanted, not a murmur escaped them, and a smile illumined most of their pleasing phisogs; we particularly observed a facetious friend of ours, who popped up from below in his old favorite craft, with a blue and white covering on his venerable head, rubbing his hands with delight; and much to the credit of all, they had taken on board a cargo of good humour.

Soon after rounding they all went about, the Flirt taking the lead, when after a little jockeying the Wave became first, followed by Julia second, but the Wave was soon displaced, as off Hole Haven the Flirt was leading, followed by Julia second, Violet, Sea Nymph, Quiver, Wave, Esk, Camelia, and Silver Cloud. When coming up Sea Reach the wind increased and headed them, the Julia made a tack and appeared to lose ground. The wind still on the increase the Quiver lowered her top-sail, and went a-head of Sea Nymph, Violet, and Julia, and came up to Flirt hand over hand and after some manœuvring passed on her lee: after entering the Lower Hope the struggle between them was exciting, the Quiver however kept the lead. When passing Gravesend she was nearly two minutes a-head. When coming up Fiddlers Reach she set a jib headed top-sail, and the Flirt also hoisted a top-sail. In this way they turned up Long Reach continually changing positions.

Off Gravesend the Wave and Julia came in contact, and the latter had her topmast carried away, which considerably delayed her. She had previously carried away her bobstay. They arrived at the buoy off Erith in the following order:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Quiver.....	6	33	45	Julia.....	6	45	25
Flirt.....	6	36	40	Wave.....	6	46	40
Sea Nymph.....	6	39	50	Camelia.....	6	47	5
Violet.....	6	40	25	Silver Cloud.....	6	48	0
Esk.....	5	42	40				

The Flirt lost some seconds in rounding, and the Camelia and Silver Cloud passed without; the Quiver was declared the winner.

Lord Alfred Paget presented Mr. Chamberlayne with the prize, and said he should be happy at all times to enter his yacht, where such good feeling is displayed, as he had witnessed to day.

MY CRADLE BOAT.

BY TOMMY BLUFFBOW.

CHAPTER VII.

THE Kitty was riding at anchor in the river one evening in the month of July, when the scene presented as fine and lovely a picture as the eye could desire to rest upon. Not a breath of wind stirring, nor a ripple upon the water: but the setting sun had left luminous ruby traces in the western sky which contrasted picturesquely with the lurid horizon in the east; where the moon was rising obscurely, behind the cloudy curtains that hung in various folds, as if purposely to screen it from the more dazzling effect of the scene directly opposite. The north and south banks of the river were thickly studded with tall trees, which awaited but the favoured glance of the moon to bid them cast their tall shadows across the limped stream. Such was the scene presented to my view from aboard the Kitty, as I paced her decks, puffing a cigar, ever and anon turning my eyes from east to west, from north to south, and gazing with pleasing delight on the beautiful picture unfolded to view on either side. And then I thought of Heaven and the beauties of nature; my feelings seemed to be inspired by some inward mover of men's hearts, and I wished myself a better man. My musings were shortly interrupted by the voice of some one near, who had approached quite unobserved; so deeply was I engaged in thoughtful contemplation. I turned in the direction of the speaker, and saw it was John Lester, who had come from the fore-cabin, where the Captain and lad were at supper.

"I want to speak to you, sir, about a private piece of business, if you'll allow me", said he.

"Oh, certainly, Lester," I replied; and I then saw at a glance he had something on his mind which considerably disturbed his self-possession; and as to the result of which he had some misgiving. I therefore spoke encouragingly to him, and urged him to proceed.

"Well then, sir, the fact is," said Lester, "I hope you will not be offended with me, sir, but since I've been in your employ I've become acquainted with a young woman that I should like to marry, sir, if you have no objection."

"Ha! what! young woman? Who is she? marry, what?" I replied.

"Well sir, its a young woman of the name of Kitty Murray," said I
Lester.

"Kitty Murray!" I said with astonishment, "and pray how long have you been making love to her?"

"Ever since I've been in your service, sir," said he, "but I did not know whether you would approve of the match, because she is a daughter of the man who took your yacht across the sea on a smuggling voyage, about two years ago."

"Oh yes," I replied, "I know the family well: you have done right in mentioning this to me Lester. I will consider of it and speak to you again upon the subject to-morrow. But stay,—when did you first become acquainted with her, Lester."

"The first time I ever saw her, sir," replied the sailor, "was when you sent me down to the cottage with 'your respects and you had sent her a chicken'. She came to the door herself, and I thought I had never seen so pretty a cottage girl in all my life. I fell souse over head and heels in love with her. So after that I used to walk round there with my pipe of an evening, after we came ashore. I had to go a good many times before she'd take any notice of me: but at last, when she found I was in earnest, she hove-to; and then I luffed alongside her, and so the acquaintance commenced,—thats how it was, sir."

"And has she promised to marry you?" I enquired.

"Well, no sir, not exactly: she said 'she did not know whether you would approve of it or not:' because you see, sir, her father having wronged you; she was fearful you would not overlook it: but, as I told her, her father's wrongs were no wrongs of hers."

"But did she state that as the reason why she would not accept your offer until you had spoken to me about it."

"No sir, she would not give me her reason, but I knew that was where her fears hung," he replied.

"Have you been in the habit of going much to the cottage of an evening to sit with her?"

"Not until very lately, sir," said the sailor, "I used to fall in with her sometimes whilst sauntering about by the beach and cliffs near the cottage. And one evening I remember we were cruizing along under easy sail, I had her on my starboard bow, when all of a sudden, she cast off her main tackle, let go her jib sheet, and scudded away for the cottage like a revenue cutter; leaving me all adrift in my ideas as to the cause of it; until I turned my head and looked along the beach, and there was *you*, sir, a coming along with a cigar in your mouth: she had twigged you, but I hadn't until that moment: so I ported my helm and bore away directly on another tack, for I thought perhaps you might think I was after no good there. Hows'ever I was after no harm sir."

That's the only time that ever you were near catching us arm in arm together, sir."

"Well Lester," I replied, "you are very candid and open hearted about your sweetheart: I will consider of it and speak to you again in the morning. But I have one request to make of you, which is this:—You will come with the gig and take me and the captain ashore this evening, when you will immediately return to the yacht and overhaul the mullet nets, and put the cabin in order: for I intend to be aboard early to-morrow morning; I must therefore, this evening, forbid your going ashore. I hope you have no appointment with Kitty to night?"

"No sir, none at all," said the sailor with a little hesitation "and your orders shall be obeyed, sir."

The boat was immediately manned, and in half an hour from the time I stepped into the stern-sheets we landed at the village pier. The captain bade me good night, and trudged off to his wife and family; whilst I waited a few minutes in the shade to see that the boat returned in the direction of the yacht. Having satisfied myself that it did, I walked briskly home and disguised myself in a pair of white ducks, common sailor's jacket, and round shining hat, and then proceeded straight in the direction of Murray's cottage. On arriving there I gave the old signal, a gentle rattling of the latch of the garden gate, which was shortly responded to by the fair Kitty, who came tripping along the path with light and careless step.

"Oh! Jack, I am so glad you are come," she said putting out her hand to me which I instantly grasped, saying,

"And I am so glad to meet you Kitty that I——"

"Good heavens! and is it you Mr. Bluffbow?" she said rapidly snatching her hand from my grasp. "Why whatever is the matter that you come here to-night? I have not seen you these six weeks."

"Nothing is the matter, Kitty," I replied, "John Lester is aboard the yacht, and will not come ashore to-night: he has been talking to me about you, and I have come here purposely to speak to you upon the subject."

The moon was shining brightly upon her blushing face as she drooped her head at my remark; her raven tresses swinging loosely on her cheeks. I remained silent a few moments waiting her reply, when she raised her head and gazing softly, but enquiringly at me, asked, "And what did John Lester say to you, sir?"

"He tells me he is very much in love, and wishes to marry you."

"But I have never yet said I would have him," she replied.

"Perhaps not, Kitty, but he appears to hope you will. He has con-

fided in me, and it is now time that I should be equally confiding with you. You know Kitty you have always been a very great favourite of mine, and I have much regard for you. I should wish to see you entirely happy ; and I think you would be far more so with such a man as John Lester, than with me, were I to offer to make you my wife. Do you not think so yourself, eh!"

"It would be imprudent on your part, sir, to marry a girl so far beneath you, as a poor uneducated cottage girl like myself ; and besides doing yourself a great injustice, it would be doing your family connexions a far greater; for of course I could never occupy so exalted a position with ease and pleasure to myself, nor could I endure being the subject of ridicule and jeet in fashionable society, such as your station in life daily throws you amongst. (No, sir, however much respect you may entertain towards me, I respect you too much to allow you to disgrace yourself and family in that way ; and all I ask of you is, to remember me only as a friend of your early days, and forgive me for all the wrongs I have ever done you."

"Wrongs ! my dear girl ! you have never wronged me!" I shall ever remember you as long as I live, and shall not cease to entertain the same respect for you I have ever done : I admire your magnanimity, and only hope I may meet with one equally gifted in the fashionable society you destine me to move in. But I fear, nay more, I shall be much surprised if I ever find one so naturally gifted with noble sentiment and amiable feeling as yourself. But I will say no more, you will be happier, *far* happier, without me : although I consider you deserving an exalted station in life. I have reasons for thinking highly of John Lester, he is a steady, honest, and open hearted fellow ; besides which you know, Kitty he is such a fine, handsome looking man, that I do not wonder at your falling in love with him. He is a thorough sailor too, and I hope will prove a kind husband."

"I am glad to hear you speak so highly of him, sir," she replied.

"Well then, Kitty, we quite understand each other," I said, "I am to withdraw my attentions from you."

"Oh yes, sir, and your intentions too, if you ever had any," replied the girl jocosely pinching my arm.

"I do so with an aching heart I assure you, Kitty."

"Oh, nonsense—good night, sir," said the ruddy beauty with one of her blindest smiles.

"Good night Kitty" said I, "but stay,—as I am to part from you *for ever* as it were, I must have a parting kiss, Jack will never miss it."

"Hallo there ! what the d——l are you after," said a voice clear

behind me; and at the same instant Kitty flew from my grasp and darted into the cottage like a rabbit into its burrow, leaving me face to face with no other man than John Lester! He had seized me by the arm, and raised his fist in threatening attitude to strike me a desperate blow; when I grappled with him and warded it off, and in our struggle we fell heavily to the ground. Releasing each other's grasp, he sprang to his feet, and flourishing his arms, challenged me to stand before him in open combat. During the whole of this, which occupied but a few moments, not a single blow had been struck on either side, for Jack was no coward, he disdained to strike a man whilst on the ground: but on his challenging me to rise, I thought it time to throw off my disguise by opening my mouth for the first time during the struggle. I therefore spoke to him in the following words.

"John Lester, be cautious what you are about in challenging to fight your *best friend* and Master."

"Mr. Bluffbow! My master! Is it *you*, sir?" said Lester, standing aghast, as if doubting the correctness of his vision.

"It is, Lester; and whatever conclusion you may hastily arrive at as to this surprise, I assure you I am your *friend*, not your foe."

"You lie, sir," said Lester vehemently. "Did I not see you in the very act of taking an unfair and unbecoming liberty with a girl of mine: the only one on earth I care to live for: and on whose behalf I have this night revealed to you the whole secrets of my heart, and consulted you as if my best and truest friend? You then, with motives of the basest nature, stealthily creep upon her in my absence; and that too, after laying strict injunctions on me not to leave the yacht. I tell you, sir, and tell you to your face, 'tis treachery of the blackest hue I ever met with in my sailor life, and were you peer or prince I'd thrash you for it, as I will this very night."

And so saying he sprang upon me with clenched fists and struck me a heavy blow over my left eye, and aimed another which I warded off; at the same time I planted a hard blow on his chest, and tripping him up with my right foot he fell to the ground, but regained his feet in one instant, and rushed upon me: I was quite prepared for him this time, and warded off two of his desperately intended blows, when Kitty came screaming out and darted between us, seizing my antagonist round the neck, and imploring him, with all the persuasive arguments she could think of, to desist from fighting. She assured him that I was her old and well tried friend; that I had come there to speak about her marriage with him: that I had come in disguise to avoid the remarks of village busybodies; and that I had not sought to defeat him in his intentions, nor to deprive him of a single lover's privilege.

"Lover's privilege be d——d," said Jack. "Did not I see you both kissing and hugging each other like a pair of turtle doves under a weather shore?"

"Indeed Jack you do me a great injustice—but Mr. Bluff bow" said she turning to me, "I leave you to give your own explanation."

"But he wo'n't hear me," I replied.

"If you can justify such conduct towards a poor man—do, sir,—one who has served you night and day with as willing a hand, and as faithful a heart as ever dog served his master: one who confided his bosom secrets to your keeping; and who up to this hour would have risked his life to save you from harm, for I believed you one of the worthiest and best of masters I ever had. If you can justify your conduct sir, I say, do—and may God forgive me."

"John Lester,"—I said, "as you now appear somewhat calmer, and your passion a little quelled, I will endeavour to explain to you the object of this mysterious and unfortunate interview. In the first place I should inform you that I look upon Kitty Murray almost in the light of a girl placed under my guardianship: I have known her from childhood, and have too high an opinion of her ever to attempt making her the victim of any base or dishonourable motive. She consults me as her guardian on the chief actions of her life: and know this—John Lester,—without my consent she will never marry you. It was upon that subject I came here to meet her this evening, and our conversation has been entirely on that head. I have not wronged you of a single right, beyond an innocent kiss; at the critical moment of my taking which, you pounced upon me like a tiger from his lair. I do not blame you for it; you acted as a man on the impulse of the moment. I should probably have done the same had I been in your place: you have reeked your vengeance upon me with unsparing ferocity, but I forgive you, for

'Jealousy is the rage of Man.'

And I admit you had apparent reason to be jealous: but now that I have given an explanation, I must request that you will receive it, and make me some apology for this rough treatment. Remember, that however faithfully you may have hitherto served me, you have this night deliberately disobeyed my orders in coming ashore after I specially requested you to remain aboard the yacht: and had you not done so, you would have spared yourself, and me also, this unpleasant encounter; which I fear as created some absurd suspicion in your mind, which neither time or persuasive arguments, nor explanation can eradicate. I trust, however, I may give you credit for sufficient good sense to understand that I have not acted towards you otherwise than as a friend."

Kitty having confirmed my whole statement, concluded by saying, that "If after what had been said he still suspected her, he had better not again trouble himself to come to the cottage, as she could not endure being suspected : and however much regard she had for John Lester, she had rather live single all her life than marry a man who mistrusts her."

"Kitty—I don't mistrust you," said Lester, "the explanation is satisfactory."

Then turning towards me he said,—“Sir, I humbly beg your pardon for having handled you so roughly, but I felt so enraged at the moment; the scales appeared to fall from my eyes, and disclose such a mass of treachery on your part, that I thought you the vilest scoundrel on earth. I hope you admit there was apparently good ground for those suspicions; and that no sailor, with the feelings and spirit of a man, would have acted otherwise. I have, truly, disobeyed your orders in coming ashore to-night: but I have not neglected my work, I did it all before I came to keep my appointment with Kitty at this gate. But, sir, as you took the liberty of kissing Kitty; and you must own that in so doing you also were trespassing on forbidden ground: therefore I shall set that off against my disobedience to your orders.”

“Be it so then, Jack,” I replied, “but unfortunately Miss Kitty looked so irresistible by this moonlight that I could not avoid that innocent, but unfortunate kiss.”

“There that will do Mr. Bluffbow” said Kitty, “don’t stand there with your face covered with blood, but come into the cottage, and let us bind up that wound.”

We both immediately followed Kitty into the house; and her father directly left the room, and retired to bed, without lifting his eyes upon us, or uttering a single word.

On washing away the blood, I found I had received a very severe cut from Lester’s brawny fist; but as I felt somewhat deserving it, was determined not to be annoyed. Kitty appeared most vexed: and expressed her regret at being the cause of so much strife. But having carefully bound up my wound, we bade her good night, and Lester accompanied me home.

THE IOTHONA.

HAVING recently an opportunity of examining this new 80 ton clipper, at Fairlie, we think a short description of her may not be uninteresting to our readers, the more especially as, if our Nautical eye does not very much deceive us, she is destined to become one of the best known cracks the yachting world has for some time seen.

The Iothona!—Why so classical in your names, Mr. Rowan? Aquila, Cymba, Iothona, one Latin and two Greek, the next must be Hebrew, and after that we can foresee a long list of Persian, Arabic, and Sanscrit appellations, ending at last, after a long career of yachting triumphs in a wondrous craft superior to all else ever built, the euphonious nomenclature of which shall be derived from the unknown tongue.

"What's in a name" says Shakspeare! we answer there is in yachting much in a name, and our Annual purple book shews that the Clubs have much need of a revision of their Lists on this head. A rose indeed by any other name may smell as sweet, but a yacht with any name but a fitting one, does not sound well—does not hail well—and we had almost said does not sail well. Long names are objectionable because they are troublesome and difficult to catch. Fine names are absurd because they are always mispronounced; we have oftener heard Mr. Scovell's nice cutter called the Atlantic, than the Atalanta, and Mr. Macfie's *La Belle Anglaise* is universally known as the *Isabella Inglis*. Even Aquila though a sufficiently common Latin word, the pronunciation of which must have been pretty familiar to any body who ever was at a grammar school, was universally denominated the *Aquilla*, as if the craft had had a pen, and not an eagle for her namesake.

Having of late years been more familiar with printing presses than Greek Lexicons, we cannot pretend to say that we precisely know what Iothona means.* We did hear some hints, that it had something to do with the Nymph of the Wave, if so we can felicitate that young lady on the good looks of her so named daughter.

Sooth to say the Iothona is a noble cutter, none of your lean, lanky, half starved greyhound looking craft, of which we have seen too many of late years. Long certainly she is and sharp enough in all conscience, but still she has a look of power and stability about her, that shows she wont be the first to trail her cloth in the gutter. If we were to compare her to anything with four legs, it would be to that noble horse Voltigeur, who recently won Lord Zetland the Derby. In so far as a boat an

* Qy.—Some spell it Olthona—who's right?—Printer's Devil.

*'Oithona' - The virgin of the wave - See
Ossians Poems. Vol 1. 234*

resemble a horse the similitude holds good; fine in the extremities, but round in the barrel are the characteristics of both.

But there is nothing perfect under the sun, and the Iothona is no exception to the universal rule. She has the usual Fairlie failing, too much tucking in at the quarters, and too narrow a counter, the one defect injuring the side view, the other the deck mould. Her builders while they admit the peculiarities maintain that they aid the cutter's sailing. We doubt this, at all events they do not improve her beauty. However, the Fifes have been so successful of late years that they are, perhaps, right to take their own way.

Trusting to her beam and bearings for stability, the Iothona has neither lead nor iron on her keel, her spars however are not excessive, the mast is a fine pitch pine stick, but by no means heavy for the size of the cutter.

If the Fifes build fast vessels as undoubtedly they do, they have been fortunate in the men they have built them for. It was not without much expenditure of money and trouble that Mr. Lang succeeded in carrying off so many cups with the Stella. Few better yachtsmen sail a craft than Mr. Laurie of the Onda, and Mr. Rowan's energetic exertions to take what sailing there is in a vessel out of her, has been well shewn in what he accomplished with the Cymba.

The Fifes ships have also been well commanded. McKirdy who led the Stella so often to glory was a man of few words, but of great determination, he had a fine eye for the set of a main-sail, and had a method of edging his craft to windward we never saw excelled. He seemed to have an intuitive conviction of the right time to tack ship, and no one who has ever sailed with him will forget his strange dry manner, as in a tone of voice little above his breath he used to utter his orders to the crew "B'yes weel try her roun' noo."

Jameson, first master of the Coralie, (a vessel by the way which has been unfortunate, else she would have stood higher in the annals of racing than she does,) then of the Cymba, and now of the Iothona, is a man in the prime of life, and more of a seaman than McKirdy, who was but a large fisherman. He has however been long familiar with yacht sailing, we remember 20 years ago sailing with him in the little Kite, where he was master and crew, steward and cook in one. We then augured well of him, and our auguries have not proved false. May he be as fortunate in his new craft as he was in his last one. He has himself no fear of his being able to take his time out of the Cymba,—if he can do that, what craft now sailing can touch him. Will it be Mr. Weld's new 80

tonner, the Meteor, we think not, but time tries all things. In cutter building Fairlie may safely be backed against any other port.

" As they caught the sounds on air,
They echoed back the hymn,
The Islanders, in joyous mood,
Rushed emulously through the flood,
To hale the bark to land."

ROYAL ST. GEORGE'S YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

BY PETREL.

OFF we have taken our flight to the beautiful and enchanting harbour of Kingstown, when its surface was studded with some of the most perfect gems of naval architecture, whose snowy plumage expanded to the breeze; their graceful and swan-like forms gliding gently over the undulating waves.

On the eve of the far-famed regatta of St. George's all the *élite* of the yachting world hovered round the scene, there might be seen a *Nimrod* in close proximity to the fair *Stella*, whilst the *Magician* kept a *Vigilant* eye on the movemets of a *Victoria*, and at a *Glance* you could discover the *Secret* of the *Cyclone*, or *Cymba*, *Flirt-ing* with the *Waterlily*, or *Surprize Fingal Scud-ing* in a sheet of *Foam* with the beautiful *Mabella*.

The dawn of the 24th of June witnessed the crews of the various yachts that were to contend springing on deck with the agility of young antelopes, confidence beaming in the sunburnt faces, and as they holystoned the well-polished planks, merry jokes were bandied at the expense of one or other of their competitors, hope buoyed them up, and many a fervent ejaculation was offered by these hardy fearless men.

As the hour of starting drew nigh the busy hum of congregating thousands loomed in the distance, and the creaking of the wheels of the jaunting cars mingled with the joyous sounds of mirth of the rollicking boys of Ould Ireland, as with their Norahs, they repaired to the scene of action gave fresh impetus to our wings as we whirled round the spacious harbour, peering at every craft to judge her capabilities.

There at her anchor rode the renowned champion of many a well-known race, (the *Cymba*); then we hovered round the *Glance* as she lay at anchor, ready to do battle with the champion, with a crew well-trained, and of that stamp which meets danger boldly and fearlessly; + the

Secret next we flew, our old favorite of bygone years; the handicraftsman has been at work, but not improved her apparently: we skimmed round a stranger, whose graceful form seemed calculated for speed, this was the Cyclone, a Bristolian. The Vigilant also came under our notice, and although we did not dislike her appearance, we thought she flew at too high a game at the outset of her career. And last, though not least, we slanted to the "bonnie wee lassie" the beautiful Coralie, whose name may be found recorded in Hunt's list of winners.

It was thus we passed the time until the hour appointed for the first match for a purse of 100 sovereigns open to all yachts belonging to a Royal Club, of 25 tons and upwards. A time race according to Ackers' Scale.

The course was from mooring buoys in the harbour, out round a flag-boat anchored about three-quarters of a mile from the pier-heads, leaving this on the starboard hand, thence to a flag boat anchored off the Muglin Rocks, leaving which on the port-hand, together with the Kish light-ship, a flag-boat in Candlestick Bay, Howth, the Poolbeg Light House flag-boat, and the pier-head flag-boat on the second round also on the port hand.

The following yachts came to the start:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1856.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rtg.	Tons.	Owners.
462	Glance	cutter	33	T. Bartlett, Esq.
217	Cymba.....	cutter	53	T. Brassey, Esq.
213	Cyclone.....	cutter	43	W. J. Patterson, Esq.
869	Secret.....	cutter	30	H. J. Waring, Esq.
189	Coralie.....	cutter	35	A. E. Byrne, Esq.
1028	Vigilant.....	cutter	32	J. C. Atkins, Esq.
1026	Victoria.....	cutter	57	D. Connor, Esq.

The cannon's mighty roar at 11h. 30m., gave notice that the bonnie barks were starting on the chase, and as soon as the white cloud had passed away they were beheld stretching across the harbour under a pressure of canvas, with the wind at N.W. To decide which had the lead was an impossibility for some considerable time, when the pretty Cymba came creeping gradually to the van, watched with jealous care by the Glance, determined for the honor of Old Father Thames, to contest inch by inch for victory. The others were well in attendance upon the rival champions. As they neared the ship the Coralie made a bold effort, and dashing the spray from her bows, resolved to challenge the aforesaid formidable craft to a trial of seamanship, and was rapidly overhauling them, when hark! what sound is that! tale is told—the jaws of her gaff are gone, and her chance is over.

After the Coralie's mishap, the Cyclone determined upon having a trial

with the leading yachts, and settled down comfortably to work under a pressure of canvas, which she would have borne without flinching, when behold another crash is heard and there lies the dashing *Cyclone* disabled. Whilst all this is going on, the *Cymba* and *Glance* are plunging madly on, the one pursuing the other with fearful tenacity. Whatever shifts *Cymba* resorted to the *Glance* was with her, the conqueror of former years was matched at last and by one she could not shake off. All eyes were centered on these vessels, there was a fascination in their looks, and we might say that their manœuvres were watched with breathless interest. But where is the once proud and much dreaded craft, the champion of the Thames and the waters of Old England—the *Secret*, once the pride and terror of all twenty-five tonners. On this occasion her sailing powers seemed to have left her, as attended by the *Vigilant* she glided over the waters without courting any laudation. Thus matters stood until they all neared the Bailey Light House a second time, when a fresh breeze sprung up, and the *Cymba* again forged ahead, and here her crew made a mistake, she kept her top-sail hoisted at this moment when it was evident it retarded her speed, the *Glance* improved on it, rushed up to her and never after gave her a chance as will be seen by the following:

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
<i>Cymba</i>	4	53	0	<i>Vigilant</i>	5	17	5
<i>Glance</i>	4	58	7	<i>Victoria</i> not timed			
<i>Secret</i>	5	7	36				

The Glance was hailed the winner having beat the once invincible *Cymba* by 3m. 33s. We believe this is the first time her return to the winning buoy was not hailed with "See the conquering hero comes." The distance sailed, turning to windward included, is estimated at about fifty miles.

During the progress of the above match another for a purse of £30 was contested by seven yachts under twenty-five tons, half minute time for difference of tonnage. The course three times round the Burford Bank buoys about twenty-seven miles. The following started:

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1856.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Ton.	Owners.
425	<i>Scud</i>	cutter	16	W. Houldsworth, Esq.
568	<i>Kelpie</i>	cutter	22	T. A. Robinson, Esq.
928	<i>Surprise</i>	cutter	20	Wilkinson Tetley, Esq.
	<i>Flirt</i>	cutter	16	Captain, H. H. O'Brien.
372	<i>Fingal</i>	cutter	17	F. Gowan, Esq.
1058	<i>Water Lily</i>	cutter	24	J. Mulholland, Esq.
894	<i>Foam</i>	cutter	24	Major Longfield.

The appearance of seven pretty craft such as the above, congregated on one spot as it were, for the purpose of contesting for the laurel of victory, more than the gain of the lucre, created great interest among the nautics and much betting took place. We flew from ship to ship and amid do and

uncertainty we could not point out the winner, all were very beautiful and promising.

The start was well effected at 12h. 18m., the Foam first away, closely pressed by Surprise, with Flirt and others well up. The breeze was of sufficient strength to try the gear of these little craft as it did their larger sisters before mentioned, and the result was the Flirt and Water Lily carried away their gaffs, and some of the others were shaken. The contest was solely between Foam and Surprise, and at the finish the former ran in considerably ahead, but it was afterwards discovered that she had not rounded one of the flag-boats, and therefore Mr. Tetley with *surprise* received the *canaries*.

Another match between the "tinies" finished the aquatic sports. A little craft with a *great* name—Temeraire, beat eleven other pigmies for a purse of £10, in grand style.

The matches in this harbour, like those on the Solent receive the countenance and support of royalty. For here the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland represents our beloved Sovereign, and with a numerous *suite* patronises the sports, and honors the St. George's with his presence at their festive board. The Committee did justice to the club, by their liberality upheld its dignity. Every thing was of the most *recherche* description, and the votaries of the dance were tripping it gaily, when morning awoke us from our slumbers.

The second day (25th) opened majestically, the sun shone resplendently, but there was a languor among those present at the onset, that contrasted with the hilarity of the previous, showing evident signs of fatigue, and it was not till the cannon belched forth the signal to take stations that anything like yesterday's animation could be traced.

The prize was a handsome silver tea kettle value 60 guineas, presented by the Royal Irish Yacht Club for all yachts belonging to any royal club. Time race. The following yachts started:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1856.

No.	Yacht's Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
267	Cymba	cutter	53	T. Brassey, Junr., Esq.
394	Foam	cutter	23	Major Longfield.
628	Mabella	cutter	26	J. Graham, Esq.
738	Odalique	cutter	40	J. M-Curdy, Esq.
869	Secret	cutter	30	H. J. Waring, Esq.
213	Cyclone	cutter	43	W. J. Patterson, Junr., Esq.
462	Glance	cutter	33	T. Bartlett, Esq.
189	Coralie	cutter	88	A. E. Byrne, Esq.

At 12h. 37m. the start took place, when the Glance slanted off with the lead, with Secret, Cyclone, and Odalique well up. The Cymba made a slight mistake in canting but she got well away with Mabella, Foam, and Coralie. Off the Muglins the Cymba like the high mettled racer, rushes past the Cyclone, dashed at the Secret, passed her, and with gladiatorial frenzy, challenged the vanquisher of the prior day—determined to win or sink.

" Though their firm hearts no pageant honor boast,
 They scorn the wretch that trembles at his post ;
 Who from the face of danger strives to turn,
 Indignant from the social hour they spurn,
 Though now full oft, they felt the raging tide
 In proud rebellion climb the vessel's side ;
 Though every rising wave more dreadful grows
 And in succession dire the deck o'er flows,
 No future ills unknown their souls appal
 They know no danger, or they scorn it all."

For a time the struggle for supremacy was desperate, and the shouts of each vessel's friends rent the sky, with one bold dash the Cymba forged ahead and the gallant Glance is astern on her lee, with the Odalique, and the Coralie, Foam, Mabella, Secret, and Cyclone, to windward. At this period the Coralie was bent on mischief, she plunged madly onward, threatening both Glance and Cymba. With desperation the latter made the Kiah Light, which the Mabella unfortunately fouled, carried away her bowsprit and was thrown out of the contest. At this point the Foam shot ahead of Coralie, who in luffing short to regain her place at a time when a smart short breeze caught her, she fouled the main-sheet of the leading vessel, and carried away her top-mast and top-sail.

" And now the ship, forelifted by the sea,
 Hurls the tall fabric backward o'er her lee."

This was regretted by all who witnessed it, for the Coralie is a general favorite. The Glance once more became premier, with the Cymba and persevering Foam in close attendance. In this manner they swept along, until Cymba made another desperate onslaught, and wrested the envied place from her no less determined rival.

Now came the final effort,—the hard struggle; with coolness and judgment they each prepared for the encounter; down went Cymba's top-sail, and her topmast hosed; Glance lowered her square-headed top-sail, and set a narrow headed one as she tacked between Howth Head and the Bailey Light; the former straining every rope and spar to shake off her wily opponent, without success. The last flag-boat is reached, up went square-headed top-sails again, but the Glance's weather top-mast shrouds began to feel the strain, and top-sail was lowered on the cap. The Cymba ploughed through the water in splendid style with the wind abaft the beam, determined if possible to retrieve her lost laurels. But the Glance had repaired the faulty yards and up went her top-sail once more; she laid down to work, and although she could not head her opponent she saved her time, and they came thus:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Cymba.....	7	1	5	Secret.....	7	19	1
Glance.....	7	4	14	Foam.....	7	23	0

The Coralie, Mabella, and Cyclone, received injuries at the light ship's first round, and were not timed; and the Odalique schooner, after pro-

herself to be an out-and-out fast craft, when the wind fell too light hauled down her flag.

The second race was for the Kildare Street Challenge Cup, value sixty-five guineas, for vessels belonging to the Kildare Street or St. George's Yacht Club only; to be won twice in succession before it becomes the property of the winner; a time race. The following yachts started at 1h. 15m.

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1856.

No.	Yachts Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
60	Atalanta.....	cutter	27	H. Scovell, Esq.
1058	Water Lily.....	cutter	24	J. Mulholland, Esq.
631	Magician	cutter	64	Robert Batt, Esq.
14	Albert.....	cutter	20	John Hamer, Esq.

This cup was held last by the Cynthia, Messrs. Roe.

The Atalanta showed her competitors the shortest method of getting over the course, and they arrived at the flag-ship thus:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Atalanta.....	5	15	28	Albert.....	5	42	0
Water Lily.....	5	39	10				

The Magician having a large party on board, retired from the contest immediately after starting.

The third match was for a prize of ten sovereigns, for yachts under twelve tons. After a very pretty contest, in which twelve little clippers fought hard for the victory, it was won by the Gazelle, 5½ tons, Nathaniel Hamilton, Esq., Royal St. George's Yacht Club, on time; the Virago ten tons, Captain Byrne, and the Sybil seven tons, T. W. Hodgens, Esq., coming in a-head of her. The following were their times at the flag-ship.

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Virago	5	10	29	Gazelle	5	11	8
Sybil.....	5	11	3	Gipsy	5	12	3

The rest not timed.

Rowing matches followed, and the Royal St. Georges Yacht Club finished with a sumptuous dinner at the club house.

THE CORINTHIAN MATCHES.

THE Royal Western Yacht Club carried out their annual match for vessels manned by gentlemen on the 26th of June. No little excitement as at all times been created by these Corinthian matches, bringing together as they do, the *elite* of yachtsmen, fostering the true yachting spirit, educating the novice in the art of match sailing, giving the tyro who otherwise might never have had a chance, an idea how, and in what style, some of the best racing cutters afloat are brought to the starting posts. We are proud to see that these Corinthian matches are gaining

ground; they constitute the true schools for yachtsmen to learn their business in; they induce confidence, awaken skill which has hitherto lain dormant, and promote good fellowship.

The Corinthian crews, to the number of seventy or eighty met on Wednesday evening, at the club-house, Connaught-place, Kingstown, for the purpose of arranging the crews. After a good deal of conversation as the most advisable method of dividing the crews, so that no one vessel should have a more picked crew than the other, it was resolved that the owners of the vessels entered for the Grand Cup and Championship should first draw for stations; then that each owner, according to the station he had drawn, should name two gentlemen whom he wished to have with him, after which in the same order they were to choose man and man from the list of names on the table before them.

Mr. Patterson, of the Cyclone, drew No. 1, and named Lieut. Lord, R.N., and Mr. Thomas Barnes.

Mr. Byrne of the Coralie, drew No. 2, and named Mr. Robert M. Grinnell and Mr. Robinson.

Mr. Young of the Mosquito drew No. 3, and named Mr. Groves and Capt. Darcus.

Mr. Brassey of the Cymba, drew No. 4, and named Mr. William Cooper and Mr. Pasco French.

After which the single naming commenced, and all was soon arranged in the most satisfactory manner, and the crews told off to their respective vessels.

Thursday morning, the eventful morning which was to place the two fastest of their class alongside of each other for the first time, came at last, and many a bold heart throbbed nervously, as the state of the weather became apparent. The Mosquito was the favorite at long odds: indeed Mr. Brassey stated he had not the slightest hope of winning, the accident his vessel sustained in being run into by a steamer a short time since upsetting all his arrangements, but that he had come to assist his brother yachtsmen in showing yachting sport, and go his vessel should. The Coralie and Cyclone, however, seemed to promise the iron wonder that her work was cut out for her, if the breeze only freshened, which, however it did not.

His excellency the Lord Lieutenant, accompanied by a brilliant *cortege*, arrived by train, and was received at the station by the officers of the Royal Western Yacht Club. His excellency was immediately conducted to the jetty stairs, where he embarked with Commodore Batt, attended by the A.D.C., in waiting, and Mr. W. Cooper, in suite following in the harbour-master's launch. His excellency was t

rowed alongside the competing yachts, and entered into brief conversation with their respective owners; after which he was rowed on board the Commodore's yacht.

The vice-regal standard was displayed at the mast-head, and the fine revenue cruiser, the Wellington thundered forth a salute of 21 guns, the band of the 16th Lancers, who were stationed upon her deck played the National Anthem. The club houses on shore and the east pier were crowded to excess, as were also the numerous yachts in the immediate vicinity of the vice-regal party.

At eleven o'clock the following yachts took their stations in the following order, for the Grand Corinthian, value 60 guineas, together with the championship of the Irish Channel.

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1856.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons	Owners.
189	Coralie.....	cutter	35	A. E. Byrne, Esq.
213	Cyclone.....	cutter	42	W. J. Patterson, Esq.
697	Mosquito.....	cutter	59	A. J. Young, Esq.
217	Cymba.....	cutter	51	T. Brassey, jun., Esq.

At 1h. 10m. the starting gun was fired, and, amidst reiterated and vociferous cheering, the four noble vessels were speedily under weigh, with a gentle breeze at W.S.W. The Mosquito immediately glided gently into the foremost position; the Cyclone was away after her, the Coralie third, and the Cymba abeam of her and to leeward. After rounding the first flag-boat, the wind, what little there was of it, drew down to the southward and westward more, and it was a beat down to the Muglin flag-boat; the Cymba here weathered the Cyclone and Coralie and went into the second place, the Mosquito still leading, and going along beautifully in the light winds; the first round of the course was accomplished without anything particularly deserving of notice, save that whenever a slight puff came the Cymba gradually decreased the distance between her and the Mosquito. The latter vessel carried away her cross-trees, but they were speedily fished in the most creditable way, and she lost not an inch of water by the mishap. At the second rounding of the light-ship, the Cymba was still coming up, but the wind drawing still further out, became baffling and then flat calm—the Cyclone and Coralie astern were bringing up a fresh breeze, while the Mosquito and Cymba were lying within a short distance of each other, like logs upon the water, just broadside on to the north-west going tide, which was dragging them bodily down for the Candlestick Bay flag-boat, which it was a considerable doubt whether they would not be dragged to leeward of; by sheer good handling, however, they both drew out across the tide, and the Mosquito, when round, caught a little breeze, and slipped away hand over hand; the

Cymba followed hard in her track in a few minutes after, and a most exciting race took place to the last flag-boat; to all intents and purposes, it was the Cymba's cup, or it should be run for the next day if they did not get in before 9 p.m., and the shades of evening were now deepening; the Mosquito reached the last flag-boat, rounded it, and laid for the harbour; the Cymba came along with a nice breeze for the same boat close upon the Mosquito; a belt of calm appeared just ahead of the latter, across the harbour, the Cymba still carrying a true breeze; Mosquito ran into the calm, rose upright, and shook her canvas as if supplicating the fickle breeze; steadily came the Cymba along, and shaving her mark, laid up for the harbour; everything was trimmed to a nicety, and her crew in breathless anxiety sat low upon her deck, when, lo! there was a sudden lift, then the sharp, quick rattle of canvas as a vessel rights from the breeze, and immediately afterwards was heard the fatal lazy flap, which told that the race was lost; the Mosquito almost at the same moment caught a little puff at the harbour's mouth and drew rapidly in, rounding the flag-ship at 8h. 46m. 30s. The Cyclone and Coralie brought up the breeze outside until they neared the Cymba, when all three lay becalmed for some time. Loud cheers greeted the success of the Mosquito; she was beautifully steered and handled throughout the race, as were every one of the yachts.

Commodore Batt had the honour of entertaining his Excellency, together with a select circle and *suite*, to a sumptuous *dejeuner* on board the Magician, where the splendid prizes for the Corinthian matches were submitted to his excellency's notice, and much admired.

On Friday, the 27th, a beautiful breeze at W.N.W. cheered the hearts of the Corinthian crews for the second prize, value 80 guineas. Shortly after 11 o'clock the following yachts took their stations:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1856.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
628	Mabella	cutter	26	J. Graham, Esq.
60	Atalanta.....	cutter	27	H. Scovell, Esq.
1028	Vigilant.....	cutter	32	J. C. Atkins, Esq.
869	Secret	cutter	30	H. J. Waring, Esq.
394	Foam	cutter	24	Major Longfield.

At 12h. 15m. the signal gun produced one of the finest starts imaginable and the rounding of the first-flag was really a magnificent sight; the Vigilant and Foam at once challenged, and never quitted each other during the whole race; the Secret and Atalanta went at each other in the second rank; and kept that position to the termination: more perfect handling than was witnessed in these vessels during the day could not be imagined; they reached the harbour and rounded the flag-ship in the following order and:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Vigilant.....	5	6	1	Foam	1	2	1

The *Secret* and *Atalanta*, beam and beam, in a few minutes after, and the *Mabella* not placed.

A finer race, or a more splendid finish, has never been witnessed. The course was about thirty-two nautic miles.

The annual ball of the Royal Western Yacht Club was held at the Rotunda on Friday evening, the 27th inst.; it was most fully, fashionably and numerously attended.

BIRKENHEAD MODEL YACHT CLUB MATCH.

This Club has attained a character for liberality of prizes that far eclipse some of the more ancient clubs that add Royal to their names. Year after year a series of matches come off between craft which are truly models of yacht building, and have on more than one occasion formed the lines for some of our noted clippers. The members of the club are generally speaking in a position to adopt and fashion any ideas they may conceive, expense being to them a secondary consideration.

On the occasion which we are about to log *Old Boreas* had proclaimed a holiday, and therefore the want of wind prevented that display of seamanship usually exhibited at the Birkenhead Matches. So far as the pleasure part of those assembled on board the *Satellite* steamer were concerned, a most beautiful day rewarded them for their attendance. A new yacht by that indefatigable yachtsman T. Wilkinson, Esq., made her appearance, and altho' she did not *glide* into the first place at the finish, yet she showed some excellent points, and will it is expected under more favourable weather be hailed a winner.

On the 26th ult. the following yachts appeared at the starting buoys to contend for a Silver Cup of the value of £20, which was manufactured by Mr. Hansbury of Liverpool.

Time race:—Three minutes per ton for yachts under 2 tons; one minute and a-half per ton for yachts above 2 and up to 5 tons; one minute above.

The following were the entries:—*Spray* of the *Ocean* 7½ tons, cutter-rigged, distinguishing flag blue and red perpendicular, T. Brassey, Esq., jun. owner. *Spray*, 7 tons, cutter-rigged, red and white horizontal, Alfred Bower, Esq., owner. *Glide*, 7½ tons, cutter-rigged white and red diagonal, Thomas Wilkinson Esq., owner. *Zephyr*, 5½ tons, sloop-rigged, white and blue diamond, T. H. Bower, Esq., owner. *Jilt*, 1 ton, sloop-rigged, white flag, red stripes, W. C. Wrenshall, Esq., owner. *Electric*, 7 tons, cutter-rigged, white and blue cross. Thomas Wilkinson, Esq., owner. *White Squirrel*, 4½ tons, sloop-rigged, white and blue horizontal, Mr. Sutherland, owner. *Spirit*, 4½ tons, cutter-rigged, white and red perpendicular, Mr. V. Leon, owner.

The course was the usual Challenge Cup course, viz:—from Birkenhead buoy round a flag-boat stationed off Eastham, thence round a flag-boat stationed off the Dingle, back round the Eastham flag-boat, returning direct

to Birkenhead Ferry, passing between the shore and flag-boat moored off the club-house, leaving the last mentioned flag-boat on the starboard hand.

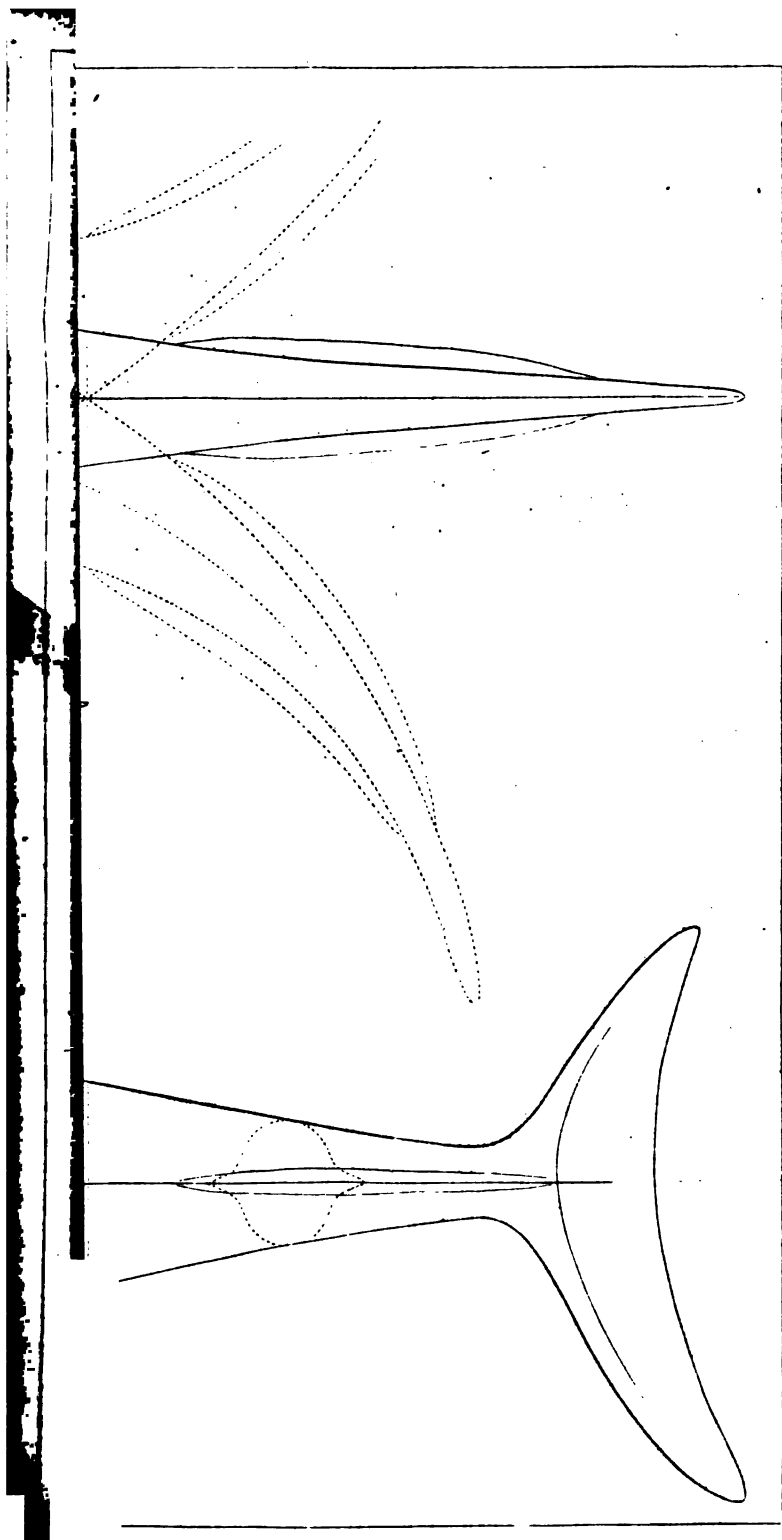
At 2h. 22m. an exceeding good start was effected with the exception of Glide, which exhibited some difficulty in setting her jib. The celebrated Spray took the lead, followed by her renowned rival the Electric, then came Spray of the Ocean, White Squall, Zephyr, and Spirit. The Glide notwithstanding her delay at starting soon overhauled the fleet and truly speaking made the race to Eastham flag-boat.

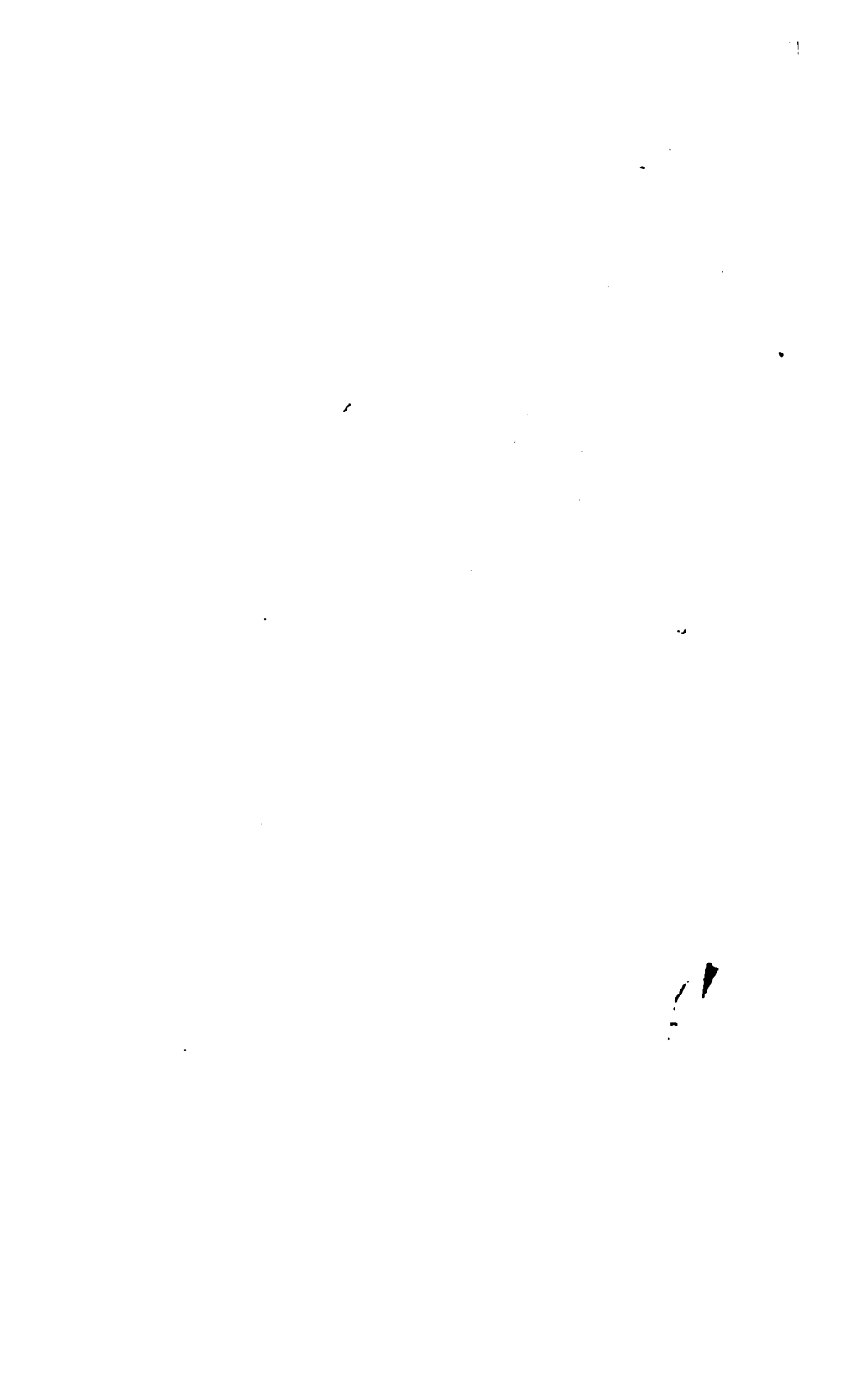
	<i>Eastham.</i>			<i>Dingle.</i>		
	<i>h.</i>	<i>m.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>h.</i>	<i>m.</i>	<i>s.</i>
Spray.....	2	55	30	4	52	30
Spray of the Ocean.....	2	55	48			
Glide.....	2	56	0	5	5	30
White Squall.....	2	56	10			
Electric.....	2	56	30	4	55	0
Zephyr.....	2	58	0			
Spirit.....	3	0	0			
Jilt.....	3	0	48			

The Spray was first round the Eastham buoy, but as will be observed by the above time, but a few seconds ahead of the others. The Electric however was the one most to be feared, and she was one minute behind the Spray. After passing the Eastham buoy, the Electric crew, ever alive to use their judgment in sailing the well-known course, stood across the river, whilst her competitors rather hugged the shore, she thus attained the lead, but it was only for a brief space of time, as before they rounded the Dingle buoy the Spray had observed her opponent's advantage, followed her tactics, overhauled and passed the buoy two minutes, thirty seconds in advance of her. After passing the Dingle they proceeded on their second round, running before the wind, the race being entirely between the Spray and Electric, the others having tailed off. The contest therefore between these vessels was most exciting, and the result was somewhat doubtful, the supporters of each maintaining the superiority of the favourite at each fresh display of seamanship on the part of the respective crews, but they ultimately passed the flag buoys and winning buoys as under :—

	<i>Eastham.</i>			<i>Dingle.</i>			<i>Monk's Ferry.</i>		
	<i>h.</i>	<i>m.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>h.</i>	<i>m.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>h.</i>	<i>m.</i>	<i>s.</i>
Spray.....	5	19	55	6	27	0	6	52	30
Electric.....	5	26	30	6	30	15	6	56	0

It will be seen that after passing the Dingle in the first round the Spray gained 25 seconds more thus winning by 3 minutes 30 seconds. We were informed that it was probable the result would have been otherwise had the two vessels been on equal terms. The Spray it appears has a dropping keel which of course enables her to stand nearer to the wind than her opponent. However whatever the opinions and feelings of the admirers of each crew they were unanimous in cheering the winner, and also very deservedly bestowed the same reviver to the drooping spirits on board the loser. This must be gratifying to them, as by those cheers the crew were assured that although they were beaten they had nobly done their duty.



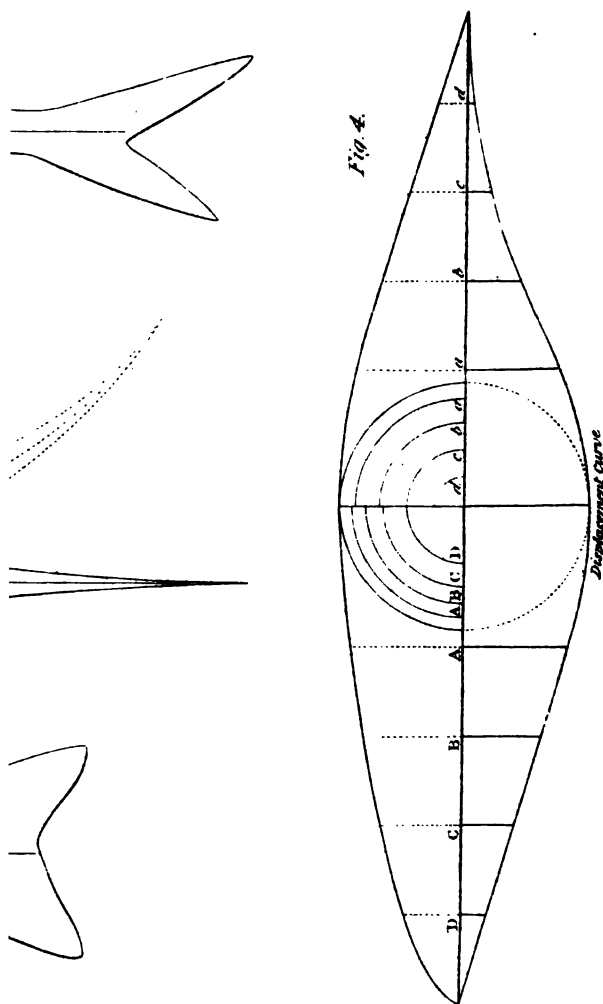


E.

ES

ble
a
as
nn
tis
he
c-
ip
-
-
is,
-
is
a

1,



PROPORTIONS

	<i>Shark</i>	<i>Mackerel</i>	<i>Treut</i>
<i>Bow</i>	14 \ 31	15 \ 31	13 \ 30
<i>Body</i>	18 \ 38	18 \ 38	20 \ 45
<i>Stern</i>	16 \ 31	17 \ 31	13 \ 25
	100	100	100

HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

AUGUST 1856.

THE APPLICATION OF THE DISPLACEMENT CURVES OF FISH TO THE CONSTRUCTION OF BOATS.*

BY JOHN S. ENYS, ESQ., F.G.S., ETC.

AN idea has long been prevalent that the lines of fish are applicable to the lines of a boat, and the mackerel has often been selected as a model, but, in comparing their forms, the points of difference, as well as those of resemblance, must be regarded, and fish vary from each other in form as much as boats. In the plates attached to this paper, the curves of displacement of three fish are given;—the channel shark, the common trout, and mackerel. The midship section of the shark, the common trout, and mackerel. The midship section of the shark is nearly cylindrical, while the trout and mackerel have an oval or elliptical section which is kept in a vertical position by the muscular action of the fins during life. These forms, which are adapted for passing under the water, require some modifications to suit the frames of vessels intended to pass through the water at the surface, but the same proportional sectional areas and a similar displacement may be preserved.

Moreover, the tail, which acts as a propelling power of the fish,

* See report of the Royal Cornwall Polytechnic Society published in 1854.

and is the equivalent of the modern screw, cannot be deemed part of the after-body of the fish itself; it ought to be separated from such body when a comparison is made between the curves of displacement of a fish and those of a boat. On these two points a boat essentially differs from a fish. The rudder is sometimes considered as a tail, but it is in reality merely a guiding fin.

At the Meeting in 1854, a full-sized drawing of a porbeagle or mackerel-shark, six feet long, was exhibited, the outlines of which had been placed on paper as much as possible from the shark itself. The change of section towards the tail shewed a marked peculiarity by the addition of a triangular muscle on each side of the cylindrical tail-section, passing into the fins of the tail; by this means a natural separation of the after body of the fish from the propelling power of the tail was clearly shown, and a hint was afforded of the mode by which this necessary separation could be effected in other cases, by considering the point of intersection of the outer curves, formed by the alternating strokes of the tail, in producing motion, as the end of the after-body, and as the point at which the guiding fin or rudder should be placed in a vessel.

Shipbuilders, referring to simplicity for the purpose of construction, have been in the habit of considering a ship as composed of two portions divided by the midship section, which frame has been distinguished by a particular mark as the point of separation between the bow frames, which are lettered A, B, C, &c., and the stern frames, which are numbered 1, 2, 3, &c. Seamen, on the contrary, instead of this twofold division, invariably refer all their notions of the form of a vessel, either to bow, body, or stern, a method that requires two points of separation,—one between bow and body, another between body and stern. The great superiority of this method, in giving a clearer idea of a vessel and her properties, seems so decided, that I shall endeavour in this paper to point out that Chapman's curve of sections will afford means by which as much precision can be given to it, as has been done by the ship-builder with water lines.

By intersecting this curve longitudinally by four equidistant and parallel lines, so as to divide the main breadth into five equal parts, we obtain a convenient method of defining the limits of the seaman's threefold division of a vessel. Thus, the body may be made to consist of all the centre frames which enclose, at the mid

water-line immersion, an area exceeding four-fifths of the greatest immersed midship section ; and will be shown on the curve of displacement as equal in length to the intercepted part of the fourth divisional line. All the frames at either end which immerse less than four-fifths of the midship area will be taken respectively as part of the bow or stern. The second divisional line will cross the curve at points where the immersed transverse sections are one-half of those which separate bow or stern from the body, and will consequently be equal to two-fifths of greatest transverse section.

By this method, the junctions of the body with bow or stern will become important points of construction, and will require a distinguishing mark, such as a lozenge, while a triangular mark will serve to indicate the half areas of the bow and stern. On reference to the diagrams it will be seen that the bow marks are further distinguished by a dot being placed within them.

It is proposed to place Chapman's curve of displacement opposite the water lines on the half-breadth plan, and, exclusive of serving all the purposes of approximate calculations for which I believe it was intended, it may be employed to exhibit clearly to the eye the portions respectively defined to be body, bow, and stern.

I am much indebted to Mr. Rundell, the Secretary of the Royal Cornwall Polytechnic Society, for the improvement of several details of the present scheme, but I consider one suggestion which he has made, and which I propose to adopt in future, of so much value, where vessels are to be compared with each other, that I am desirous it should be given in his name. The suggestion is, that the greatest breadth of the curve of displacement should in all cases be made equal to the radius of a circle, the area of which is twice that of the greatest immersed section of the vessel. We thus obtain a uniform standard whereby bodies of the most diverse forms can be accurately compared, and by which their relative proportions may be at once presented to the eye.

The curve of displacement may be calculated from the lines of any vessel; or the usual lines may be made to correspond with given area, as in the case of the employment of the areas of a fish in the construction of a boat. It will be convenient to divide the length at the surface of the water constantly in ten parts.

The advantages of Chapman's curve of sections, or displacement curve, are well known, but I have not met with the plan here pro-

posed, and which is chiefly intended for the purpose of recording the actual position of given areas, or sections of fish or vessels, and to exhibit the relative proportions, or spaces occupied by the bow, body, or stern, for comparison with each other, and also of affording a simple means of measuring with facility any amount of change that may be deemed desirable in a frame, and of adjusting the adjoining frames, or timbers.

In reference to the employment of the displacement curve of a fish in the construction of vessels it is obvious a change of form in the sections is required, since all the vertical sections of a fish may be referred to a central middle line of a body entirely surrounded with water, while boat sections ought to be referred to a centre line parallel to the surface of the water, hence the change of form is requisite, retaining only the given areas. The fore part of a fish may be used directly, in the way here suggested, but much doubt may exist as to the propriety of this method adopted for the separation of the tail or propelling-power from the after-body or stern of a fish, since more or less curve may be given to the tail according as a lighter or heavier stroke is assumed to be made.

It is possible that an average stroke may be unfairly assumed, and hence a considerable difference of opinion as to the stern-displacement may be considered reasonable; the only point here urged is the necessity of such separation in the application of the fish displacements to those of a boat.

At the next meeting of this Society I propose to submit to this notice the drawings of several vessels constructed from the displacement curves of fast and slow moving fish, and I trust the method proposed to be used will be sufficiently understood from the plates belonging to this paper, as to allow other persons to follow the same plan.

The speed of the porbeagle, or mackerel shark, is probably high, least when it springs or darts on its prey, as may be inferred from the strong triangular muscles on each side, passing into and strengthening the crescent fins of the tail:—naturalists term this method of giving sufficient power to the tail as "*strongly keeled on each side*."

The mouth, as usual in sharks, is placed below, so that it is able to turn to seize its prey, and for this purpose it is provided with large and strong ventral and back fins. The nose is slightly turned upwards, apparently just sufficiently so as to shear it from a straight line.

and bring the mouth instead of the eye to the point selected when it darts at any object.

The displacement curve of a moderate size mackerel and of a young trout have been given: both these fish have an elliptical transverse section, and their retaining the longer axis in a vertical position is an act of life due to muscular action. I apprehend a dead fish floats on its side until the stomach becomes distended with gas.

The half-ellipse of fish of this form may be used directly for the forms of the timbers of a boat, especially if a small proportional triangle is added below; by this means the nature of the areas of displacement may be more clearly exhibited to the eye, but the plan has not been deemed of sufficient value to demand more than a passing allusion. It is proposed, during the summer to continue the examination of the curves of displacement of different fish, and it is not improbable that the subject may prove as interesting to the naturalist as to the boat builder.

REFERENCE TO THE PLATES :—

Fig. 1.—Sections of shark, with curve of sectional areas.

Fig. 3.—Sections of mackerel, ditto

Fig. 4.—Section of conical solids to illustrate the duplicate ratio of the areas with displacement curve.

In each case the greatest transverse section of the fish has been taken for "dead flat," and as the middle of the body; by this means uniformity is attained in comparing one fish with another: but, should the after-body of a vessel be required to be longer or shorter than the proportion assumed of equality to forebody, either the position of the point for the intersection of the curves may be changed at pleasure, or the 4-5ths and 2-5ths areas may be placed on a longer or shorter line for an after-body, due regard being had to the preservation of the proportional spaces between these areas respectively.

THE WRONG RIVER.

Nor many summer seasons have passed over our heads since two London yachtsmen left the busy turmoil of metropolitan cruising, in an eight ton yacht, destined for a no less important town and port than Ipswich; which stands on the banks of the river Orwell, in the County of Suffolk. It was during the month of September that the bold adventurers set sail, having provided themselves with a chart of the coast as far as Harwich Harbour: the remaining part of the voyage up the Orwell, the owner of the yacht declared himself fully conversant with, having once passed up and down in a steam boat. The only manual assistance the yachtsmen took with them, was a sailor youth about 18 years of age.

The Owner of the yacht, Mr. T. W—— officiating as sailing-master, his friend Mr. R. K—— as mate, and the youth Bob, as man before the mast. It may be all very well to suppose there was no comfort aboard so small a craft as the *Duchess*, (eight tons) but had any one of those jeering yachtsmen with their big vessels of fifty or sixty tons gone aboard the *Duchess* they would have found a stock of provisions sufficient for a Mediterranean voyage. There was a fine round of boiled beef, a ham, an ox tongue, a cold roast leg of mutton, a large piece of dried bacon, a piece of corned beef, several jars of potted meat, six pots of marmalade, two of salmon roe, eggs, butter, cheese, potatoes, and bread in abundance; besides tea, coffee, and a breaker of water, then there was two dozen of Bass's ale and Guinness's stout, one dozen sherry, ditto port, three bottles of brandy, ditto of rum and gin, a two gallon stone bottle of porter, a box of cigars, and a pound of tobacco. And these for two yachtsmen and a sailor youth!

The only mystery about it is where and how they could stow them aboard the little vessel: but they did stow them, and had their sleeping berths notwithstanding.

Whether they anticipated being blown out of their course, and cast upon a distant island, or detained on their passage, or what not, we cannot pretend to say: but there were the provisions stowed snugly away aboard the yacht when they left Blackwall. The afternoon was fine when they set sail, and after a few hours pleasant sailing the yacht was anchored for the night at Greenwich, when some of the aforesaid provisions having been partaken of, they turned in for the night.

As early as four o'clock next morning the anchor was weighed, sails set, and the *Duchess* slowly drifted down the river with the ebb tide. As the day advanced a light breeze sprang up, and by the time they reached the Nore, they were carrying a good steady breeze, which continued throughout the day; and they arrived safely in Harwich Harbour about six o'clock in the evening: and here their first bit of ill-luck befel them, for on standing too near the town esplanade, they touched the ground on the guard point, where they remained, unable to get off until the next tide. A boat manned by four seamen went to their assistance, but Mr. T. W. declined it, saying he had put out a pair of legs and should await his fate until the flood tide lifted the yacht. Whilst they were furling the sails, another boat came alongside, and two Coast-guard men jumped aboard, and demanded the name of the yacht and a few other particulars; and after glancing around the cabin, civilly to the yachtsmen good day; advising them as to the best course to take in getting afloat again.

About two o'clock next morning the yachtsmen found themselves afloat; and having shoved off into deep water, let go the anchor and retired to their sleeping berths. On rising again about eight o'clock, they found the wind blowing heavily from the westward and the little yacht pitching and rolling as she rode at anchor. It being low water about ten o'clock, the adventurers again weighed anchor, intending to proceed to Ipswich, with the flood tide while still young, and thereby avoid the expense of pilotage.

Every one who knows Harwich Harbour is aware, that the rivers Orwell and Stour empty themselves in the beautiful estuary forming the harbour: the mouths of the two rivers being divided by a narrow point of land running from Shotley, and terminating in the harbour with a tongue of sand: and unless a person is acquainted with the locality, he is as likely to take the wrong direction as the right.

Away went the Duchess dashing along under crowds of canvas; tack after tack was made, and the mouth of the Orwell passed by unheeded: the creek running to the westward of the town, being taken for the Stour, the yachtsmen proceeded onwards, without once doubting the possibility of being wrong. In three hours time, during which no pilot boat had put off to offer assistance, the little craft being probably supposed to be one belonging to the port: they had made considerable progress, and were congratulating themselves on having come within a few miles of their destination without a pilot; when they sailed close to some fishermen who were busily engaged with their nets along the banks of the river.

"How far do you call it to Ipswich, my friends?" enquired the captain yachtsman.

"To where?" said one of the fishermen.

"To Ipswich," replied the yachtsman, pointing in the direction of the small town of Manningtree.

"There's no such place in this river, that I knows on: and I have fished it for the last fifty years or more," was the reply.

"Come, come, old gentleman, no nonsense of that sort: you won't get to heaven that way: we happen to know there is such a place as Ipswich in the river, although it may be further up than we supposed."

"Then if you know there is, why ask me? Perhaps you'll find the way to that other country you were talking of just now."

"Perhaps we may, old gentleman, but I'm afraid we shall not find you there."

And so saying the yachtsmen proceed on their course, two or three miles further: concluding that the old fisherman was only looking out for a job to pilot them up; and never once imagining they had taken

the wrong river, until reaching a lonely looking spot called Wrabness, where a coast-guard boat pulled alongside and enquired "Where bound for?"

"Ipswich," replied the yachtman.

"But you do not expect to get there by this river do you?" said the officer.

"Why not?" was the reply.

"Because Ipswich stands on the Orwell and this is the Stour."

The adventurers now began to suspect their error: but it was long before they would be fairly convinced of the mistake. Having at last felt satisfied they were up the wrong river, the yacht was put about, and they steered back for Harwich harbour: when falling in again with the fishing boat, the men enquired if they had been to Ipswich.

"Here,—come alongside, old gentlemen, and take a glass of something?" said the captain yachtman, "you are better fellows than we supposed: what will you have? here's brandy, rum, and gin."

The venerable looking old men having drank the old fishermen's toast of "better luck next time;" the yachtmen enquired for some fish, when they told them they had several fine live grey mullet in the boat's well; and if they would say what sized fish they required they would take it out with the hand net. The yachtmen wanted to look at some, but were refused; the men telling them they required careful handling, or the scales would get rubbed off and the fish would die, and thus become unsaleable. A bargain was therefore struck for a fish of about six pounds weight, which was immediately taken from the well and put on board the yacht, after which, the Londoners proceeded down the river, and reached Harwich in the evening, where they anchored for the night, taking care to proceed in the right direction next morning.

They found the navigation of the Orwell extremely intricate; but the banks of the river very picturesque and different to the Stour. And before proceeding very far they deemed it prudent to take a pilot; under whose guidance they reached the port of Ipswich in safety.

And here we must take our leave of them; our object in relating the circumstance has been, to show the error any stranger is liable to fall into, who may be unacquainted with the inland navigation of Harwich harbour; particularly as many strangers are frequently visiting that port, which has now become a favorite resort for London yachtmen in summer months.

ROYAL MERSEY YACHT CLUB.

THIS sailing match for £50 came off on Monday, June 30th. Although the day was favourable for the competitors, it was not so for the company which accompanied the vessels in the steamer *Sea King*.

The course was from Birkenhead down Victoria Channel, leaving the Black Buoys on the starboard, and the Red Buoys on the port hand; the Bell Beacon Buoy on the port hand, the North-west Light-ship on the port hand, to the Bell Beacon Buoy, leaving for the last time on the starboard hand, and up channel, leaving the Black Buoys on the port, and the Red Buoys on the starboard hand, to the flag vessel off Birkenhead, leaving her on the port hand, and so end.

Seven vessels were entered, but four only started, the *Surprise*, belonging to Mr. Tetley; the *Spray* belonging to Mr. Bower; the *Mirage* belonging to Mr. Woodward; and the *Glide*, belonging to Mr. Wilkinson. The *Glide* gave up the contest early, but the other vessels rounded the North-West Light-ship in the following order:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Surprise	2	24	50	Mirage	2	42	40
Spray	2	40	30				

The boats came in in the following order:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Surprise	5	33	45	Mirage	5	59	57

Mr. Tetley received the prize—a massive claret jug—at the hands of Edward Fletcher, Esq., the cupbearer, and second officer of the club, in the absence of Thomas Littledale, Esq., who was unfortunately prevented from attending, being detained in Glasgow on his military duties.

July 1st.—The great event connected with the days' sport of the Royal Mersey Yacht Club was the match for the Grand Challenge Cup, of £100 value, which was sailed for on this day.

The following were among the conditions of the race:—Entrance two guineas each yacht; the challenge cup to be won two years consecutively by the same yacht and owner; time and measurement according to the R.M.Y.C. rules. The prize was open to be competed for by all yachts from eight tons and upwards, from whatever quarter they came. The course the same as former match.

This contest for this magnificent prize generally brings a considerable number to the start, and this year's entries fully bore out the celebrity the prize has attained. The following started:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1856.

No.	Yacht's Names.	Rig.	Tons	Owners.
689	Mirage.....	cutter	17	G. R. Woodward, Esq.
189	Coralie.....	cutter	35	A. E. Byrne, Esq.
667	Mosquito.....	cutter	58	A. Young, Esq.
928	Surprise.....	cutter	10	T. W. Tetley, Esq.
217	Cymba.....	cutter	52	T. Brassey, Junr., Esq.
907	Spray.....	cutter	9	A. Bower, Esq.
290	Electric.....	cutter	8	T. Wilkinson, Esq.
1246	Zillah.....	cutter	21	G. Harrison, Esq.

The *Glide*, 8 tons, was originally entered, but she was in dock, and the *Electric*, belonging to the same gentleman, Mr. Wilkinson, was substituted for her. The *Mosquito* did not arrive. All the other yachts mentioned above took their stations off Birkenhead Ferry, the starting point. The weather was highly propitious. The sun shone brilliantly, and there was a fresh breeze blowing up the river, the latter circumstance being well calculated to test the sailing qualities of the fleet engaged, as well as the nautical skill of their respective crews. The steam-tug *Sea King* was engaged by the club to follow the match, for the convenience of members and their friends. H. Melling, Esq., the Hon. Secretary, officiated as chief in command, in the absence of the Commodore.

The signal to start was given at 11h. 50s. by the firing of a gun. They got well off together, the *Cymba* leading. There was a strong ebb tide. The *Surprise* had the next place to the *Cymba*, heading the *Coralie*, of 35 tons, which came next in order. The other four yachts fell considerably into the rear soon after starting, and the contest was altogether between these three.

	<i>Crosby Light Ship</i>			<i>Formsby Lt. Ship</i>			<i>ell voy</i>			<i>N. W. Lt. Ship</i>		
	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.
<i>Cymba</i>	1	0	0	1	23	20	1	46	57	2	11	51
<i>Surprise</i>	1	10	0	1	29	0	1	54	19	2	21	15
<i>Coralie</i>	1	11	40	1	35	0	1	56	20	2	22	32

After passing the *Formsby Lightship* the three vessels set their gaff-top-sails, and the breeze having somewhat abated, the *Coralie* began to gain upon her competitors. But after passing the Bell Buoy she lost her vanagts ground, and the *Surprise* increased her distance considerably before reaching the North-west Light Ship. The *Cymba* seemed to have the race to herself as she was about a mile ahead of the *Surprise*. The race between the two former created at this time great interest, as each had their patrons who warmly supported their favourites. The *Coralie* at one period of the match passed the *Surprise*, and the latter hoisted a balloon top sail which enabled her to regain her place, after passing the Bell Buoy on their return to the Winning Flag, which was rounded as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
<i>Cymba</i>	6	24	41	<i>Coralie</i>	6	41	13
<i>Surprise</i>	6	37	2				

The *Surprise* being entitled, according to the rules, to an allowance of 17 minutes for difference of tonnage, she of course won the match, with 4 minutes and 29 seconds to spare. The race between the three yachts were decidedly good. The *Surprise* having won the cup two years consecutively, her owner, Mr. Tetley, became entitled to it absolutely, and well does he deserve it. The spirited way in which Mr. Brassey, owner of the *Cymba*, has sailed his yacht has won the admiration of gentlemen fond of yachting. We believe that Mr. Brassey does not intend to follow yacht racing, but wished to amuse his neighbours and friends to the extent of his power by increasing the attraction of the regatta on this occasion. The *Cymba*, being designed for a sea boat, would have had a material advantage over her competitors if there had been any sea on the occasion but there was only a slight breeze.

After the race, Mr. Tetley, owner of the *Surprise*, repaired on board the steamer *Sea King*, where he was presented with the award of victory. The cup is a splendid silver one, worth, we understand, about £140. It was first contested for in 1853, when it was won by the *Cynthia*; in 1854 it was won by the *Coralie*, and last year by the *Surprise*.

The duty of making the presentation fell to Mr. Fletcher, one of the officers of the club, who, addressing Mr. Tetley, said it was with very great pleasure joined with very considerable regret, he was sorry to say, on behalf of the club, that he had to present him for the second time, in the absence of the Commodore (Thomas Littledale, Esq.,) with that very handsome cup. The way in which he (Mr. Tetley) had sailed his ship, both on that day and on Monday, was most creditable to him and to the club—(applause)—and the only regret was that in giving him the cup the club lost 100 guineas. (Laughter) However, he hoped they should make up the money in the treasurer's hands; Mr. Tetley was the treasurer, and he could have no objection, he (Mr. Fletcher) was sure, to receive the cup and find them another in the same way. However, he hoped, Mr. Tetley would have the pleasure and the honour of handing the cup down to posterity as a heirloom, and as a memento of his good sailing and his good ship *Surprise*. After alluding to the many similar prizes which had been won by that gentleman, Mr. Fletcher said he trusted that Mr. Tetley would continue to win cups for himself, and give them to the club in his capacity of treasurer. In conclusion, he said it was with very great pleasure that he shook hands with his worthy brother officer, and presented him with that very handsome cup. (Applause.)

Mr. Tetley said it was with feelings of no little pride that he attempted to reply to the complimentary remarks which their worthy cupbearer (Mr. Fletcher) had addressed to him. He could assure them that astonishment had taken away his power to return sufficient thanks for the compliment that had been paid to him. Under his own design he had made alterations in the *Surprise* which had improved her speed so materially that within a week he had taken a prize at Dublin, as well as one at Liverpool yesterday, (Monday) and another that day. He almost wished he had courage to retire from the field, but he thought there was one advantage (that was, in a nautical sense) by introducing every improvement he saw in his yachting at various

places in England, and finding out when he was beaten in what way his antagonist excelled him—whether by rigging, top-sails, or anything else—and then adopting those improvements, and by so doing arriving nearer at perfection. He thought it was desirable for every person who had a little leisure to endeavour to bring any improvement of this kind home to his native town, as he had endeavoured to do, and he thought he had done with his little boat *Surprise*. (Applause.) If he were to retire he should retrograde so much that he should never be able to do what he had done. It had been his desire that anything he did connected with the Royal Mersey Yacht Club should tend to the advantage of the marine service. His long bow and dangerous-looking hull might create surprise. He went out to sea, and sometimes met pilot boats (they all knew him), and had a turn with them. They called it "a dusting match;" but the *Surprise* always won, and he hoped that she would show even the pilots something, and that it would not be long before the pilots had boats more fit for the service than the present ones were. Yachting had, therefore, contributed to his own happiness, in enabling him to introduce improvements. He hoped that in taking an interest in yachting it was not for his own enjoyment only, but that he had endeavoured to blend it with utility. In conclusion, Mr. Tetley proposed "The Health of the Ladies, the best supporters of the Royal Mersey Yacht Club," observing that had it not been for the presence of the ladies who had honoured them that day he should have thought very little of any prize. (Cheers.)

This closed the proceedings on board the steamer, which shortly afterwards landed her passengers at the Prince's Pier.

Gribbin's band of music attended the steamer during the day, and materially contributed to the enjoyment of the company.

ROYAL CORK YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

THE harbour of Cork exhibited a fair display of yachts, some of which had gained laurels in prior years, and great interest was excited by the expectation of the celebrated *Mosquito* and *Cymba* being opposed by Captain Bartlett's *Glance*, which has already gained a world-wide fame. Her match at Carnarvon in a violent gale last year, will never be forgotten by yachtsmen. Unfortunately from some mistake she did arrive until the second day.

The course for the first race was from starting buoys opposite the club house, round the Spit Lighthouse, leaving it on starboard side thence down through the Man-of-War Roads to a flag-boat moored six miles due south of Roche's Point Lighthouse, leaving her on port hand; thence to a flag-boat moored six miles due south of Roche's Point Lighthouse, leaving her on the port hand: thence to a flag

moored three miles to the eastward of the southern boat, leaving her also on the port hand; and into the harbour again, winning between the club battery and a flag-boat moored opposite.

The first race July 3rd, was for a purse of sixty sovereigns for yachts belonging to any Royal or American club, exceeding 50 tons: this not committee very judiciously reduced the tonnage for yachts exceeding 20 tons, thus leaving it open for any yacht above that tonnage to enter, the result was, the following appeared at the starting buoy:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1856.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig,	Tons,	Owners,
394	Foam	cutter	26	Major Longfield.
1028	Vigilant	cutter	30	J. C. Atkins, Esq.
697	Mosquito	cutter	60	A. J. Young, Esq.

The owners of the Foam and Vigilant were not deterred by the name of the Mosquito, they probably feeling convinced she could not afford to allow them the time, (half rate of Ackers' Scale,) viz: to Foam 11m. 52½s., to Vigilant 9m. 52s., and the result showed they were correct.

At 12h. 7m. 20s. the starting gun was fired, and with a light and variable air at south-east the vessels made an excellent start; the Foam was to windward, and went away with a strong lead, the Vigilant followed, with the Mosquito on her lee beam. The Foam rounded the Spit Lighthouse first, followed by the Vigilant, the Mosquito third; from this point it was a dead beat to windward through the Man-of-War Roads out to sea; a strong flood tide was setting in, and the Foam and Vigilant were enabled to work the slack water along Whitegate and White Rays, which the Mosquito from her greater draught of water dare not attempt, thus it was that she was obliged during the beat out to work over the strength of a hot flood; both Foam and Vigilant made a long tack into Whitegate Bay, went about, and lay well down the eastern shore in slack water, and came out well to windward of Mosquito; the latter vessel made a board over to Spike Island, and in doing so it was evident to all that she had not wind enough to enable her to master the tide; however, nothing daunted, she went at it but could not get a board to windward of her daring little rivals. The Foam weathered Roche's Point first, the Vigilant second, and the Mosquito still in the third place; the wind here gathered more, and the first flag boat off Daunt's Rock lay dead to windward as a crow could fly; Foam and Vigilant lay well to the eastward on starboard tack, but the Mosquito tacked to the westward, and here, weak, she lost all chance of making a race, her pilot did it of course for the it, expecting to get a stronger breeze off the western land, but forgetting it he had a raging flood on his weather beam, whilst the other vessels

heading south and east were bursting up through and under-bowing it betimes. The Foam weathered Daunt's Rock flag-boat in beautiful style, and in one tack from the western land; the Vigilant came next in first-rate style, but had to make a short board before she weathered it; Mosquito was third. The breeze had now westerned a little, but was still very light, the Foam holding her own in gallant style, followed by the Vigilant, the Mosquito with hardly sufficient of the motive power to fill her canvas. They reached the southern flag, and half the course was accomplished in the following order and times:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Foam	3	41	19	Mosquito	3	49	10
Vigilant.....	3	44	5				

Balloon canvas of dimensions vast, now sought to woo the coy and gentle zephyr, but no exertions of crew or helmsman could bring the sternmost vessels up to the well-handled little Foam. In the same position the Narrows were again seamed, when quite suddenly the Mosquito appeared to awake to her danger, she shook herself and prepared for the last struggle; she raced up to the Vigilant, collared and passed her, on to the Foam's weather quarter, and—almost a pity, for it was too late—went ahead of her daring little rival, but it was indeed too late, no human skill could enable her to take her time off the fleet clippers which followed hard in her track. The flag-ship was passed in the following order and times:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Mosquito	5	54	30	Foam	5	56	21
Vigilant	5	57	45				

The Foam thus came in the winner, beating Mosquito by 10m. 2½s. The greatest praise is due to all parties for the good judgment and seamanship displayed.

The second race was for the Cork and Passage Railway Prize of £25, for yachts of from ten to twenty tons, belonging to members of royal clubs, or to the New York Yacht Club; a time race, half a minute per ton. The following yachts came to the starting buoys:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1856.

No.	Yacht's Names.	Rig.	Ton.	Owners.
	Flirt.....	cutter	18	Captain H. H. O'Brien.
263	Dove.....	cutter	11	Charles Putland, Esq.
519	Imp.....	cutter	11	J. Morrison, Esq.

At a few minutes before one o'clock a capital start was effected, the leading, closely followed by the Dove. Shortly after getting way on, as the Flirt's crew got overboard, but Captain O'Brien handling his vessel in his usual able manner, speedily had him got on board, and was away again after the leading vessels. In a very short time the Flirt went to the

and was not afterwards headed. After a spirited and well sailed match they came to the flag-ship in the following order and times:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Firt.....	6	47	19	Dove.....	7	1	30
Imp not timed.							

Several well contested small boat sailing matches, &c., together with duck hunts, for the particulars of which we cannot find space, wound up the amusements of the day,

Friday, the 4th of July, was ushered in with lovely summer weather, and slight puffs varied the gentle north and north-west breeze which prevailed.

A Hooker race opened the sports, and then came the race of the day, being for a purse of £40, for yachts of from twenty to fifty tons; usual conditions; a time race, half rate of Ackers' scale, and below that half a minute per ton; course same as Thursday, save that the yachts went the contrary way, taking the eastern flag boat first. The following yachts came to the starting buoys.

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1856.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Ton.	Owners.
1028	Vigilant	cutter	30	J. C Atkins, Esq.
394	Foam	cutter	36	Major Longfield.
462	Glance.....	cutter	33	Thomas Bartlett, Esq.

It was much to be regretted that the committee, as they had altered the restrictions of the race on the previous day, did not do so in this case and allow the Mosquito to start, as there were many indications of a strong wind outside, and which freshened as the day wore on.

At 11h. 30m., the starting gun was fired, and the Glance was away like lightning with a strong lead, closely followed by the Foam and Vigilant. A beautiful race took place down the Man of War Roads, the Vigilant going into the second place, and the Glance increasing her lead with immense speed. In the Narrows the wind fell light, and Vigilant and Foam came up a little, but the Glance catching the wind again, laid down to her work and forged away a-head at a wonderful rate, leaving the Vigilant and Foam as fast as a log line could be hauled. From this point she had it all her own way, and she was well up for the entrance of the Narrows, when her competitors were rounding Daunt's Rock Flag Boat. The wind became very variable as she entered the Narrows, flying about in puffs from N.N.W. to N. and N.E., and then away back again to N.W. Here it was that the skill and seamanship of Penny, her sailing-master, became the object of admiration to every yachtsman who witnessed it. Not a puff or a brake off in the wind that he did not meet, working his little vessel up to windward all the while, and despite the baffling of the winds, he laid his vessel right up the Narrows and though the Man-of-War Roads in one tack, where not another vessel but he to make two, and some three tacks to work through.

The flag-ship was reached in the following order and times :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Glance	3	32	28	Foam.....	3	49	10
Vigilant	3	48	30				

The Glance was hailed the winner with the greatest enthusiasm ; the manner in which she is brought out by her spirited owner, and the style in which she is handled by Penny deserves success.

Several races for whale-boats, men-of-war gigs, and four-oared yawls took place, and were warmly contested ; and sundry duck chases kept the promenaders on the quay in continued merriment.

Saturday.—The sports were opened by a race, for a sweepstakes of £3 each, with £30 added by the club. The following came to the buoys:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1856.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Ton.	Owners.
168	Columbine	schooner	88	Capt. Smith Barry
596	Echo	schooner	64	R. Heard, Esq.
371	Fire Fly	cutter	35	J. Wheeler, Esq.

With a fresh breeze in puffs, at a few minutes before 12h. the starting gun was fired, and the three vessels made a beautiful start, Columbine leading. When they had cleared the Narrows the breeze freshened at N. and N.b.W., and the Echo began to forge ahead in good style ; the eastern flag brought the Echo and Columbine close up, but the Columbine giving the boat a close shave took the windmost berth, and a beautiful race to windward ensued. After a hotly contested match the Columbine again drew out from her antagonists, and the flag-ship was reached as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Columbine	4	41	25	Firefly	5	1	25
Echo.....	4	49	9				

The Columbine was declared the winner.

The Corinthian Match did not fill.

A general match for all yachts was then spoken of, but the committee, finally decided that a purse of twenty sovereigns would be added to sweepstakes of two sovereigns each, for cutters the property of members of the Royal Cork Yacht Club, the second boat to save her stake time race, half a minute per ton over 20 tons, 45 seconds from 10 to tons, and one minute for all under 10 tons. The following vessels came to the buoys:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1856.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Ton	Owners.
324	Foam.....	cutter	26	Major Longfield
1028	Vigilant.....	cutter	30	J. C. Atkins, Esq.
	Flirt.....	cutter	16	Capt. H. H. O'Brien, Esq.
263	Dove.....	cutter	11	Chas. Putland, Esq.

About half past 12 o'clock the starting gun was fired, and an excellent start took the vessels away in a cluster, the little Dove leading them well; as they neared the Spit Lighthouse the Vigilant and Foam went to the front, Flirt taking third place; the race afterwards lay between the Vigilant and Foam, and was well and warmly contested. The Foam, however would not be denied, and racing up to the Vigilant in the Narrows on the return home, passed her and was never afterwards headed.

They arrived at the flag-boat in the following order.—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Foam.....	5	7	58	Flirt.....	5	32	15
Vigilant.....	5	11	15				

The Dove after making a gallant race, carried away the jaws of her gaff, and was not able to complete the course.

A race for yachts not exceeding 10 tons, for a Purse of £10 followed.

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1856.

No.	Yachts Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
1247	Zero.....	cutter	6	G. T. Baker, Esq.
	Mayfly.....	cutter		Admiral Patton
251	Djalma.....	cutter	6	A. Hargrave, Esq.
	Midge.....	cutter		N. S. Parker, Esq.

A beautiful race took place between these clippers, regular stem and stern work, which terminated as follows at the flag-ship thus :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Mayfly.....	3	14	2	Djalma.....	3	20	30
Zero.....	3	20	28				

The Zero after passing the flag-ship had her fore sheet to windward, and her main-sheet belayed, lying-to, when a heavy squall struck her, and ere a hand could touch either sheet, she was capsized and went down in deep water; fortunately several boats were at hand, and her owner Mr. Godfrey B. er, Mr. Perry, and two hands were immediately picked up.

ROYAL HARWICH YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

SOME half century ago we remember landing at Harwich, at the time it was a bustling old fashioned sea port town, everybody happy and prosperous, but now it is degenerated into a quiet country place, certainly improved in outward appearance, but we question much whether it is as thriving as of yore. The Annual Regatta brings a few blue jackets and Guernseys, but we sigh for the good old times when the real "salts" used to tumble in thick and three-fold.

As regards the club we believe it is more flourishing now than it has been for years. There are some good men and true attached to it who will use their best exertions to raise it if possible.

We do not see any impediment to its success, as they are sure to be supported if they carry out their object with liberality, and that they wish to do so, the present regatta is a proof, although their efforts were not seconded by the entries of yachts for the different matches. In the first class match it was very doubtful whether the race would come off, as up to a short time before the closing of the entries, the only yachts on the list were the Phantom and Amazon :—the rules specified that four should start or no race. Here was a dilemma that seemed to doom the company attendant to disappointment, and had not Mr. Spence, (the Vice-commodore of the Wear Yacht Club) entered his yacht the Vision, and Mr. Cox, the Minion, not one yacht match would have come off, as the other two matches did not fill. Therefore, the thanks of the committee and the public also are due to those gentlemen, for entering against such formidable rivals—we do not suppose for one moment that they entertained the least idea of winning. The well known character of the yachts, Phantom and Amazon, banished all hopes.

The first match, first class yachts, was for a handsome piece of plate, value 60 guineas, presented by the Commodore, A. Arcdeckne, Esq., for all yachts irrespective of rig or tonnage, with a time allowance of half-a-minute per ton for difference of tonnage. The course to be sailed was from the "Aquiline," the committee's vessel, out to sea, eastward to the Cork Light vessel, thence round the Stone Beach Buoy, back through the Harbour, and up the Stour to Erwarton Ness, back again, past the committee's vessel, and over the same course, finishing at the starting-place. The following started :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1856.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
26	Amazon	cutter	48	A. J. Young, Esq.
1039	Vision	yawl	45	H. Spence, Esq.
683	Minion	cutter	36	J. E. Cox, Esq.
786	Phantom	cutter	28	S. Lane, Esq.

All being ready for the start the gun was fired at 12h. 21m., which was effected in first rate style, the Minion being the first to set all sail and get off, closely followed by the Amazon and Phantom, the former taking the lead almost immediately, but so slightly, that she and the Phantom were almost abreast, and rounded Landguard Point within a few seconds of each other. A capital breeze sprung up when they were clearly out to sea, which sent the boats along at a clipping speed. The Minion and Vision made some beautiful racing between themselves, but were so far astern as not to form the least part of the match, and, after keeping close quarters during half the distance, gave up at the first rounding. The race now became extremely exciting between the Amazon and Phantom, but continuing almost level with each other, and the crew of the Phantom straining every nerve to pass their opponent, the others equally exerting themselves to prevent it, great credit is due to their sailing captains for the most excellent manner in which they handled their craft both being so close that they must sometimes have had some difficulty in preventing a foul. On they went still preserving the distance, although so trifling between them, till the first time of rounding, just before which the Amazon drew a little more in advance of her opponent, and they reached the Committee's vessel as under:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Amazon.....	2	30	45	Phantom	2	31	15

The Phantom was resolved that her opponent should not get any more in advance of her if possible, and, a breeze springing up just then, by degrees the former crept up to the latter, and a neck-and-neck race again followed for the next few minutes, then the Amazon began to leave her opponent, and for the first time during the race, a large gap soon became perceptible between the competing vessels, and on coming through the harbour a second time, the Amazon was leading by nearly five minutes. The interest, however, was still kept up, as she had to allow the Phantom that time for difference of tonnage; but all her endeavours were of no use, for in beating up the Stour she carried away her top-sail yard. Although this did not hinder her much, as she soon had up another, still it gave the Phantom some advantage, which her smallness helped to increase. From this point to the conclusion of the race she shortened the distance between them, and at length came up to her opponent. It was then a struggle between them to near the finish, when the Phantom got a little in advance, and the race concluded as under:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Phantom	6	0	45	Amazon.....	6	1	0

The Phantom thus winning, amidst hearty cheers, by 5m. 15s., including her allowance of half-a-minute per ton.

Immediately after the race, Mr. Young went on board the committee's vessel, and protested against the Phantom. His reason for doing so was that it was his firm conviction that the Phantom must have shifted her ballast, (and consequently broken regulation 4,) as she was able to carry

her top-sail at sea, the Amazon being unable to do so. The matter was consequently left for the decision of the committee, who finding there was not the slightest ground for such an imputation, eventually awarded the prize to Mr. Lane.

The next race on the list was for a Cup, value thirty guineas, given by the club, to be sailed for by the large class yachts of the Royal Harwich Yacht Club, which, however, unfortunately did not fill, and this was to have been succeeded by a race for a cup, value ten guineas given by the club; to be sailed for by its smaller yachts, which shared the same fate as its predecessor.

A race for ten guineas given by the Vice-Commodore, was the next object of interest on the list; to be sailed for by smacks employed in the stone dredging trade off Harwich. First prize, five guineas; second prize, three guineas; third prize, two guineas. The following started:—

Stations.	Boats.	Owners.
1	Ranger	Messrs. Crane
2	Unity	" King
3	Seven Brothers	" Corby
4	Somerset	" Fenner
5	Pertly	" Norman
6	Victor.....	" Raison

The course was from the committee's vessel to the Cork Light-vessel thence round the Stone Beach Buoy, returning through the Harbour and up the Stour to Erwarton Ness, and back to the committee's vessel.

At 12h. 56m. a capital start took place, and the Seven Brothers, Pertly and Victor went off together, waited upon closely by the other three, Ranger heading the second division. In a little while the Ranger walked past the others and ensconced herself in the first place, and never lost her ground. The Victor, after a good race, became second, and the Brothers, and Pertly gave place to Unity, who came in third, after having had a struggle with Victor for second place, but not being able to pass her. The following was the finishing time:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Ranger	4	55	0	Unity.....	5	14	30
Victor	5	9	0				

A race for Sprit-sail barges for five guineas, given by Sir George Brooke, Bart. This race is almost of a novel character having been introduced into the regatta at Harwich a few years since, but not having been paid much attention to of late. The kindness of Sir George Brooke this year enabled the Committee to renew this description of race. The following three only started, viz:—

Stations.	Boats.	Owners.
1	Levanter	Messrs. L. Richmond.
2	Alacer	" J. Gall.
3	Rapid	" J. Watts, Junr.

The start was even, and they were together for a little time, then the Alacer took the lead, and never lost it, winning the race by a considerable distance. The Rapid belied her name, and was passed by the Levanter, who came in second.

This was succeeded by three very capitally contested rowing matches, which gave considerable gratification to the company assembled.

The dinner took place at the Club House (the White Hart Inn) and was served by Mr. Dickeson in very bountiful style. A. Arcedeckne, Esq., the Commodore, was at the head of the table, and the Vice-Commodore, J. Cardinall, Esq., at the opposite end. They were supported by a numerous company.

After drinking the usual loyal toasts the time arrived for presenting the plate, when, of course, the question as to the fairness of the match was again brought under discussion.

Mr. Young repeated his conviction that the Phantom could not have carried her topsail longer than the Amazon without shifting her ballast, and complained that his proposition to exchange a man during the match for the purpose of guarding against anything of the kind on either side had not been accepted by Mr. Lane, the inference from which could hardly be satisfactory. He suggested that the matter should be investigated next morning by the Committee, and, if necessary, the whole of the Phantom's crew examined.

Several gentlemen protested against the principle of calling a crew to confirm or contradict the statement of their owner; Mr. Lane said he should certainly decline to receive the prize if such an imputation were cast upon his character as a gentleman.

The Committee unanimously expressed their belief that the match had been honourably contested on both sides; the Commodore said he would allow half an hour for Mr. Young to produce his proofs, failing which the plate must be awarded.

Mr. Young would candidly admit that he had no proofs; all he wished was that the Committee should investigate the matter.

Mr. Goodson suggested that as the accusation was not supported it would be sufficient to ask Mr. Lane upon his word of honour if he did not shift any ballast?

Mr. Lane.—"I answer decidedly no."—[cheers.]

Mr. Young said he did not impute the act to Mr. Lane personally, and if he would say that neither himself nor his crew shifted ballast, he would withdraw in protest [cheers.]

Mr. Lane.—"I do say so, most solemnly."

Mr. Young.—"Then I withdraw my protest."

The Commodore proceeded to present the plate to Mr. Lane.

Mr. Young said last year Mr. Lane was the first to congratulate him upon winning the cup, and he now most heartily returned those congratulations.

Mr. Lane in returning thanks for the prize, expressed his belief that a fairer

match was never sailed ; and the result merely confirmed what he had previously told Mr. Young,—“that the Phantom was 12 per cent faster since her alteration than she was before, and that in moderate weather he did not believe the Amazon could sail with her.” He should value the prize more highly from its being the gift of his old friend Mr. Arcedeckne ; and if he should sail in a similar match next year, he hoped there would not be the same difficulty about it.”

Others toasts followed, and the harmony of the evening was kept up to a late hour.

ROYAL LONDON YACHT CLUB.

THE second match of the season of this club was held on the 12th of July, the prizes offered were for small yachts, and which generally afford far more amusement to the “Nauticals,” than crafts of a larger tonnage. The entries were not so numerous as expected, but they consisted of vessels that had been more than once hailed as winners, and consequently “wind permitting” a good match was anticipated.

The prizes were 20 sovereigns for the first yacht, and 5 sovereigns for the second, not to exceed 10 tons. One minute per ton to be allowed for difference of tonnage. All yachts to belong to members of the club.

The course was from Erith round the Flag-buoy at Coal-house Point, and back to Greenwich.

The following were at their moorings :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1856.

No.	Yacht's Names	Rig	Tons	Owners
1037	Violet	cutter	10	J. R. Kirby, Esq.
546	Julia	cutter	7	P. Turner, Esq.
981	Valentine ...	cutter	8	J. Fradgley, Esq.
607	Little Mosquito.....	cutter	8	E. S. Bulmer, Esq.

The starting gun was fired at 12h. 20m. 30s., they got away easily the wind being fresh at S.W., the Little Mosquito with the lead, the Valentine, second, the Julia third, with a jib-headed topsail, the Violet bringing up the rear. The Violet soon after set a square top-sail, and took the lead from Julia. In this order they passed Greenhithe, before reaching Gray's the Violet had overhauled and passed the Valentine, lowering her top-sail, and succeeded in passing the Mosquito. The Julia also took in her top-sail, the wind blowing strong, she had the misfortune to carry away the jaws of her gaff, and was obliged to lower her mainsail, until a temporary repair was effected when it was again hoisted

with a reef in it. This threw the Julia much astern, and the steamer was eased to allow her to pass. After repairing her mishap, she forged ahead surprisingly, nearly burying herself in the water. She caught a fresher off Tilbury railway, which her opponents missed, yet she could not gain her place. Down Gravesend Reach they flew with every effort to pass each other ; and they rounded the buoy thus :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Violet.....	1	43	10	Valentine	1	43	25
Little Mosquito	1	43	20	Julia	1	47	0

It will be seen the three first rounded within 15 seconds, the Violet slipping ahead easily, but the Little Mosquito and Valentine were not so fortunate. In rounding the buoy the Little Mosquito took a good sweep ; the Valentine on the contrary bore down for the buoy, and thus it appears got entangled with the former, her bows first striking the Little Mosquito in the quarter, and doing some damage. The latter hoisted a protest, which was replied to by the Commodore. After this they reached away for the north shore ; and in a tack or two the wind again blew strong, and the Little Mosquito more so than her competitors heeled over to the blast in a fearful manner, and we believe she shipped a deal of water. She lowered her foresail, and reefed her mainsail, when having made all right again she set down to her work in earnest. The Violet and Valentine during this time were ploughing ahead, and a considerable distance too. In Gravesend Reach the Little Mosquito came up to Julia and challenged her for third place, and this was considered to be the best feature of the match, as they had alternately had the lead, and the match, after a sharp contest, ended thus :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Violet	5	25	50	Julia	5	45	50
Valentine	5	34	15	Little Mosquito	5	48	10

The Violet was declared the winner of the first prize with several minutes to spare, and Commodore Goodson presented the first prize to Mr. Kirby ; the second was withheld, until the sailing committee should decide on the protest entered against the Valentine.

ISLE OF MAN REGATTA, DOUGLAS BAY.

THE Royal Westerns of Ireland, again came forward to assist the inhabitants of this Isle to carry out successfully the regatta, and as last year their efforts have been crowned with success. The immense flotilla of yachts that usually attend was on this occasion joined by the iron wonder, the Mosquito, and two or three new yachts.

The first day was appointed for the 17th of July, but

"Fierce and more fierce the gathering tempest grew,
South and by west the threatening demon blew."

The morn of the 18th opened with a brilliant sun, and the gale having subsided, a splendid day's recreation was anticipated.

The first prize was the Isle of Man Cup value fifty sovereigns, open to all yachts. A time race, 25 seconds up to 40 tons, and 15 seconds beyond that tonnage. The following started:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1856.

No.	Yacht's Name.	Rig.	Ton	Owners.
697	Mosquito.....	cutter	58	A. J. Young, Esq.
859	Scud.....	cutter	15	W. Houldsworth, Esq.
425	Gauntlet.....	cutter	61	J. Holdsworth, Esq.
189	Coralie.....	cutter	35	A. E. Byrne, Esq.
738	Odalique.....	cutter	42	J. M'Curdy, Esq.
14	Albert.....	cutter	16	J. Hamer, Esq.

At 11h. 49m. the starting gun was fired, and with a spanking breeze at north-west, the Mosquito took the lead, followed by the Scud, and for a short time ran her formidable competitor beam and beam. During this time the Coralie was making tracks to leeward of both, and taking up the running of the Scud, pressed the Mosquito for the first flag boat; the Gauntlet and Odalique came out close upon the leading vessels, but the Mosquito again went in front, and challenged to win, which was as promptly responded to by the Coralie, who went into the second place; the Gauntlet having overhauled the Scud, and went into the third place. The latter vessel, nothing daunted by the superior tonnage of her larger rivals, went to work with a will, and sailed game from the start to the finish; the Odalique showed all the speed which so particularly distinguished her at Kingstown, but as in the numberless instances of former years, a schooner against cutters is over-matched. In the above order the vessels reached in towards the land, the Mosquito steadily increasing her lead. Upon reaching the third flag boat, under the head of Banks How, the Mosquito laid a fine tack in for the land, closely followed by the well handled Coralie, the Gauntlet and Scud went about shortly after rounding the boat and bore away for the starboard, and although she got the stronger tide outside, yet the weight of sea told against her. Meanwhile the Mosquito and Coralie were turning up to windward, and the Odalique steadily and well handled was doing her best. Mosquito began to leave her persevering antagonists hand-over-hand.

The flag-ship was passed in the first round as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.
Mosquito.....	12	42	30	Scud.....	12	55
Coralie.....	12	49	0	Odalique.....	12	55
Gauntlet.....	12	51	0			

On the run out before the wind the Gauntlet forged along in grand style but it was evident that the Coralie and Mosquito were taking off her the time she had held so well whilst on a wind; the balloon canvas told every inch, and the Mosquito flew ahead rapidly.

The Scud now engaged the Odalique, and as pretty a match ensued between them as could be witnessed. Notwithstanding all the efforts of the schooner she could not shake off the determined little Scotch clipper, and many a hearty laugh passed between the crews, when just as the schooner was creeping slyly away, her wary antagonist would range up on her quarter as fresh as ever: however power must be served, and she at length succeeded.

The flag-ship was reached in the following order and time.—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Mosquito.....	2	21	10	Odalisque.....	2	56	30
Coralie	2	37	0	Scud.....	2	57	30
Gauntlet.....	2	42	0				

It will thus be seen that the Mosquito won her cup well. She was received as winner with enthusiastic plaudits, and by none with more than her high spirited antagonists, who thus with the spirit that characterises the St. George's Channel Yachtsmen, welcomed their southern brethren to their well won prize. Several well-contested rowing matches ensued, which afforded much sport to the numerous spectators on the Head.

The regatta ball was held in the evening, at the Castle Mona, under the auspices and management of the royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland. The splendid suite of apartments were brilliantly illuminated, and perfumed with rich flowers. The very fine string band, retained for the occasion, occupied the orchestra, and their excellent performance, tended not a little to the enjoyments of the evening. There was a large and fashionable attendance, including nearly all the royal yachtsmen who attended the regatta; the refreshments, and the supper, wines, &c., were such as to increase were it possible to do so, the high reputation enjoyed by the worthy hostess of the Castle Mona, Mrs. Heron.

The second day, Friday 19th dawned with "a strong nor'-wester-blowing," nevertheless when the drowsy sleepers after twirling in the mazy dance, peeped forth, a lovely morn cheered their languid spirits; and in groups they hastened to the heights of Douglas Head, where the strains of music soon enabled them to enjoy the nautical sports.

For the first match was the Isle of Man Welcome Cup, value, 50 vereigns, time race, same conditions as previous day.

For this race the following started :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1856.

No	Yachts' Names	Rig	Tons	Owner.
	Fairy	cutter	6	Captain Whittle.
	Three Swans	cutter	27	Lord Galway.
189	Coralie	cutter	35	A. E. Bryne, Esq.
14	Albert	cutter	16	John Hamer, Esq.
738	Odalique	cutter	42	J. M'Curdy, Esq.

At 12h. 44m. the starting gun was fired, and all the vessels went away together, there was a fresh breeze at north-west and westerly. The Three Swans is a new vessel, built by Marshall, of Ringsend; this was her maiden-race, and we have little doubt that when her proper trim shall have been found, she will fully sustain the reputation of her builder. The Coralie was the favorite at any odds, although the swift Odalique had many admirers. It was very beautiful for the first three-parts of the course, the Odalique making a splendid race of it, and holding second berth for a long time in spite of all the efforts of the Three Swans to wrest it from her. The flag-ship was passed in the first round of the course as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Coralie	1	53	0	Odalique	1	58	0
Three Swans.....	1	57	0				

The Fairy gave up the race. From this point of the race the Coralie left her pursuers rapidly, but when they again reached the sea-way the Odalique drew up smartly on the Three Swans, and began to forge ahead in a style that threatened the laurels of the fleet Coralie. As they neared the northern flag a heavy puff laid them down to their work, and a regular stem and stern struggle took place between the schooner and her no less fleet rival. The power of the Odalique was beginning to tell, when another puff struck the Three Swans, she careened heavily, her topmast bent like a willow wand, there was a heavy crash, and the wild shout of men in their extremity; the next moment she lay a dismasted helpless hull. The owner of the Odalique, with that promptitude and courtesy which distinguishes every true yachtsman, immediately abandoned the chance, which was almost within his grasp, ordered the helm up at once, and bore down to the assistance of the disabled cutter, which he took in tow in the most masterly manner, and brought her safely into Douglas Harbour. The Coralie rounded the flag-ship at 3h. 58m. 15s., and was heartily cheered, for, independent of the accident which took two of her competitors out of the race at the last moment, she had won it well, having more than her time allowance to spare; her owner, Mr. Byrne, richly deserves success, for no matter what regatta he goes to, or vessels are matched against him, he sails to make sport, in the true spirit of a yachtsman, and, though he be 10 seconds or 10 miles astern, he sails to the last.

A sweepstakes of one sovereign each, with fifteen added by the committee brought a nice little entry to the buoys, under 20 tons, vi

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1856.

No.	Yacht's Names	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
	Nelly.....	cutter	15	J. Paley, Esq.
859	Scud.....	cutter	15	W. Houldsworth, Esq.
860	Scud.....	cutter	15	Capt. Iremonger

At 1h. 27m. a very pretty start was effected, the Scud (W. Houldsworth, Esq.) taking the lead, closely followed by Capt. Iremonger and the Nelly. Mr. Houldsworth, however, speedily drew out, and ran a very fast lead all round the course.

The flag-ship was reached in the following order and times :—

Scud.....	W. Houldsworth, Esq.	5	11	5
Scud.....	Captain Iremonger	5	27	0

The Nelly not placed.

The rowing matches were, as on the previous day, most excellent and hotly contested.

The regatta dinner was held at the Royal Hotel, Douglas, at 7 o'clock in the evening, when about 40 yachtsmen sat down to a sumptuous entertainment, provided by the hostess. E. Caryl Fleetwood, Esq. discharged the duties of chairman with great ability; the vice-chair was filled by William Cooper, Esq., Secretary to the Royal Western Yacht Club. The evening was wound up by a magnificent display of fireworks from St. Mary's Tower on the Conister Rock: the coloured lights and flights of rockets revealed a sight of rare and brilliant beauty; and scarcely had the fireworks ceased upon the rock, when Vice-commodore, Houldsworth, brought the resources of his fine yacht, the Gauntlet into operation, and delighted the numerous spectators with a very beautiful display of blue lights, rockets, and roman candles.

There was but one subject of regret to mar the entire success of this regatta, and that was the unavoidable absence of the high-spirited Commodore—Henry Bridson, Esq.—who, together with his family, was precluded from taking any active part, by the unexpective and premature demise of a near and dear relative, although his fine yacht, the Nimrod, was placed at the disposal of the club as flag-ship. Connected through family ties for centuries past with the Isle of Man, Mr. Bridson has upon no occasion neglected its interests when the opportunity was afforded him; and to him solely may be attributed the revival of the aquatic festivals, which, in former times rendered the island famous, and not only contributed to the pleasure but to the trade of its inhabitants.

The festivities were concluded on Saturday, by the members of the Royal Western and Royal Northern Yacht Clubs entertaining the ladies at Douglas, to a pic-nic and ball.

BIRKENHEAD MODEL YACHT CLUB MATCH FOR THE CHALLENGE CUP.

The second match for the season of the Birkenhead Model Yacht Club came off on Saturday, July 26th, and was everything which could satisfy the lovers of this national sport, and gratify those who desire its promotion. The "Britannia" steamer was engaged to accompany the yachts; and, although the rain which fell so plentifully in the forenoon no doubt deterred many, especially the ladies, from venturing on the water, the whole afternoon continued dry and clear, with a warm sunshine, rewarding those more adventurous fair who, in equal proportions to the hardier sex, followed with anxious interest the varied incidents of the competitors. There was an excellent "brass band" on board, which throughout the voyage played a succession of the newest and most favourite airs, polkas, and waltzes. Some of the younger and gayer of the pleasure-seeking company happily availed themselves of this to enjoy the gaiety of the dance.

The prize was a very handsome fruit-basket, having all round a richly chased and elegant wreath of cornflowers, interspersed with leaves; the wheat ears in frosted silver. These were supported upon trellis work, and the bowl was highly burnished. The plate is the manufacture of Mr. Dismore, jeweller and silversmith, Bold-street, and did credit to his house. The value of the article was £24, although named as £20, the difference having been contributed by a few of the principal members of the club.

The yachts having taken their ground in beautiful trim, the Vice-commodore, Capt. Watkins, who was president for the day, (in the absence of the Commodore, Mr. E. Haigh, indisposed,) and the Hon.-sec., Mr. William Scott, gave the signal to prepare, and at 2h. 14m. a gun from the "Britannia" rang out the order to sail—and away they went with a precision and activity not less picturesque than admirable.

The following was the stated course and the yachts which were entered, all of which which proceeded on their generous contest:

The course was from Birkenhead round a flag-boat stationed off Eastham, thence round a flag-boat stationed off the Dingle, back round the Eastham flag-boat, thence back round the Dingle flag-boat, returning direct to Birkenhead Ferry, passing between the shore and flag-boat moored off the club-house, leaving the last-mentioned flag-boat on board hand. All other marks and flag-boats to be left on the port hand.

Time—One minute per ton over five tons. One and a half minute under.

Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
Electric.....	cutter	7	T. Wilkinson, Esq.
White Squall.....	cutter	4½	W. G. Sutherby, Esq.
Spirit	cutter	4½	H. W. Wilson, Esq.
Spray	cutter	7	A. Bower, Esq.
Phantom.....	cutter	7	D. Morrison, Esq.
Maud	cutter	7½	St. Clair J. Byrne, Esq.
Flirt.....	cutter	7½	W. C. Wrenshall, Esq.
Glide.....	cutter	5½	T. Wilkinson, Esq.
Zephyr.....	cutter	5½	T. H. Bower, Esq.

In beautiful array the little craft started on their course, the Spray which ran out towards the Lancashire shore, and fully in mid-stream, feeling the wind first, and running ahead hand over hand. The Glide was next, and the others well together. The lighter boats were nearest in shore. The route to Eastham was very slowly performed, the breeze being light throughout and somewhat baffling, but the tide was running up, and the lot soon began to "tail." The Spray kept on her lead, with the Glide, Maud and Electric well up, and Eastham flag-ship was passed in the following time:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Spray	2	44	40	Phantom.....	2	48	30
Glide	2	45	30	White Squall.....	2	49	30
Maud	2	46	5	Flirt.....	2	50	5
Electric	2	46	20	Spirit.....	2	51	20
Zephyr.....	2	47	20				

Soon after rounding at Eastham Spray took the shore, and while in this condition was passed by the Glide, and the next two pressed on; but ere they could follow suit, the Spray was off and after the Glide, Maud and Electric next, and all well together. Much skill and good sailing were now needed to round the boat moored under the Dingle, which was the next turning point, for the wind had much westing, and the tide was then running strong. At length the Maud sailed by Mr. Grinnell, as judicious a yachtsman as hails from this port, shot past, and the Messrs Wilkinson soon followed.

The following is the order and time at this point:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Maud.....	3	48	40	Spray.....	3	52	40
Glide	3	50	10	Phantom.....	3	59	0
Electric	3	50	50				

The latter yacht was timed, because the chances of the day might favour her; the others were then deemed "out of the race." The following were the time and order at Eastham on the second round:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Maud.....	4	6	2	Spray.....	4	9	58
Glide	4	7	25	Phantom.....	4	16	3
Electric	4	8	18				

This point at Eastham was destined to balk a second in this contest, for, on after rounding, the Maud, then going free, took the shore, and remained it until everything in the race had passed, save we believe, the Phantom. The next rounding of the Dingle flag was effected as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Glide.....	5	4	0	Maud.....	5	5	45

The Electric followed quickly, Spray and Phantom not far behind ; but, as the run now was home, it was supposed that the Glide was the winning boat. This, however, proved not to be a fact realized, for the Glide hugging too closely the Lancashire shore (in which course the Maud followed), lost her foremost ground, and the Electric, coming home more directly, reached the Light-ship first, and came in an easy winner. The gun from the Vice-commodore's position announced the arrival of the first two as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Electric.....	5	46	40	Glide	5	47	8

The other three, we need not say, were well up. The Phantom in running along shore, after passing the Dingle a second time, gained rapidly on her rivals, but unhappily missed stays in tacking, just under Blair's ship-building yard, and her chance was over. Maud never gave up the struggle. Spray could not retrieve.

The race having concluded, the successful Electric and her tight competitor, the Glide, drew along the Britannia, and the Messrs. Wilkinson, junr., stepped on board, and were loudly cheered by the company in the steamer, their immediate friends welcoming them with a seaman's grasp. Mr. Wilkinson, senr., who sailed the Glide, and who was thus worsted by his sons, came next, and was also received with loud greetings. A considerable number of the ladies and gentlemen present now collected on the quarter-deck, and the Vice-commodore and Honorary Secretary appeared in the midst, the latter bearing the piece of plate, the prize of the contest. Mr. Scott having handed the plate to the former, stepped forward, and introduced Mr. John Wilkinson to the Vice-commodore as the winner of the piece of plate.

Captain Watkinson then, holding in his hand the prize, said "It gives me great pleasure, Mr. Wilkinson, to hand this prize. I give this prize to the son, because the son has beaten the father. His boat was the fastest boat in the race, and, I believe, the fastest boat in the Mersey to-day. The boats were good boats, and the match was well sailed throughout. I have now great pleasure, sir, in handing you this piece of plate."

The fortunate winner, having received the prize amid cheers, replied in these terms ;—"Mr. Vice-commodore, I thank you, the representative of this club, for this prize, I am glad the boat has won. I am glad she has redeemed the place she lost in the former part of the season am glad of it for the sake of the builders. I shall have great pleasure in drinking the health of the club, and that it may be a club as long as there are good boats on the Mersey, which I believe there are now.

hope the ladies will pledge this toast in champagne, and, if they will join me in doing so, I shall be most happy."

The honours having been done in sparkling bumpers by the ladies and gentlemen around, the company separated about 6 o'clock, having thanked the Model Yacht Club for an extremely agreeable *reunion*, after the enjoyment of a very pleasant pay.

We have to express our acknowledgements to the Vice-commodore and Hon. Secretary, more especially to the latter, for the polite courtesy and readiness with which such information as we needed was accorded.

Refreshments were supplied in the cabin of the steamer by Mr. Anderson, of the Merchants' dining-room, Slater-court, Castle-street, and many were the appeals thereto.

LOWESTOFT ANNUAL REGATTA.

"There's magic in the land
For each successive year,
Gigantic works appear,
Where once 'twas barren sand."

YEAR after year we behold "additions and alterations," and what in our school-boy days was a small fishing place, is now a town of considerable magnitude; and instead of depending upon "bloaters" for subsistence, the inhabitants have become a great commercial community; none rejoice more than ourselves at their prosperity for its

"Home—home—sweet, sweet home."

However "away with past recollections" our business is to detail the First race for a prize of £60, for schooner yachts; first to receive £40, second £20; no time allowed for difference of tonnage:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1856.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
586	Lalla Rookh.....	schooner	126	Viscount Bangor
1025	Vestal.....	schooner	74	F. O. Marshall, Esq.
43	Aquilina.....	schooner	55	J. Cardinal, Esq.

The course was from their moorings abreast of the South Pier to the north, passing through the Pakefield Gat, thence to a station-vessel, and fifteen miles to the southward, leaving her on the starboard side, and returning to the starting place by the Stamford Gat, passing between a station-vessel and the pier.

The start was effected about 12h. 24m. 35s., and a very sluggish affair it

proved; the wind, not scarcely enough to fly a child's kite in. However, the saucy little Aquiline managed to take the lead for a brief space, when the Lalla Rookh came up and took the honor from her. In this order they slid silently from sight, and nothing more was seen of them at Lowestoft, until about twenty minutes to 9, when a voice from the look-out announced a sail in the distance, and shortly after the breeze having freshened the Lalla Rookh opened to view. The gun welcomed her return round the flag-vessel at 9h. 1m. 30s. Upwards of three hours afterwards the Aquiline was announced viz: 12h. 30m. Respecting the Vestal it was supposed as

"The moon on the ocean was dimmed by a ripple,
Affording a chequered delight,
So the gay jolly tars passed the word for the tippie,
And anchored all snugly through night."

The next race was intended for beach yawls, but such is the ill-feeling among the crews of these crafts, that although £30 would have been awarded to the victor, not one came to start. We should observe three had entered.

The following started for a purse of £30, for yachts not exceeding 50 tons; half a minute per ton allowed.

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1856.

No.	Yachts Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
462	Glance	cutter	35	T. Bartlett, Esq.
648	Maude.....	cutter	25	Capt. W. S. Andrews, Esq.
956	Thought	cutter	28	G. Coope, Esq.
786	Phantom	cutter	27	S. Lane, Esq.

The course for these yachts was from the moorings laid down abreast of the North Pier Head, twice round the Newcombe, leaving all the buoys and light-ships of that sand on the port side; thence to the starting-place, passing between the pier and the station vessel, anchored abreast the North Pier—each time passing round the course.

Here was a entry worthy of the attention of the old bellow's blower and all his helps—but no! it seemed destined that Lowestoft regatta this year should fall far behind its predecessors. The old salts whistled, and s—, no! prayed, "twant no use!" Old Boreas had fallen asleep and neglected his duties.

At 1h. 26m. 50s. the gun was fired to start, when the Glance was the first to get her top-sail set, while the Phantom had her main-sail up first, and the Thought was the last in trim. There was not a breath of air stirring, and it seemed doubtful whether she would get off at all. A little "cat's paw" however, sprung up, when the Phantom crept out, but her old antagonist the Thought, soon came out and took the lead from her, the Glance being

third, and Maud fourth. In this way they continued slowly to the Newcombe, but the Glance gradually gained on her opponents, and ultimately passing between the pier and the station vessel, by 1m. 41s., before Phantom; and 4m. 57s., before Thought. The first round was thus timed:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Glance	3	16	32	Thought	3	21	29
Phantom	3	18	13				

The Maud, while tacking, it is supposed, missed stays, and unfortunately drove upon the Newcombe Sand, about twenty-five minutes after starting. Some beach gigs and a yawl at once proceeded to her assistance, closely followed by the steam-tug Pursuit, which soon after succeeded in getting her off. This untoward occurrence obliged the Maud to resign the contest. There was little or no change during the second round, they finished thus:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Glance	5	31	42	Thought.....	5	39	22
Phantom	5	35	12				

The Glance was not only the first boat but had succeeded in making all her time, and some seconds to spare. But now a "tale we must unfold," the owner of the Phantom entered a *protest* against the Glance on the ground that she was of larger tonnage than she was entered for: her builder's measurement being 35 tons, and it was supposed she would reach 37 by the Royal London Yacht Club measurement, by which rules they were guided. Consequently, the stakes will stand over until she has been re-measured.

The third race was for the Eastern Counties Railway Prize, of £25 to be sailed for by cutter yachts, not exceeding 20 tons; half a minute per ton to be allowed for difference of tonnage. The following were at the stations:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1856.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig	Tons.	Owners.
1076	Waveney	cutter	15	T. Lucas, Esq.
1037	Violet... ..	cutter	10	J. Kirby, Esq.
	Little Eastern	cutter	12	F. E. Echaz, Esq.

The Fairy 17, belonging to W. H. Lewin, Esq., of Boston was also entered, but did not make her appearance. At 2h. 11m. 22s. the order was given to start, when they all got their sails up at the same moment. Violet took the lead, closely followed by Waveney, the Little Eastern being a short distance behind. They all went away very steadily together, and upon their making their way back we found the Waveney with a long lead first, Violet second; the Eastern gave in.

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Waveney	5	9	20	Violet.....	5	59	30
10. 8.—VOL. V.						3	B

The Violet, however, shortly returned into harbour, and left the Waveney to sail over the course, which she did, and came in at 7h. 32m. 10s.

Next came a race for a purse of twenty sovereigns, to be rowed for in heats, by six-oared beach gigs (two men to each oar); the first boat to receive £12; the second £5; and the third £3. The distance to be rowed was from the south buoy of Wellington Terrace to a flag off Battery Green and back, about a mile distance. They all pulled off well together, but the Jenny Lind crew soon proved themselves the best men, for they pulled out from the rest and were not afterwards overtaken.

The next match which seemed to excite a great deal of local interest, was for a purse of fifteen sovereigns, to be sailed for by river latteen and cutter boats, half a minute per foot allowed for difference of length, the first boat to receive £10; and the second £5. The following came to the station :—

Boats	Rig	Length of Feet	Owners
Iris	cutter	27	R. A. Reeve, Esq.
Enchantress	cutter	19	H. P. Green, Esq.
Kestrel	latteen	28	W. Butcher, Esq.
Shannon	latteen	16	G. Goose, Esq.
Alma	latteen	16	J. Francis, Esq.

It was sometime before they got away after the signal gun was fired, and when they did the Enchantress took a decided lead, and it was evident would be the winner. The following was the time of arrival in the first round :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Enchantress.....	4	47	50	Alma	5	1	38
Kestrel	4	55	48	Iris	5	7	25
Shannon.....	4	56	15				

The Enchantress came in, in the second round, at 5h. 57m. 30s., the other boats having all resigned the contest.

The Alma came up at 5h. 1m. 38s. and the Iris at 5h. 7m. 25s., but were not acknowledged. Upon their coming round again the second time for the finish another mistake occurred, which caused the second prize to be kept back. When the Enchantress came in at 5h. 57m. 30s. a gun was fired, announcing her the winner, and a moment after another gun was fired without any occasion whatever, when the Kestrel put into harbour, followed the Shannon; consequently neither can claim the second prize, as it never passed the flag-ship, and could not be timed.

There was a Dinner at the Royal Hotel, and Fireworks in the evening

THE PRINCE OF WALES YACHT CLUB CHALLENGE PRIZE.

THE contest for this superb prize, value £70, with the present from Mr. Burton, Optician of Pentonville, of a superior telescope and compass for the second yacht, came off on Saturday, July 26th, and a more agreeable day could not have been desired, with the exception of one slight downpouring of rain, all passed off satisfactorily. The wind W. & by S., quite sufficient for the contending yachts, and in one or two instances almost too much.

The course was from the old spot (Erith) to the Chapman Light and back. Time race, one minute per ton allowed.

The following were at their moorings:

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Ton.	Owners.
546	Julia	cutter	7	P. Turner, Esq.
607	Little Mosquito	cutter	8	E. S. Bulmer, Esq.
534	Invicta	cutter	8	W. Tuckwell, Esq.
319	Eugenie	cutter	6	D. White, Esq.
381	Flirt	cutter	8	A. J. Young, Esq.

The Silver Cloud, Commodore Hewett, and the Alice, P. Guest, Esq. were entered but did not put in an appearance. On subsequently enquiring the reason we were informed that the first had the evening before come off a voyage, and was unprepared, and the latter's tonnage precluded her from any chance of winning.

The above five started at 12h. 6m. and all cauted round together. The Eugenie being more in the strength of the tide got the lead. Julia attempted to set top-sail, but was rather hampered, and the Mosquito had hers bowed up first; the Flirt followed suit with an enormous topsail for so small a craft. Invicta set a jib-headed top-sail. The Mosquito on entering Long Reach forged ahead and took the lead, followed closely by Flirt. Off Greenhithe a sudden squall caused Invicta to nearly bury herself in the water, and being an iron boat some fears were entertained for her safety; however she soon righted again, and shaking her wings like a duck after a dive, she dashed to windward of Julia and passed her. Julia also appeared inclined more than once to imbibe a portion of the *agua pura*. The chance of Eugenie was now over, and she was left behind. The order of going was, Mosquito first, Flirt second, Invicta third, Julia fourth.

The race was between Mosquito and Flirt, each trying to overreach the other, and the latter slipped between two barges to get to windward, but the "little tormentor" caught a fresh breeze, and showed her tail to the "peppy jade." Off Rosherville Flirt again tried to pass, but Mosquito stood towards the pier, and we thought it was their intention to land, the latter still leading. Julia changed her topsail for a larger one.

Off East Tilbury the Flirt again challenged her rival for the lead, and a beautiful display of tactics followed, and she shot past her to leeward. The Invicta was about forty yards astern with the Julia ploughing along at locomotive speed. In jibing in the Lower Hope the Flirt did it so suddenly that if her mast had not been a good bit of stuff it would have gone by the board; she seemed to stagger under the shock, which enabled Mosquito to get slightly the lead, but it was only a transient honor, for the former again dashed past, with the Julia creeping up to Mosquito. No further changes taking place they rounded in the following order:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Flirt	2	48	15	Julia	2	52	13
Little Mosquito	2	51	35				

The Invicta rounded after Mosquito, but as the gun was not fired, we found upon enquiry that she was not considered in the race in consequence of being only just launched, her fittings were not complete according to the regulations. Shortly after rounding she had the misfortune to get aground on the Chapman sand. We believe a steam tug passing helped her off, and towed her back to Erith.

The Flirt rounded splendidly, having lowered her top-sail, also Mosquito, but the Julia jibed round all standing, and with a lurch heeled over so as nearly to show her keel. The three yachts kept near each other, until the Julia when shifting jibs got ashore for a few minutes on the Blyth Sand, and which as the vessels were so equal had the effect of throwing her out of the match, as far as winning was concerned; but there seems a fatality in craft as well as in human affairs, one year a vessel will carry all before her, and the next she is all behind. Upon another occasion she will probably regain her laurels.

The Flirt and Mosquito engrossed all attention as they beat back, and it was evident that their helmsmen knew the Channel well: boards and half boards through the different reaches; and when off Greenhithe the Flirt luffing up to the tide, the Mosquito keeping away through the slack, and in this instance many thought she was pursuing the wrong course. Be that as it may, had the race been half a mile beyond Erith there is no doubt the latter would have had the Challenge Cup.

They rounded the buoy at Erith as under:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Flirt.....	5	52	30	Julia	6	8	20
Little Mosquito.....	5	53	0				

The Challenge Cup is very handsome, being an epergne or centerpiece, twenty inches high, the base being formed of three richly chased dolphin's heads, relieved with bright polished medallions, on which inscription is to be engraved. Springing from the base, and surround-

by rocks, are some cleverly chased bulrushes in frosted silver, which form the stem, around which, and resting upon the rocks, are the emblems of maritime life, viz :—the buoy, the coil of rope attached to an anchor, a mast-top with a cross-tree and shroud, the burgee of the P.W. Y.C. flying, a flag-staff with flag unfurled, and a wreath of laurels. The whole is surmounted by an elegantly shaped solid silver dish filled with wax flowers, which is supported by the bulrushes. Springing from the border of the dish are some elegantly chased water-lilies and leaves. It is a very richly ornamented piece of plate, and has been executed in the higher style of art by Mr. Benson of Ludgate Hill. Its weight is about 80 ounces of silver.

The prize won by *Mosquito* is retainable, and one of the necessary appendages to a yacht. The telescope was declared by all hands to be of the best make, and the clearness of the glasses were highly extolled. The thanks of the Club are due to Mr. Burton for his generous gift.

Commodore Hewett presented the prizes, and the champagne having circulated freely we steamed back to Blackwall, delighted with the match and the liberal manner in which it was conducted.

Three vessels were in the match, all sailed by their builders.* Two of them professionals and the other an amateur. There is no doubt but that the vessel built by the latter would have been in close with the others, had not the above accident happened. and we have no hesitation in bestowing the real palm of victory to her *as a yacht*, for although the smaller vessel, she yet possesses twice the accommodation of the others. We are sorry to say it, but the truth must be confessed, the *Flirt* is a step in the retrograde movement, being cut up so frightfully in her body as to make it painful in the highest degree for a man of tolerable stature to crawl or even sit in the cabin, to walk is impossible. We had hoped Mr. Young would have desired Mr. Harvey to have imitated more the *Amazon*, which he may be proud of possessing, and which is a *real yacht*, with ample room below as well as possessing the highest speed. He must not therefore be surprised if, next season this prize is wrung from him by a still nearer approximation to a sailing machine.

* *Flirt* by Harvey, *Mosquito* by Hatcher, and *Julia* by Bain.

RANELAGH YACHT CLUB MATCH.

On June 19th, over the usual course, from Chelsea to Putney and back, twice over, for a valuable silver cup, and the race was attended by a large number of spectators ashore, notwithstanding the state of the weather, the *Engenie*, *Cremorne*, and other boats, having been kindly placed at the disposal of the members of the club by their owners. The wind was S.W., rather squally, and which sent them along in capital style. At 1h. 36m. 30s., all being in readiness, the *Alice* and *Belle* were started from the pier heads of Battersea-bridge, by the Hon. Secretary, Mr. Braithwaite, who was commanding officer for the day in the absence of Mr. Keene, the Commodore. Both were in trim, and off at nearly the same moment, the *Alice* (Dr. Guest) having a slight advantage to about Battersea Church, while the *Belle* (Mr. Greaves) went past her, and kept the lead to the beginning of Wandsworth; the *Alice* then overhauled her, and maintained the lead throughout, although the *Belle* drew near her several times. They arrived at Chelsea, the first time round:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Alice	2	29	0	Belle	2	31	30

With very little variation in their positions, except that each was occasionally favoured by the breeze, they rounded at Putney, and proceeded down again to Chelsea, where the occasional long steps that the *Belle* took induced many to suppose that she would pass her opponent; however, such was not the case. The race finished at Chelsea, as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Alice	3	19	30	Belle	3	20	45

Both boats were most beautifully handled throughout, the *Alice* being under the skilful steering of Vice-commodore Knibbs, of the Prince of Wales Yacht Club, and the *Belle* under that of the Right Hon. Lord de Ros.

Editor's Locker.

ON NAMING YACHTS.

Carnarvon, June 25th, 1856.

SIR.—What a pity it is that yacht owners cannot avoid copying names in christening their yachts, you have often written upon the subject but apparently in vain; last year for the first time I observed the name of "*Scud*" in your Yacht List, her owner is not long allowed to enjoy the originality of his idea as I there is this year another on the water, and I suppose like the *Gems* and before long the *Scuds* will be as plentiful as blackberries, do use your pen to prevent such copying or *stealing of good names*.

I am, &c.,

AQUAP

YACHTS ALTERED SINCE BUILT.

NOTE.—f forward. a aft. m middle. re-b re-built.

Names of Yachts.	Date Altered	By whom.	Names of Yachts.	Date Altered	By whom.
Alarm..... f	1852	Inman	Maritana..... f	1855	Ratsey
Amazon..... f	1855	Harvey	Mayfly f	1854	Spencer
"..... a	1856	"	Medina f	1856	Hawkins
Amina..... a	1850	Steele	Napoleon.....	1855	Langley
Annie..... f	1854		Nautilus.....		Inman
Arrow.....	1852	Rubie	Nymph..... f	1852	Camper
Aurora.....	1847	Ratsey	Osprey..... f	1853	Hansen
".....	1850	"	Pandora..... f	1853	"
"..... f	1853	Hansen	Paragon..... f	1854	"
Banshee.....	1853	Purday	Pearl..... f	1855	Harvey
Beacon..... a	1848	Fife	Petrel.....	1830	Rubie
Beatrice..... f	1853	Mansfield	Phantom..... f	1850	Ratsey
Blanche.....	1853		"..... re-b	1853	White
Blue Belle..... a			Phoenix..... f	1853	Green
Brilliant..... f	1854	Rubie	Princess Olga..... f	1849	White
Capricorn..... f	1853	"	Ripple..... f	1853	Inman
Champion..... f	1854	Wanhill	Romulus..... f	1846	
Claymore..... f	1852	Cunningham	Ruby..... f	1851	Fife
Constance..... f	1852	Ratsey	Secret..... f	1856	Ratsey
Coquette..... f	1852	White	Shark..... f	1855	Wanhill
Coralie..... f	1853	Fife	Snake..... f	1853	
Daring..... f	1856	Marshall	Spider..... a	1854	White
Dart..... f	1853	Bauckham	Stanley.....	1853	Wilson
Don Juan..... f	1856	Hatcher	Stella..... f	1852	Fife
Dottrel..... f & a	1854	Payne	Stormfinch.....		
Elizabeth..... f	1853	Ransom	Sultana..... f	1853	Ratsey
Emetic..... re-b	1853	Payne	Surprise..... a	1851	Hansen
Fancy..... f	1854	Inman	"..... f	1856	Spencer
Flirt.....		White	Sylph.....		Boyce
Flower of Yarrow	1844		Tartar.....		Hansen
".....	1852	Ratsey	Thought..... re-b	1854	Hatcher
Forest Fly..... f	1838	White	Triton..... f	1853	
Gipsy Queen..... f	1853	Blaker	Vampire..... f	1851	Hatcher
Gleam..... a	1848	Blaker	"..... f	1856	Spencer
Gnome..... a		Wright	Walrus..... f	1856	Marshall
Gondola..... f	1849	Ratsey	Waterlily..... f	1853	Wanhill
Gossamer..... f	1853	Meadus	Whim..... f	1851	Ratsey
Haidee..... f	1856	Spencer	Whisper.....	1849	Hansen
Heperus..... f	1856	Robinson	Wildfire..... f	1853	Ratsey
Imogene..... f	1852	Ratsey	"..... f	1855	Hansen
Lavrock..... f	1852	Hansen	Will o' the Wisp..	1835	Ratsey
Leda..... f	1854	White	"..... f	1855	Wright
ly of Devou..... f	1853	Halliday	Wizard..... f	1853	Camper
tle Mosquito... a	1856	Hatcher	Zadora..... m	1853	Blaker
tle Vixen.....		Payne	Zara..... m	1854	White
rina..... f	1855	Ratsey	Zuleika.....	1847	Blaker
			".....	1852	"

REGATTAS AND MATCHES TO COME.

- August 5.—Holyhead Regatta.
 5.—Anglesey Yacht Club Sailing Match.
 5.—Royal Yacht Squadron Regatta; Prince Albert's Cup.
 7.—Royal Yacht Squadron Regatta; Her Majesty's Cup.
 8.—Royal Welsh Yacht Club Regatta.
 11.—Royal Yacht Squadron Regatta.
 12.—Royal Southern Yacht Club Regatta.
 18.—Royal Victoria Yacht Club Sailing Match.
 18, 19, and 20.—Royal Thames National Regatt.
 19.—Royal Victoria Yacht Club Schooner Match.
 21.—Royal Victoria Yacht Club Sailing Match for the Queen's Cup.
 21.—Mersey Regatta.
 21 and 22.—Royal Northern Yacht Club Regatta.
 22.—Royal Victoria Yacht Club Boat Races.
 23.—Birkenhead Model Yacht Club Sailing Match.
 26.—Torbay Regatta.
 26.—Brighton and Hove Regatta.
 28.—Teignhouth Regatta.
 29.—Weymouth Royal Regatta.

HIGH WATER TIDE TABLE FOR AUGUST.

D M	High Water Lon. Bridge morn after.		The time of high water at the following places may be ascer- tained, by adding to, or subtracting from, the time at London Bridge.			
	h.	m.	h.	m.	h.	m.
1	2	23	2	45	Aberystwith.....	add 5 23
2	3	5	3	25	Alderney.....	4 38
3	3	40	3	57	Bantry Bay.....	1 39
4	4	12	4	30	Bridlington.....	2 23
5	4	44	5	0	Carmarthan.....	4 3
6	5	17	5	32	Cork Harbour.....	2 23
7	5	48	6	5	Dartmouth.....	3 58
8	6	25	6	39	Dudgeon Light...	5 23
9	7	0	7	20	Eddystone.....	3 8
10	7	42	8	10	Exmouth Bar.....	4 18
11	8	50	9	25	Falmouth.....	3 8
12	10	7	10	50	Flamboro' Head...	2 23
13	11	28	—	—	Guernsey Pier....	4 23
14	0	8	0	40	Hartlepool.....	1 38
15	1	7	1	35	Humber Mouth...	3 23
16	1	57	2	20	Kinsale Harbour..	2 23
17	2	40	3	0	Lands End.....	2 23
18	3	25	3	45	Leith Pier.....	0 15
19	4	3	4	24	Lynn Regis.....	4 38
20	4	45	5	5	Plymouth.....	3 26
21	5	27	5	50	Swansea.....	3 48
22	6	10	6	30	Torbay.....	3 58
23	6	55	7	20	Waterford.....	3 43
24	7	50	8	25	Weymouth.....	4 23
25	9	7	9	53	Whitby.....	1 38
26	10	38	11	25	Amsterdam.....	0 53
27	—	—	0	5	Antwerp.....	2 18
28	0	36	1	5	Bourdeaux.....	4 45
29	1	30	1	50	Cherbourg.....	5 23
30	2	11	2	30	Hamburgh.....	3 53
31	2	46	3	2	Brest.....	1 39
					Aberdeen.....	sub 0 56
					Aldborough.....	3 23
					Belfast.....	4 2
					Brighton.....	2 29
					Carnarvon.....	4 47
					Cowes.....	3 22
					Dublin Bar.....	2 55
					Dungeness.....	3 17
					Folkestone.....	3 37
					Foreland, North..	2 22
					Foreland, South ..	2 47
					Gravesend.....	0 37
					Greenwich.....	0 20
					Harwich.....	2 37
					Howth Harbour ..	2 59
					Ipswich.....	2 7
					Kentish Knock ...	2 37
					Lowestoft.....	3 37
					Margate.....	2 2
					Nore Light.....	0 58
					Portsmouth.....	2 27
					Sheerness.....	1 28
					Southampton.....	2 27
					Spithead.....	4 37
					Yarmouth Roads..	5 27
					Calais.....	2
					Dieppe.....	3
					Havre de Grace...	4
					Ostende.....	1
					Honfleur.....	4
					New York.....	5

TOUCHSTONE.—The letter was sent as directed to Southampton, accepting offer.

HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1856.

WANDERING NOTES IN THE WEST.

—
BY SUMMOOA JUGA.
—

ISLE OF WIGHT.—COWES CASTLE.

OUR yachting friends have already been made acquainted that the ancient fortress, hitherto known as Cowes Castle, has been leased by the Lands Revenue Department to the members of the Royal Yacht Squadron; and very considerable alterations are in contemplation to render it worthy of being the head quarters of that distinguished club. Although it may be thought by some that it is not within the province of a "yachting miscellany" to enter minutely into the historical or topographical description of a place, still there are so many associations in connexion with this once "formidable fortress" which, it is said, was built for the protection of the port, that we cannot refrain from making some allusion to it, inasmuch, as its associations, since the peace of 1815, have brought it within our more immediate acquaintance. During the "forty year's peace" it was severally occupied by the illustrious heroes of the former war, the Dukes and the Angleseys, as governors or "Captains of Cowes Castle," who converted it into a peaceful domicile,—a marine

retreat during the aquatic months. Moreover, the "season" which has just terminated at the rendezvous presents to us the annual duty of reverting to the proceedings afloat. We therefore avail ourselves of the opportunity of accepting another chapter from our correspondent's "Wandering Notes," who modestly commences with the following quotation,

"——— Peritus parcite chartæ".—JUV.

Or, as the Spectator will have it,

"In mercy spare us when we do our best,
To make as much waste paper as the rest."

We have so far introduced our subject, and without further hesitation proceed to lay before our friends a few incidents which have fallen within our notice. We might without much trouble transmit to our pages extracts from the various guides which have been published, but without, thereby, imparting any novelty thereto. The historians deny the antiquity of Cowes, and state that it had no existence beyond the period when Henry VIII., constructed the forts for the protection of the river from the "incursion of pyrates." Now, in the Oglander's, M.S.S., we find that "Cowes Castle, together with the forts at Yarmouth and Sandown or Sandham, were built by Henry VIII., out of the ruins of the religious houses which existed in the locality."

There is therefore good reason to infer that there did exist in the neighbourhood some monastic building of that name, though all traces of the same may have been destroyed, but still, our surmises are fortified by the fact that, Worsley glances over the following remark without comment, and which subsequent historians have not even deigned to notice. Pat. 6, Ric. II. p. 1. m. "Rex dedit, &c.; the king gave to John of Cowes-hall the care of the Priory of St. Cross in the Isle of Wight." In the parish of Northwood in which Cowes is situate, there *was* a religious house near the church dedicated, like the church, to St. John the Baptist, and which by a deed 4, Henry VIII, still extant, was known as the Church House, but which like all similar establishments was suppressed in the reign of that monarch, and became maltreated, on its site a malthouse has been erected. Surprising that "book makers," have not paid very great attention to the search for historical facts. We are also told by some of the ancient historians that this island was connected by the main as late as the eighth century, that it was separated from the

remainder of Hampshire by a channel no less than three miles in breadth." That in the reign of Augustus, the great trade in tin was removed from Scilly and fixed in the Isle of Wight, *vide* Diodorus Siculus. In the 66th Triad. Robert's History of the Cymry, from 700 B.C., to 500 A.C., we find, "between the age of *Prydain* the son of Aedd and that of Dyfnwal Moelmud there is a second interval of uncertain length, &c., p. 77, "The three chief islands of Britain were Orc, Manaw, and Gwyth: Afterwards the sea broke in, so that Mon (Anglesey*) became an island, and in like manner Orc was so broken as to become a multitude of islands, and other parts in Albania and Wales became islands." 66 Triad. Again, it is mentioned, "The Cimbri, Theutoni, and Tigurini, exiled from the extremity of Gaul, by an inundation of the sea over their territories, went in search of places to settle in wherever they might find them." Nennius, says, "*Tertin est Orcania, id est, Orcades; sic enim proverbio antiquo dicitur, quando de iudiciis vel Regibus sermo fit, iudicavit Britanniam cum tribus insulis*,"—he gave law to Britain and its three islands, Orc, Manaw, and Gwyth." The minds of our early historians were fraught with credulity, they gleaned from the writers of legends, fictions which they believed to be facts; and as such handed them down to posterity. Their successors pursued the same path, borrowing from them the growth of their fertile imagination, and leaving to us their materials for our conjecture, as Horace says:—"Made up of nought but inconsistencies."

"———— Nil fuit unquam,

Tam dispar sibi."

In this enlightened age, however, when education has bereft the mind of many former credulities and superstitions, it is to be hoped that the inquiring mind, may be induced to clear away the veil of obscurity, which still hangs over the early history of this island and its aborigines, for all that we know of them is merely conjectural, vague and uncertain. The flying visitor, whether by steam or rail looks to the station for a guide, and is satisfied with a shilling's worth of waste paper handed to him, professing all that is known of

"———— this sceptered Isle,

This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,

This other Eden, —demi paradise ;"

which, in the dark ages was the seat of pitiless massacre, subsequently affording an exile to a banished monarch, a prison to a cap-

* What a coincidence in the connexion of names with our island.

tive sovereign; and now rendered doubly interesting to a grateful nation, by its having been selected as the quiet retreat of a beloved and amiable Queen. But what has all this got to do with our subject? asks the reader, we answer they are all extracts from our "Wandering Notes." We have culled from worm-eaten works such information as pleased us, and with our slender thread mean to form a bouquet, which we trust will be found fragrant, amusing, and entertaining. We do not pretend to write a history, although there is a fertile field open for us. Sturch says he had never seen any account worthy to be called a history, until Sir Richard Worsley produced his work. Those, most certainly, who have followed him have added very little to the stock then known, and we must otherwise be content to remain in blissful ignorance.

We are told that this celebrated island is not indebted to its antiquarian attraction or to its historical celebrity, but to its self contained sources, more beneficial and more permanent than either. Capital and enterprise, not to speak of science, seem to be unknown things. Of course there are exceptions, many of the island farmers are patterns of their class; and their hospitality is proverbial.

At the period when Cowes Castle was erected 1539, the population of the island was little over 7,000 souls, the population of the parish of Northwood was 2,080 of which 1,660 resided in the "towne." From which circumstance it would appear that the "towne" referred to must have had reference to the seaport Cowes, which, even at that period must have been a place of some note, having four times the number of inhabitants within it, than resided in the remainder of the parish. It does not however appear clear to us that it was previously known by any other name than the West Shamlord, for in the reign of Edward III., (1340,) we find it recorded that the inhabitants of the island made regulations for its security, and there should be but *three* ports in the island, viz:—La Riche, Shamlord, and Yarmouth, there is still "Shamblers Copse," within half a mile of West Cowes, and the East Shamblers on the opposite side of the Medina. As regards the etymology of the word there is also considerable doubt, by some it is supposed to be derived from Cowl, while others believe it to have been Cow-ay but etymologists have curious notions, occasionally transposing adding a letter to suit their purpose.

Leland says,—“Ther be two new castelles set up and furnished a

the mouth of Newporte, that is the only haven in Wighte to be spoken of. That that is sette up on the east syde of the haven, is caulled the Est Cow, and that that is sette up; at the west syde, is caulled the West Cow, and is the bigger castelle of the 2. The trajectus, betwixt these 2 castelles, is a good myle." Leland wrote some latin verses on these castles, which Bishop Gibson has translated for us thus,

"The two great Cows, that in loud thunder roar,
This on the eastern, that the western shore;
Where Newport enters stately Wight "

In the time of Camden, we are told, both were in a very ruinous condition. There is now no traces to indicate the site on which the East Cow stood, nor, do we believe there to be any record in existence beyond a stockade having been erected there.

It is rather singular that so prominent a feature in our locality, as Cowes Castle should have been handed down from guide to guide as containing a battery of eleven guns, whereas the platform only has embrasures for eight guns. At the period of its erection it contained the former number, viz: a "Long Tom" on the top of the castle or round tower. On the platform eight guns, and on the green, on the north side of the fort, there was erected a *barbette* of two guns, which latter was removed about forty years ago. Since then considerable alterations were made to the castle, another story was added to the round tower for the accommodation of the noble Marquis, and the eight guns on the platform were only retained, and the embrasures, or, rather wall was lowered. We believe, however, that, notwithstanding this "very considerable fortress," the guns therefrom never sent forth a shot in anger, but were merely retained to welcome royalty, which gave rise to the following *jeu d'esprit*.

"With gunners that ne'er mounted wall
And guns that never fired at all."

In a work written above a century back it states that, "Cowes Castle stands near the bathing machines, and though useless as a place of defence, still maintains a captain, one master gunner, and five other gunners. A sentry is always on duty there, but it would be difficult to point out what he has to guard, unless it be the bathers clothes." This sinecure, with many others of a similar class, was retained until the governors or captains died out, if we infer from the fact that since the decease of the late noble Marquis no appointment

has taken place, though rumour at the time assigned it to be kept in reserve for one of the heroes of the Crimea. However, the vacancy was not filled up, and the octogenarian gunner was left in quiet possession of its *pachydermata* walls, which in some parts are no less than twenty feet in thickness, and in which two bedrooms were excavated by the late Marquis, and considerable additions were made to the west end of the building for the culinary department and servants domiciles, all which have recently been razed.

Among the many reforms which followed "General Mismanagement," was that of the Ordnance Department surrendering at discretion the said Castle with its appurtenances to the Lands Revenue Department, first taking the precaution of removing the eight guns, or, in other words walking out with the honours of war; but the veteran gunner who had been present at the storming and capture of the Cape, and defended so many Kaffir Kloofs and Passes, was allowed to remain in quiet possession of the Castle, as a recompence for his meritorious services "in days of yore," until the hand of improvement should be called in to level antiquated notions and vested rights.

Some years ago it was rumoured that on the decease of the Marquis of Anglesey the castle would be offered to the Royal Yacht Squadron for a Club-house; and although the building as it then was would not afford the required accommodation for the members, yet the site alone was a sufficient inducement for such a Society, ranking as the first of the Royal Yacht Clubs, to accept the offer, and having the £ s d at their command, render it the first and handsomest marine lounge on our shores. The Squadron have had a lease granted to them, and the improvements and additions are being now proceeded with by the eminent builder, George Smith, Esq., of Pimlico, on the plan of A. Salvin, Esq., Architect, and when complete will be a great addition and ornament to the locality. The present Squadron house, however much it may have been once admired, as "peeping amid the foliage," and being all that was desirable to render it a marine lounge in the season for its members, has of late years been shorn of its beauty,—the hand of improvement has been at work in the vicinity, and the Old Squadron house has become secluded, and almost buried by the majestic structures contiguous thereto, and this probably may have contributed much to the desire of the members to seek open quarters. If one thing more

than another can reconcile us to the dismantling of the "ancient fortress" it is the consolation of its having fallen into such princely hands, who have assisted nature and been the instigation of bringing the Port of Cowes into greater notoriety. To the outlay and patronage of the members in the summer, combined with its commercial and shipping advantages in the winter is the port indebted for its *seeming* prosperity.

As soon as the works advance we shall have occasion to revert again to the subject, in the meanwhile content ourselves with the few remarks of the early history and surmises of the place. Henceforth it will be known as the Royal Yacht Squadron Castle.

ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON REGATTA.

COWES in times past could boast of being the finest marine place in England, where the *élite* of the fashionable world usually sojourned for several months in the summer season. On the platform of the old castle the banner of England floated, and the walls bristled with the defenders of our country. But now the old castle is undergoing a change, the walls are dismantled, and the town of Cowes gets only a portion of its former patronage. The St. George's Ensign still floats from the Royal Squadron flag-staff, and we counted upwards of forty yachts of various sizes in the roadstead. Yet there was a tameness which we could not account for, unless we take into consideration the short visit of the noble Commodore. Most assuredly the presence of the chief of any club, does much to increase the hilarity of yachting, and on all occasions the commodore's flag should be one of the first at the rendezvous. We do not presume to make these remarks individually, but as a matter of justice to the members of yacht clubs generally.

The Royal Yacht Squadron has the patronage of royalty, and two splendid cups are given each year for competition, one by Her Majesty, and one by H.R.H. Prince Albert. The honor of winning which stimulates the members to enter their vessels, and on most occasions great excitement is manifested by all classes, from the noble yachtsman to the humble jack tar.

On reaching Cowes on this occasion we were much disappointed that no steamer was engaged to accompany the racing yachts, as is generally the case at regattas, consequently, in company with our fat friend of *Bell's Life*, and the proprietor of the *Isle of Wight Observer*, we had to follow as best we could. And thanks to that "Ancient Mariner,"

Captain Crask, of Her Majesty, we were enabled to witness the match at the different points hereafter enumerated, and note the time accurately.

Tuesday, August 5th, was appointed for the match for Prince Albert's Cup, value 100 guineas, to be sailed for by cutters and yawls, and the following vessels came to the start:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1856.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	No.	Owners.
641	Maritana.....	cutter	57	C. Liddell Esq.
137	Caprice.....	yawl	56	Lient-Col. Baring
326	Extravaganza.....	cutter	48	Sir P. F. Shelley, Bart.
62	Aurora.....	cutter	60	Le Marchant Thomas, Esq.

The course was from a vessel moored off the club-house to the eastward, outside the Noman, thence round the Nab and back, passing again outside the Noman, through Cowes Roads, round a vessel moored off Yarmouth, and back to the station vessel off the club-house. The distance is computed at fifty miles. This is called the Queen's course.

The start took place precisely at 10h. a.m., up flew the canvas, and they canted round to the eastward, the Maritana having decidedly the lead, followed by Aurora, Extravaganza third, and the Caprice last. At this time there was but little wind from the east, and after a short board to the northward, the Extravaganza took the mid-channel course, and worked her way in the strength of the flood. Off Ryde the Caprice made a short stretch towards Portsmouth, in anticipation of weathering the Aurora, but she failed in her object, and they held their reach until 11h. 45m., when the Aurora went about and stood in for Sandhead, followed by Extravaganza; the Maritana being well over to windward, held on, as did the Caprice. The breeze springing up, the Maritana tacked in, followed by Caprice, but Aurora catching a fresh puff weathered them, and they passed the Warner on the starboard tack, thus:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Aurora.....	12	10	0	Maritana.....	12	15	0
Extravaganza.....	12	13	0	Caprice.....	12	20	0

After passing the Warner, the Aurora went about and stood in for the shore, followed by the others in the above order. The wind now lulled, and the immense sails of the Extravaganza enabled her to overhaul the Aurora, and on going about she had the lead. The contest now between the Maritana and Caprice was for third place, and the latter eventually succeeded. A slight breeze sent them all merrily round the Nab, in the following order:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Extravaganza.....	1	1	0	Caprice.....	1	3	
Aurora.....	1	2	30	Maritana.....	1	6	

A good breeze from the S.S.W., the vessels shifted canvas, the Extravaganza hoisting a larger gaff-top-sail, a balloon-jib, and jib-top-sail: Caprice shifted gaff-top-sail, and hoisted jib-top-sail; Aurora balloon-gaff-top-sail, jib, and jib-top-sail; Maritana set balloon-gaff-top-sail, jib, and jib-top-sail. The Aurora soon overhauled the Extravaganza, notwithstanding her huge spread of canvas. They had a running wind from the Noman, and passed Ryde pier as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Aurora.....	1	55	0	Caprice	2	0	0
Extravaganza.....	1	56	0	Maritana.....	2	2	0

Off King's Key the wind again lulled, and the two first drifted past Osborne, whilst the other two brought up a fresh breeze, which the Aurora having caught first, ploughed ahead again, and they passed Cowes to the West Channel thus:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Aurora.....	2	43	0	Caprice	2	50	4
Extravaganza.....	2	46	0	Maritana	2	54	0

After entering the West Channel the wind was changeable, and occasionally all were becalmed, but off Hampstead Ledge a breeze sprung up, and away they went at a rattling pace, heeling over tremendously, and great fears were entertained for the safety of their top-masts. All however held on, and they rounded the mark-boat off Yarmouth in the following order:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Aurora.....	3	41	0	Caprice.....	3	52	10
Extravaganza.....	3	43	5	Maritana.....	3	53	35

On the return the wind died away, and they all came creeping up along the north shore, to avoid the strong ebb tide. The Extravaganza sounding as she went, and the light wind told in her favor. Off the Lepe she passed the Aurora, and thus became the leading vessel, but a breeze sprung up which brought the latter again in close proximity to her formidable rival; unfortunately for the Aurora it again lulled. The Maritana and Caprice were more fortunate, for they came up hand over hand, and the former passed the Aurora and took second place. The Extravaganza again caught a cats-paw, and making a short board in shore passed the station-vessel ahead, and they were timed at the club-house as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Extravaganza.....	6	34	3	Aurora.....	6	44	0
Maritana	6	39	30	Caprice.....	6	48	0

The Extravaganza was loudly cheered on her arrival, and Sir Percy

Shelley must be highly pleased with her. She first made her appearance as a racer, on the Thames, and some few days before she started, it was prophesied that she would never bear canvas, we were present at the match, and our opinion of her may be found in our June number, page 269, and now looking at her under the enormous canvas she carries, we fancy the prophets were like Murphy, *rather* non-plussed.

The Cowisers were disappointed at the result, as all the money was put on the favorite,—the Aurora and her owner appear to have the good wishes of all classes, the poor in particular. Her crew did all that men could to win,—to them, and in fact to all, the greatest praise is due.

We heard much contention respecting the right of the Extravaganza's sounding, and we coincide with the captain of the Viking, "that a man is justified in sounding or booming out, unless it is expressly stated in the instructions otherwise."

Wednesday, 6th.—The Annual Dinner was held at the club-house this day; the Commodore and Vice-commodore presiding, supported by a numerous party.

Thursday, 7th.—This day was appointed for the schooner match for Her Majesty's Cup, value 100 guineas, and seven vessels entered, but as it was a dead calm it was postponed until the following day.

Friday, 8th.—This was a beautiful summer's day, without a capfull of wind, consequently the schooner match was again postponed. In the evening the Ball was held at the club-house, which was numerously and fashionably attended. Dancing was continued until an early hour in the morning.

Saturday, 9th.—Great anxiety was evinced, as the morning wore on respecting the schooner match, and it was with much joy a slight breeze was welcomed about 7 a.m. We immediately repaired to the club-house, and had the satisfaction of hearing, that if the wind increased, of which there was every indication, the match would be sailed. There was a hazy atmosphere which the sailors predicted would clear off, and a spanking breeze would follow, and such was the result, for about 9 o'clock there was a good W.S.W. wind blowing, and a good match was anticipated, which we are happy in saying was realized.

As we repaired to the rendezvous, all whom we met seemed in high glee, and the qualities of the yachts were again canvassed. The *Gloriana* was booked as the winner, the *Alarm* being above the tonnage allowed, did not enter, the cards stating the match to be confined to schooners under 200 tons, therefore the *Gloriana* was the favorite.

Why the prize was restricted to 200 tons we are at a loss to conjecture. We consider a prize given by Her Majesty belongs to *all*

members, and therefore, no vessel should be struck out by private regulations.

The following yachts were originally entered for the contest, viz:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1856.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons	Owners.
586	Lalla Rookh.....	schooner	126	Viscount Bangor
973	Urania	schooner	140	Sir A. Bannerman, Bart.
145	Cecile.....	schooner	190	Marquis of Conyngham
468	Gloriana.....	schooner	134	J. Gee, Esq.
169	Columbine ..	schooner	90	Captain R. H. Smith-Barry
1032	Viking.....	schooner	110	Colonel Stirling
623	Lotus	schooner	188	Earl Vane

The course was the same as former match.

The Columbine, Cecile, and Lotus were withdrawn, and the other four came to their moorings. As the hour approached for starting the crews of these beautiful vessels were actively engaged in getting sheets and ropes in proper order. This was certainly a most exciting scene, to behold the sailors when the preparatory gun fired, standing in breathless anxiety, halliards in hand, with arms stretched above their heads waiting for the roar of the starting gun, which at 10h. a.m., belched forth the welcome sound: up flew the snowy canvas as by magic, and the bare poles were covered, the vessels glided like stately swans from their moorings, canting gracefully round to their onward course. The Lalla Rookh showed the greatest smartness in getting away, as she forged through the waters, with a strong breeze from W.S.W., with a determination to make the most of her time; Gloriana followed next, then Viking, and last Urania. A thick haze again obscured the horizon, and my friends and self started on our steam cruise. When off the Motherbank the mist cleared off, and the whole fleet was observed in the same relative positions ploughing ahead like "maddened coursers," dashing the surge from their prows, and

"The powerful sails with steady breezes swell'd,
Swift and more swift, the yielding barks impell'd."

The Lalla Rookh here had the mishap to start her jib-sheet, and she was forced to take in jib; this enabled the Gloriana to shorten the distance between them, but the crew of the former soon repaired damages and away she flew again; and passing the N.W. buoy of the Stourbridge, we marked them thus:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Lalla Rookh.....	10	30	27	Viking.....	10	34	52
Gloriana	10	31	50	Urania.....	10	36	42

By the above it appears the Lalla Rookh was 1m. 23s. ahead of the Gloriana, and the Viking 1m. 50s. ahead of Urania. They may justly be termed first and second divisions, for the two latter vessels never interfered with the two former throughout the match. Up to the present but a trifling advantage had been gained by the leading yacht. The wind kept steady, and they dashed past the Noman, thus:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Lalla Rookh.....	10	42	17	Viking.....	10	49	48
Gloriana.....	10	43	48	Urania.....	10	54	23

The Gloriana had lost eight seconds since passing the Stourbridge. A thick haze again came on, and we had great difficulty, as other vessels were cruising about, to distinguish the colours. The wind was blowing fresh from the S.S.W., to W.S.W., and they all stood on for the Nab, which they passed to windward, in the following order,

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Lalla Rookh.....	11	18	10	Gloriana.....	11	19	20

The fog was so dense at this time we could not accurately time the others. The Gloriana had gained 21s. from the Noman. Before reaching the Warner on the return the atmosphere became more clear and we timed them on passing the light vessel.

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Lalla Rookh.....	11	21	15	Gloriana.....	11	22	28

The Viking had made considerable progress, but could not overhaul the Gloriana, the Urania was several minutes astern, and might be considered out of the race. In fact when the others were passing the Stourbridge she was passing the Noman. Between the first two vessels the match was concentrated, and every movement was narrowly scanned. The Noman was passed in the following order:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Lalla Rookh.....	11	25	30	Gloriana.....	11	27	8

The Gloriana had lost ground, which was principally owing to carrying away we believe some of her stays, whatever was the cause she repaired the damage speedily, and before passing the West Stourbridge Buoy succeeded in lessening the distance

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Lalla Rookh.....	11	46	8	Gloriana.....	11	46	—

Leaving only 14s. between them, but she was still much to leeward both being on their port tack. The greatest excitement now prevailed the vessels were carrying on all canvas, and were heeling over from force of the breeze. When off Binstead the Lalla Rookh went aback and stood in for the island much to the surprise of all persons looking

why she did so seemed a mystery; if it was a *ruse* the *Gloriana* was not to be caught by it, for she kept her reach. *Lalla Rookh* now took in her fore-top-sail, but some hitch occurred, and she lost considerable time in hauling down, and striking her top-mast. She also lowered her main-top-mast. The *Gloriana* kept all her canvas up for some minutes after this, when she lowered her fore-top-sail and struck topmast. This appeared to ease her, as she had been sailing nearly on her broadside. At 12h. went about and stood in towards the Pele Bank. A few minutes after she weathered her formidable opponent. At 12h. 20m., both vessels made a board towards King's Key, *Lalla Rookh* being a quarter of a mile to leeward, and in this order they beat up to Cowes, passing the club-house as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Gloriana.....	12	52	0	Lalla Rookh.....	12	56	0

Up to this time the former had gained in the beat from the West Stourbridge 4m. 14s. She now steered for the West Channel, and *Lalla Rookh* succeeded in gaining on her opponent 2m. 9s. ere they rounded the flag boat off Yarmouth. After rounding which they came back with a good breeze, at a slashing pace, under a pressure of canvas, accompanied by a numerous fleet of all sizes, and eventually passed between the flag-boat and the castle,

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Gloriana	3	55	2	Lalla Rookh	3	55	30

Thus ended this well and closely contested match, which was throughout very exciting, and from the honorable manner it was sailed gave universal satisfaction. The owner of the *Gloriana* has now three of Her Majesty's cups, having won one in 1853, beating the *Viking* and *Shark*, another in 1855. Mr. Gee was warmly congratulated upon his success, and Mr. Ratsey the builder, also came in for a share of the congratulations. We find that three out of the four vessels were built by him: the *Lalla Rookh* was the handiwork of Mr. Wanhill, and although beaten on this occasion, he has no need to be ashamed of her, as she sailed well and showed some excellent qualities. The *Gloriana* is a type of the American build.

The *Viking*, notwithstanding she had no chance of winning, persevered in going the course until the venerable pilot made a deviation in his usual successful career as the timoneer of many winning vessels, and quietly deposited the craft, on the mud of Stony Point, where she rested for an hour or so, much to the chagrin of the ancient mariner, but greatly to the amusement of her kind owner, who was on board with his family, we believe, during the match. The *Viking* could not be ex-

pected to win, as if we are correctly informed she sailed with all her stores, &c., on board, as though on a pleasure trip. The vessel did not sustain any damage we are happy to add. Neither did the worthy pilot, for two days after he took the command of a beautiful pilot vessel, the first of a series which Mr. Ratsey is building for a company at Liverpool.

The Gloriana, we have been informed, in anticipation of high winds had taken about five tons of ballast out on the morning of the race, and had only time to embark two tons of lead before starting, this will account for her apparent instability during some portion of the match.

The following is a description of Her Majesty's Cup of 1856; It was manufactured by Messrs. Hunt and Roskell (late Storr and Mortimer,) of Bond Street, and is quite worthy of that eminent firm. On the body is a basso-relievo representing Alfred the Great inciting the Saxons to attack the Danes at sea and prevent their landing. From the successful issue of this exploit may be dated the naval supremacy of Great Britain. On the opposite side to this is the dedicatory inscription: "Presented to the Royal Yacht Squadron by her most gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, August, 1856." The handles of the cup are formed of coral, sea shells, and lotus, and these also form the decorations of other portions of the vase. On the foot are four sea birds beautifully modelled, the albatross, the stormy petrel, seagull, and the guillemot; and on the cover, as an appropriate finish, sits the figure of Britannia, with the helmet, shield, and trident, indicative of her rule.

Monday, 11th.—A prize of 100 sovereigns was given by the club to be sailed for by all yachts, English and Foreign, exceeding 35 tons, according to the usual regulations of the R.Y.S. Time for tonnage according to Ackers' scale. Three to start or no race.

"That yachts be measured in the following manner for the purpose of racing:—The length to be taken between the perpendiculars, drawn from the extreme outside of the main stem, and the extreme outside of the stern-post. From the length thus found subtract three-fifths of the extreme breadth, as determined by the O.M. Act of Parliament. Multiply the remainder of the length by the whole breadth, and product by half the breadth, and divide the whole by 94, the quotient shall be deemed the true contents of the tonnage."

The Queen's Cup Course, viz: the same as previous days.

This being an open race the unprecedented large number of eleven yachts entered, and with the exception of two, the Lulworth and Whirlwind were conquerors in matches at different ports. The names of those entered were:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1856.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Ton.	Owners.
213	Cyclone.....	cutter		W. Patterson, Esq.
67	Aurora Borealis.....	schooner	286	David Carnegie, Esq.
462	Glance.....	cutter		Thomas Bartlett, Esq.
697	Mosquito.....	cutter	70	T. Groves, Esq.
326	Extravaganza.....	cutter	57	Sir Percy F. Shelley, Esq.
26	Amazon.....	cutter		Alfred J. Young, Esq.
1096	Wildfire.....	schooner	66	J. T. Turner, Esq.
1025	Vestal.....	schooner	81	F. O. Marshall, Esq.
678	Lulworth*.....	sloop	91	Joseph Weld, Esq.
2086	Whirlwind.....	schooner	89	F. Thynne, Esq.
58	Arrow.....	cutter	118	T. Chamberlayne, Esq.

With the exception of the Aurora Borealis, they were all at their moorings ready for the start.

With a punctuality for which the R.Y.S., is proverbial, the thunder of the starting gun was heard at 10h. a.m. precisely. "Hurrah! they're off, the old Arrow shews the youngun's how to set canvas!" "Two to one on the Arrow!" The Whirlwind was next under canvas, and she also had her admirers.

"The natives while the ships depart their land,
Ashore with admiration gazing stand."

The wind was light and baffling. The Arrow went off with the lead, followed by Whirlwind, then Glance and Extravaganza close up, ready to take a favourable opportunity to draw out from the rest: off Old Castle Point the two latter set top-sails, and Glance jibed, which the others followed, it was a game of "follow my leader," for the Glance in this brief space, had obtained first place. The Lulworth was considerably in the rear of all except the Cyclone. This vessel appeared rather sluggish. The Lulworth by some mischance unrove her top-sail halliards, for the sail was dragging in the water. It was a beautiful sight to see the ten yachts working their way, some on the starboard, others on the port tack; some skeeting, and trying every manœuvre to pass their competitors. The Amazon succeeded in passing the Glance. The Extravagance and Arrow to leeward off the Motherbank. The wind was at this time variable, scarcely any two yachts having it from the same point, in fact it was all round the compass. Before reaching Ryde pier the Whirlwind caught a fresh breeze from the S.W., and she went ahead, followed by the Lulworth. We timed them off the pier as follows:—

* This vessel was called the Meteor when first launched.

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Whirlwind.....	11	34	13	Mosquito.....	11	44	54
Lulworth.....	11	43	30	Arrow.....	11	45	0
Amazon.....	11	43	55	Wildfire.....	11	46	54
Extravaganza.....	11	44	3	Glance.....	11	47	0

The Vestal and Cyclone were not timed, as before they arrived we started for the Nab, in order to see them round. At 12h. 5m. they were all lying well on the starboard tack for the light-vessel. Off Bembridge, at 12h. 44m., the Whirlwind went about on the port tack, as did Extravaganza two minutes later, the Glance also made a board and weathered the Extravaganza at 12h. 47m., the Amazon tacked at 12h. 47m. 30s., Lulworth 12m. 47m. 46s., Arrow, 12h. 48m. 5s. In this order they proceeded to the Nab, but in the short distance they had traversed a change in their positions took place as the following will show:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Whirlwind.....	12	50	0	Mosquito.....	1	2	35
Arrow.....	12	53	55	Extravaganza.....	1	2	55
Lulworth.....	12	55	10	Wildfire.....	1	4	30
Glance.....	1	0	55	Vestal.....	1	12	12
Amazon.....	1	2	3	Cyclone.....	1	16	15

The Whirlwind and Arrow shifted jibs after rounding, and with slight alteration in their positions the vessels proceeded to Cowes Roads. In passing Ryde it was observed that the Arrow had gained on the Whirlwind about one minute. On passing the Motherbank the Whirlwind had the misfortune to carry away her cross-trees and jib-halliards, which the Arrow taking advantage of, passed her, and took the lead, which she maintained to the close of the match. In the following order they dashed through Cowes Roads:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Arrow.....	2	41	30	Wildfire.....	2	52	40
Whirlwind.....	2	44	0	Extravaganza.....	2	55	0
Lulworth.....	2	48	35	Mosquito.....	2	57	30
Glance.....	2	52	30	Cyclone.....	3	26	30
Amazon	2	52	36	Vestal.....	not timed.		

The yachts had to stem the tide, which in working down the West Channel was against them. They continued without any material alteration in the above positions until they rounded the flag-boat off Yarmouth, with the exception of the Glance, which managed to get t' weatherage of the Lulworth, and shoot into third place. We timed the Arrow 4h. 35m. 7s., and Whirlwind 4h. 56m. 32s.

The Arrow gained on the Whirlwind 18m. 55s., in the beat for Cowes Roads. We speak without wishing to disparage the abilities of the latter, but it appeared evident the Arrow's pilot was more awake

the set of the tide, and thus increased the distance. Having rounded the flag-boat they clapped on more canvas and came back to the starting vessel with amazing speed, and as the old favorite hove in sight of Egypt and other points where the crowd had assembled, great anxiety was manifested, "Here she comes!" was the general cry. And in truth like the timid hare with the hounds in pursuit, she flew along, coming in thus, according to the official time at the club-house:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Arrow.....	5	56	10	Lulworth.....	6	23	49
Whirlwind.....	6	13	7	Extravaganza.....	6	24	0
Glance.....	6	23	45	Amazon.....	6	3	5

As the Arrow came in first, most persons thought she had won the sovereigns, but when the time 32m., 5s., was deducted which she had to allow the Glance, it was found the latter was the winner by 4m. 30s. The Whirlwind was about 1m. 7s. over the time she had to receive. From the time of passing Cowes Roads to the return back to the winning vessel, the Arrow had gained the following time on her competitors viz:—

	m.	s.		m.	s.
Glance.....	16	5	Extravaganza	17	40
Whirlwind.....	14	27	Amazon	21	49
Lulworth.....	23	34			

Mr. Bartlett was hailed the winner, but not with that public feeling which was evinced towards the vessel so well known to all on the island. The Arrow is a very old acquaintance, she was planned by Mr. Weld, and has won many prizes.

We believe this is the Glance's first visit to Cowes, and she has gained another laurel, and made an impression on the community that will not be easily effaced. The saucy little minx to beat one old enough to be her grandmother, oh! fie! Mr. Bartlett.

Prior to the race Mr. Weld's new yacht Lulworth was booked for the first place, and having seen her out with the Alarm, we had an opportunity of noting her appearance, and in her sailing she appeared to pass the other easily. She is built after the American fashion, sharp bows, and apparently glides over the waters, not through them, she has a very tall slight mast, in fact much too slender for the immense canvas she carries, her main-sail alone we hear has 800 yards in it, and she can hoist a top-sail with 400, which in anything like a spanking breeze would tell fearfully on her spars. During the above match she had from some cause no chance, and must sadly have disappointed her worthy owner. To this gentleman the yachting world are deeply indebted, and the R.Y.S., ought to be proud of one who at his advanced age has energy and ability to plan, with spirit to build, a yacht of 80 tons,

merely to shew his juniors what a racing yacht should be, for although she did not shew very prominent this day, we feel confident that if matched after her proper trim has been ascertained, under the careful guidance of Captain Nicholls she will shew her stern to the clippers afloat.

The Whirlwind is a new vessel by Hansen, and is a perfect specimen of yacht building, she is possessed of considerable speed, and we expect she will prove another year a formidable rival to many of superior tonnage. We do not know whether Mr. Thynne has the same crew that sailed the Wildfire when she was his property, if so, we recommend a careful survey of every rope and spar before racing, as they were wont to carry on until something "brought them up with a round turn."

The Wildfire was out of humour in this match, she would not show any of her dashing, daring exploits, the wind did not suit her, for she is truly named, the weather wherein she is in her glory, is

"When o'er the quivering deck from van to rear,
Broad surges roll in terrible career."

The amusement at Cowes terminated on the day of the match for the club prize above recorded, with the *Town Regatta*. This is confined to rowing and sailing matches among the tradesmen and fishermen, which her Majesty generously supports by her presence, and also by a liberal donation. Unfortunately this year the sports were shorn of their brightest ornament, as our beloved sovereign left Osborne on the Sunday for the Channel Islands. However the junior members of the Royal Family attended in the Elfin, Master-Commodore Balliston, and were highly delighted with the amusements.

Notwithstanding the two or three days' calm this has been one of the best regattas of the R.Y.S., that has been seen. May each successive year bring fresh pleasure and benefit to the town of Cowes.

THE NEWCASTLE KEEL.

BY TOM TUG.

"Weel may the keel row, the keel row, the keel row,
Weel may the keel row, my canny laddie's in.

NEWCASTLE KEELMAN'S SONG.

THE remark in page 190 of the May number of your *Yachting Magazine*, which alludes to the singular method of steering vessels by means of a large oar or raddle fixed to the quarter, as practised by the An-

Saxons, reminds me of the mode of propelling the Newcastle keel, which was very similar, and has been abandoned within the last twenty-five years.

The Newcastle keel is employed almost exclusively in bringing coals from the Collieries, on the banks of the Tyne and Wear, to the coal vessels which generally lie some six or seven miles lower down the river Wear, they are of light draught, have wedge like bows and large beam, taking a cargo 21 tons. Each keel has a crew of three men and a boy, and these keelmen form a very remarkable and characteristic element of the population of the coal districts of the Tyne and Wear.

As it is probable that the old mode of navigating these vessels may soon be forgotten, I send you this sketch of it, which many of your elderly and middle-aged readers will recognize with a smile and recollections of "Auld Lang Syne."

When sailing, a tanned lug sail only, was used, but a great portion of this passage was made when rowing. Two men and a boy worked a long oar over the quarter, at one side only, each stroke was commenced by pressing down the loom of the oar and making a rapid wheel forward of about four steps, the blade of the oar was then dropped into the water, and six or seven slow backward paces completed the stroke.

At the stern and right aft, one man worked a smaller oar, which reacted against the larger one, and steered the vessel.

The costume of these keelmen was highly characteristic, consisting of a dark blue woollen shirt and stockings with fustian breeches, the strings of which was considered a point of keelman's dandyism to leave untied and flying loose.

Of late years this peculiar mode of navigation has been abandoned, still that of the vessel remains much the same, but they are all rigged with a spritsail and jib, and when rowed are pulled by two equal sized oars, one on either side worked by two men each.

All who have had much to do with them, know the strong prejudices of waterside men, this however is an instance that the most inveterate "old salts" may be brought round at last.

ROYAL SOUTHERN YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

It cannot be denied that this Club has not met with the support adequate to carry it on with spirit. It has some wealthy members on its Register, and therefore we are at a loss to conceive why it lacks "the sinews of war" to make it one of the most flourishing among the Royals. The club-house is admirably situated as a marine residence, and would

we opine be well attended if there was not some cause for it. We made enquiries, being anxious to ascertain the facts, but failed to elicit any satisfactory answer. If it is, as our compeer of the *Hampshire Advertiser* hints, "because the town is flourishing in its commercial interests," we should think the nobility and gentry who formerly patronized the regatta would not on that account withdraw their countenance and support from a sport which at all places is a benefit to the community. It cannot be urged as an excuse for non-attendance at this regatta that the Royal Pier would be crowded with bales and boxes, for neither were to be seen, and we really believe the Lessee, Mr. Taylor, did not take one shilling extra on account of the regatta. There was no interest manifested, and with the exception of the actual sailing of the yachts all was *dull*, stale, and unprofitable.

The regattas on previous years have occupied two days,—but *one* day, Tuesday, August 12th, was all-sufficient to expend the amount (95 sovs.) appropriated for that purpose.

The first prize was for 40 sovereigns, given by the flag officers of the club, for schooners of any Royal Yacht Club. This was a time race, according to Ackers' scale. The following vessels were started :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1856.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig,	Tons,	Owners,
1057	Wasp.....	schooner	25	W. Freeman. Esq.
1096	Wildfire	schooner	59	J. T. Turner, Esq.
1025	Vestal.....	schooner	74	F. O. Marshall, Esq.

The course was from abreast the Southampton Pier to the Calshot Light-vessel, leaving it on the starboard hand, thence round a mark vessel off Yarmouth, thence to East Stourbridge buoy, leaving both on the port hand, returning, leaving the Light-vessel on the port hand, and coming to the windward between the flag-boat and the pier. The extent of the course was about fifty miles.

At 10h. 5m. the starting gun was fired, when they got away together, with a stiff wind from the south-east. The Wildfire revelled in the breeze, she dashed boldly on, cleaving the waters with a determination to "do or die." When abreast Calshot Castle the Wildfire went ab , followed by Vestal, for just previous to this the Wasp carried away r topmast. The Wildfire continued her course, and eventually cam 1 as follows :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.
Wildfire.....	3	27	40	Vestal	3	56

The second race was for cutters, yawls, and sloops. A time : 2

according to Ackers' scale, The prize was a club purse of forty sovs. The following yachts started :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1856.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Ton.	Owners.
326	Extravaganza.....	cutter	48	Sir P. Shelley
213	Cyclone.....	cutter	41	W. Patterson, Esq.
26	Amazon.....	cutter	43	A. J. Young, Esq.
786	Phantom.....	cutter	27	S. Lane, Esq.
462	Glance.....	cutter	34	T. Bartlett, Esq.

The course the same as the schooner match.

This race caused much excitement from the well-known fame of the yachts engaged, and each had their backers, although the bets were trifling, still it showed even in the humbler classes that these matches were looked on with interest. Some considerable time elapsed between the firing of the preparatory gun and the start. At 10h. 34m. they canted (they had been lying with their mainsails set) and the Amazon was the first to set her jib and foresail and get away with the lead, followed by Glance, the others quickly following. When all had got fairly underway, they bowled along at a slashing pace. The wind being about S.W., all had set jib-headed top-sails except the Phantom. The wind at this time blew too strong apparently for the Cyclone, as she lowered her topsail and foresail, and set a smaller jib, the other vessels carried on with all sails, until they rounded the Calshot Light. The Amazon first, Glance second, Extravaganza third, Phantom fourth, and Cyclone last. In this order they proceeded down the West Channel, with a strong sea on,—the tide on the slack. After rounding the mark boat off Yarmouth, the tide had changed in their favour and they bounded along merrily with a favourable wind. When passing Cowes Roads, we are informed the Amazon was leading about a minute and-a-half ahead of Glance. In the run from this to the winning vessel off Southampton pier no change occurred, and they came on at a tremendous pace arriving thus :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Amazon.....	4	22	10	Extravaganza.....	3	39	28
Glance.....	4	25	15	Phantom.....	4	40	43

Cyclone not timed.

The Amazon having to allow time to Glance the latter was declared the winner. This is the seventh prize won this year by the latter, and she bids fair to wrest the title of champion from the Amazon, who gained that honor at the close of last season. Mr. Hatcher, the builder of the

Glance, has added to his laurels by the speed he has given this beautiful specimen of naval architecture.

We should observe that the Annie of Plymouth and the celebrated Thought were entered, but did not start.

The third race was for cutters, yawls, and sloops, not exceeding 12 tons. The prize was for a purse of fifteen sovereigns. One minute per ton for difference of tonnage. The following vessels started:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1856.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Ton.	Owners.
262	Dottrell.....	cutter	9	E. Ricketts, Esq.
816	Quiver.....	cutter	12	T. Chamberlayne, Esq.
608	Little Vixen.....	cutter	10	R. Wright, Esq.
260	Don Juan.....	cutter	10	W. Cooper, Esq.
	Pip.....	cutter	7	Captain Wigsell
653	Mazeppa.....	cutter	12	C. Bromley, Esq.

The course was round flag-boats off the Half Barn and Dean's Lake Buoys, leaving both on the starboard hand, returning round the flag-boat off the pier, leaving it on the port hand; three times round.

This match caused, if possible more interest than the last, as all the vessels as well as their owners and crews, were Southamptonians, consequently the fair sex joined in the general feeling. The Quiver had gained honors in the Thames, on the 28th of June, when she beat the celebrated Esk, Julia, Flirt, and five others, in one of the most extraordinary races that ever occurred.* The Don Juan was also known to fame. The race was well contested throughout, and it was really a pretty match, which could be seen from the pier-heads, the extreme distance not being more than four miles. The match was chiefly between the Quiver and Don Juan, and at each round they were loudly cheered by the spectators ashore and afloat. The following are the times of rounding, and finish:—

	1st Round.			2nd Round.			3rd Round.		
	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.
Quiver.....	2	45	40	3	32	7	4	14	10
Don Juan.....	2	46	0	3	33	40	4	17	35
Mazeppa.....	2	47	40	3	38	30	4	28	52
Pip.....	2	49	0	3	41	10	4	34	30
Little Vixen.....	2	49	12	3	41	30	4	37	45
Dottrell.....	2	54	2	3	49	30	not timed.		

During the afternoon there were several rowing matches and duck hunts for prizes given by the members of the club.

The dinner at the club house was presided over by Admiral O'Brien in the chair, supported by C. Bromley, Esq., in the vice-chair, and a

* See page 306 of our present volume.

numerous party of members and friends. The Earl Cardigan and Earl Fitzhardinge were unable to attend, but they added to the feast three splendid haunches of venison, the utmost hilarity prevailed, and it was a late hour before they separated.

There was an attempt at a display of fireworks in the evening, but it was of a meagre description.

Since the above was in type we have been informed upon undoubted authority that the members of the Royal Southern Yacht Club have held a General Meeting, and that its prospects are once more in the ascendant, that nearly 200 members are on the list, and a good working committee having been formed; with Admiral O'Brien at its head, there is no doubt of its once more holding its former forward position in the yachting world. We are really glad to hear this news, and we may anticipate a repetition of the olden times, when our nobility and gentry, with their families graced the regattas, and gave the port of Southampton a fashionable appearance.

GREAT YARMOUTH REGATTA.

WHEN a splendid feast is provided on which much time and expense has been lavished, what can be more vexatious than the non-arrival of the invited guests. Such we regret to say was the case at Yarmouth: an excellent *bill of fare* was issued, but few yachts were in attendance. We have in former years complained of what we deemed the parsimony of the inhabitants of this town, but now they come forth with a sum of £250 to distribute in prizes. This amount was raised under circumstances which tend to augment the disappointment at the scarcity of competing craft.

"The Yarmouth regatta may be said to have commenced in the year 1846, when about £130 were competed for. The proceedings then occupied two days, and this continued to be the case until 1854, when it was determined to compress the sports into one day. Notwithstanding this change, however, but little excitement, comparatively speaking, was created; and the regatta of last year,—from the bad state of the weather, and the unfortunate accident which occurred to the Racehorse lugger, which was unfortunately run down and sunk, and from other circumstances, was a tame affair. So disheartening indeed was its effect upon most of those concerned in its production, that it was feared it would be the last for some time to come in the Roads; and this feeling

was strengthened some six weeks ago, when Mr. M. Butcher, upon whom the continuance of these sports may be said to have almost depended, first took steps for holding a regatta this year. The first meeting called by him for this purpose, was attended by seven gentlemen ; while at the second meeting, held for the purpose of fixing the day and making arrangements for the regatta, only one gentleman, Mr. D. R. Fowler, besides Mr. Butcher, was present. Mr. B. thus finding himself unsupported, naturally determined to give up what he considered to be, and what looked very much like a bad job ; and it was only at this crisis, when there was every likelihood of this marine water frolic being discontinued, that several gentlemen came forward, persuaded Mr. B. to renew his exertions, and acted with him in so energetic a manner, that the result was as fine a day's sport as was ever witnessed in the Yarmouth Roads." The only drawback to the pleasure being as before stated the non-attendance of yachts.

Tuesday the 29th of July, was appointed for the regatta, and altho' the morn was gloomy and lowering, yet long before the hour for starting the mists cleared off, and a brilliant sun poured forth his rays to add splendour to the scene. From a dead calm as the day advanced a gentle breeze was wafted from the south, which before noon settled into a stiffish south-easter. The appearance of the town and beach thronged with visitors from all parts of the country, showed how these marine amusements were appreciated,—from the Peer and Peeress to the plough boy with his "mawther" by his side all enjoyed the holiday. Train after train added to the numbers, and every description of vehicle was also in requisition to bring the farmer and his family to the

"Gay and Festive scene,"

Thousands about noon might be seen wending their way to the beach, (one of the best in England to give an uninterrupted view of the whole course,) the Wellington pier, the jetty, and the esplanade were thronged. The numerous booths and stalls with their flags and banners fluttering in the breeze formed an extensive fair, and from the state of the weather their owners no doubt reaped a tolerable harvest.

Upon the Wellington pier the band of the East Norfolk Militia was stationed, while Fitzgerald's brass band of Norwich was placed upon the jetty. The course sailed by the boats competing for the prizes, was in the form of a double triangle, extending from a flag-boat to the south of the monument, along shore to the north, round a flag-boat stationed nearly abreast of St. Nicholas Church, thence out to sea, passing round another flag-boat, and bearing away to a vessel moored off the jetty,

leaving her on the port tack, and passing the pier to the southward, a distance of about six miles which was sailed over thrice by yachts and yawls.

The first prize on the card was a very handsome piece of plate of the value of 100 guineas for schooner yachts; and a piece of plate of the value of 40 guineas for cutter yachts between 25 and 30 tons, but owing to the non-entry of schooners, the Committee resolved on giving a prize of £50 for a schooner and cutter match; for this the following entered :—

No.	Yacht's Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
26	Amazon.....	cutter	48	A. J. Young, Esq.
287	Eclipse.....	cutter	50	H. Fearon, Esq.
43	Aquiline.....	schooner	50	J. Cardinall, Esq.
1039	Vision.....	schooner	45	J. Spence, Esq.

The latter vessel did not start in consequence of not being able to reach Yarmouth Roads in time.

The gun was fired at 1h. 40m. and they were soon underway, the Aquiline with a lead, followed closely by Eclipse and Amazon. The former kept ahead until they had rounded the first flag-boat, when the other passed her, the Amazon taking the first place, and in beating to windward she considerably distanced her competitors. The well known sailing qualities of this vessel made her the favourite from the starting; and notwithstanding the perseverance of the Eclipse, she finished each round ahead. The Aquiline is known as a fast yacht, and to be at all times well-handled, yet on this occasion she had no chance with the cutters.

The following was the time occupied by the three vessels in sailing the match :—

	1st Round			2nd Round			3rd Round.		
	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.
Amazon.....	2	54	0	3	46	33	4	34	58
Eclipse.....	2	56	30	3	50	49	4	41	26
Aquiline.....	3	5	7	4	2	20	4	53	10

The second prize was for a purse of £30, to be sailed for by yawls; the first yawl to receive £15, the second £10 and the third £5. Thirty seconds per foot was allowed for difference in length. The course was to be sailed over three times. The boats which sailed were Queen Victoria, 64ft.; Reindeer, 58ft.; Royal Standard, 50ft.; Lady Hume, 54ft.; and Gipsy Queen.

The start of these boats took place at 2h. 22m. They all got off well together, and kept close to each other until the first buoy was rounded, when the Queen Victoria went ahead, with the Gipsy Queen well in her wake ; the Reindeer being third. From this time all the racing was between these three boats, the first two being very closely matched. Throughout the whole race they did not change their positions, the Queen Victoria being hard pressed by the Gipsy Queen, which was sailed with great skill and judgment ; both these boats distanced the Reindeer considerably. After a hard struggle, the race was won by the Queen Victoria, but only by a very few seconds, she being something longer than the Gipsy Queen. The other boats with the exception of the Reindeer were beaten off. The time of coming in of the three yawls was as follows :—Queen Victoria, 5h. 13m. 26s.; Gipsy Queen, 5h. 14m. 18s.; Reindeer, 5h. 20m. 29s.

The prize for the Eastern Counties Railway and Visitors' Plate, of the value of 40 guineas, to be sailed for by yachts of not less than 25, and not exceeding 50 tons register, was not competed for in consequence of a dispute between the owners of three yachts which had entered for the match, with regard to the measurement, and the tonnage of their vessels.

The fourth match was a rowing one for £20 in heats, between six-oared beach gigs ; the first boat to have £10, the second £7, and the third £3. For this match the following gigs were entered :—Sailor's Friend, Good Design, Champion, Contest, and Quebec.

This was a most exciting race, the crews of the various gigs, when fairly off, bending to their work, and each man striving every nerve in order to make his own boat the winner. After a hard pull, the first heat was won by the Champion, the Quebec being second. These two boats then laid by, while the other boats pulled the second heat, which was won by the Good Design ; the Contest being second. These four boats then pulled the final heat, which was won by the Champion ; the Quebec was a good second, and the Good Design an indifferent third.

The fifth race was one of 15 guineas, for latteen and cutter yachts. This match was made in consequence of the two yacht matches not coming off, which were inserted on the card. The boats which sailed for this prize were :—Enchantress 19ft., H. Green, Esq.; Kestrel, 20ft., W. Butcher, Esq.; and the Britannia.

This was the most exciting match of the day ; the first two have sailed together at the Lowestoft regatta, when the Enchantress was owing to her large sails assisting her in the light winds which prevailed on that day. On the present occasion the Enchantress in starting

the lead, and maintained it throughout the race, until in the second round, when she was obliged to lower her mainsail in consequence of the wind freshening very much, and the sea becoming rather rough she gave up the race and made for the harbour. The race up to this point caused the most intense excitement, as the boats were never separated from one another by more than a few yards, the Kestrel's bowsprit frequently appearing to strike the Enchantress's stern. The Britannia was nowhere. The course had to be sailed but twice by these boats.

The Scratby, Gorleston, and Southwold life-boats sailed a certain distance for the sum of £15 ; the first boat to have £10 and the second boat £5. The race was won by the Scratby boat ; the Gorleston boat being second.

The Thorpeness and Aldborough life-boats rowed for the sum of £10; the first boat to receive £6, and the second boat £4. The race was won by the first-named boat.

The life-boats were then manœuvred, and various trials made with life-buoys and belts, invented by Captain Ward, R.N., and Mr. Mitchell. The buoy made by Mr. Mitchell is a very useful and excellent invention; it weighs but 8lbs, and is capable of supporting in the water 56lbs. A very excellent contrivance, called a floating triangle, for saving crews of vessels at sea, was shown by Mr. M. Butcher ; we believe it to be an invention by that gentleman. It was formed of three tubs and three long spars. The spars were lashed to the sides of the tubs, and then crossed over one another in the centre, so as to form a triangle, and then securely fastened. By this means a buoyant power was obtained capable of supporting several men high above the waves. Mr. Butcher strongly recommends this simple contrivance for saving life to all sea-faring men, as it can be made in a very short time, and no vessel at sea is without the few articles required for its construction,—three water casks, three spars, and some pieces of rope being all that are required. When made it presents but little resistance to the water, and is in every respect far superior to the best raft that could be formed at sea.

A strange looking object called an American car, for taking persons off stranded vessels, was exhibited, and tried with success, several persons, amongst whom was Captain Ward, R.N., himself being brought from a vessel at some distance from the shore to the beach, not only in perfect safety, but without their clothes being wetted.

Mr. Afford's mortar grapnell, for hauling off life-boats in cases of emergency, and rockets for communication with stranded vessels, were also shown and tried with considerable success.

The proceedings of the day were concluded by a duck hunt, there

being too much wind for the two small rowing matches which had been determined upon.

In the evening the Victoria and Vauxhall Gardens were open, and at each place performances of a varied character, and displays of fire-works took place.

Notwithstanding the dearth of yacht matches the day's amusements were enjoyed by the masses assembled, and we hope Mr. Butcher and his coadjutors will next year be in a position to launch on the waters yachts able to cope with any of the cracks of the present year.

In connexion with this town we may be allowed to notice that there are numerous pleasure boats which hold their annual Water Frolic on the river, the sailing matches invariably taking place at Burgh Castle, where we remember with pleasure having handled the tiller nearly half a century ago. A friend having forwarded a slip of the last Water Frolic we insert it under the head of

THE BURGH WATER FROLIC.

Our annual water frolic was held on Monday July 21st at Burgh. The banks of the river, by which the regatta was held, presented the same picturesque appearance as they have done on so many similar occasions, but the scene was certainly not so animated as it was last year. There was, of course, a large and good attendance of yachts, pleasure boats, wherries, and other craft, both sailing and rowing; but the crowds of people were far from being so large. The regatta seems to be looking up, as there were several parties of gentlemen, who, in wherries which they had hired and fitted up for the occasion made quite a gala day.

The weather was exceedingly fickle, and at times rather unpleasant. Early in the morning, there was every appearance that the day would be exceedingly sultry, but by noon the sun and sky were entirely obscured by clouds; and before the proceedings of the day were concluded, light showers of rain fell. The wind blew lightly from the W.N.W., and what is termed a "leading wind"; in consequence of this, but little opportunity was afforded for showing much skill in the management of the racing vessels, when competing for the prizes. The course sailed over was about two miles in length, extending about quarter of a mile to the west, and about three-quarters of a mile to east of the bullock shed. The course had to be sailed over three times. The entering, starting, and sailing of the boats was entrusted to B Woolston of Yarmouth, to which gentleman, the greatest praise is due for his indefatigable exertions. Fitzgerald's band was in attendance.

The proceedings of the day commenced by a Sailing Match between cutter rigged boats not exceeding 25 feet on the ram, for a silver tankard of the value of £12; fifteen seconds per foot to be allowed for difference of length. The following boats entered and started :—

Daphne, 19ft. F. P. Smith, Esq.; Oberon, 16ft., R. K. Morton, Esq.; Fairy, 22ft., J. Garden, Esq.

In this race the Daphne took the lead in starting, followed closely by the Oberon. In the second round the Fairy gave up in consequence of fouling one of the buoys. The Daphne gradually increased her distance to the end of the race, which she won, beating the Oberon by about 250 yards.

The second match was one between two latteen-rigged boats not exceeding 25 feet on the ram, also for a silver tankard of the value of £12; the same time per foot for difference in length being allowed as in the former race. The boats entered were :—Gem, 25ft.; Sir W. B. P. Proctor, Bart.; Alma, 16ft. C. Francis, Esq.; Maria, 24ft., Sir J. Preston Bart.; Enchantress, 19ft., J. Green, Esq.; Elizabeth, 16ft., R. Crowe, Esq.; Shannon, 16ft., — Goose, Esq.

It was evident from the very commencement of the race that the Enchantress would be the winner, she having one of the most enormous foresails that had ever been seen on a boat of her size; this foresail, from its immense size was the topic of conversation from the moment that the Enchantress appeared at Burgh. At starting she took the lead, and distanced her competitors at every period of the race, and won easily.

The third and last sailing match was for a silver tankard, value six guineas, between five latteen-rigged boats, all of which were 13 feet in length on the ram. They were as follows :—Atalanta, J. Gambling, Esq.; Fairy Queen, R. K. Morton, Esq.; Paragon, — Brighton, Esq.; Esmeralda, — Trafford, Esq.; and Clara, F. P. Smith, Esq.

In starting the Fairy Queen took the lead; she maintained and improved her position throughout and won the race. The Clara was a good second.

The fourth match was between four-oared gigs, not exceeding 25 feet in length, for £7, the first boat to have £5, the second £2. The money was to have been rowed for in heats. Three boats entered. The Enigma belonging to Yarmouth; and the Pilot and Nonpareil of Norwich. The first heat was won by the Enigma; when the Pilot and Nonpareil pulled for the second prize, which was won by the latter. We certainly cannot give the Enigma much credit for winning, as her crew consisted of fine, full-grown, muscular men, and experienced rowers.

The crews of the other boats were all very young, from which circumstance they were deficient in the bone and muscle which their antagonists possessed, and which alone gave them the victory.

This concluded the proceedings at Burgh, when, of course, everybody started for Yarmouth, where a punt match took place in the evening, This terminated the day's sport.

ROYAL VICTORIA YACHT CLUB.

THE fine weather which favoured the Squadron and Southern regattas appeared on the morning of the 18th of August to have taken a final leave of the Wight, and sad were the forebodings of the islanders.

The rain was piercing cold, which aided by a strong N.N.E. wind, gave rise to an opinion that the Regatta would be postponed, if not abandoned. This of course caused universal regret, as there had not been a "gathering" since 1854: the Regatta last year was not held "in consequence of so many of the members being in the Crimea." But now our heroes had returned to the land of their birth, and a joyous meeting had been anticipated. This miserable morning must have recalled to their minds, the dreadful hardships they had undergone.

The following yachts entered for the first match, which was open to yachts belonging to any Club, British or Foreign. The prize, of the value of 40 sovereigns with 10 added by the Vice-commodore.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Ton.	Owners.
58	Arrow	cutter	102	T. Chamberlayne, Esq.
638	Maraquita	schooner	105	F. B. Carew, Esq.
462	Glance	cutter	39	T. Bartlett, Esq.
697	Mosquito	cutter	50	T. Groves, Esq.
786	Phantom	cutter	28	S. Lane, Esq.

The course was from the starting vessel on Ryde Pier, proceeding westward to the west of the middle, returning to the Nab Light, and back to the starting vessel. Twice round, making a distance of about 48 miles.

As the morning wore on all doubts were removed by the Commodore (G. H. Ackers, Esq.,) hoisting a blue flag on the foremast of his yacht the Brilliant, which indicated that the sailing yachts were to take the westward course. At 10h. 45m. the preparative flag was hoisted. At this time only two yachts had shown any signs of contending

the prize, viz : Arrow, and Mosquito, the other three declining, and it was presumed to be on account of the boisterous weather. That this should deter the Glance was much wondered at considering the gales she had encountered in some of her prior matches. At 11h. precisely the starting gun thundered forth the welcome sound. The Mosquito first canted round, and got well away, followed by the Arrow after a short delay in getting up her mainsail. They had the tide in their favor, and took the westward course, with their topmasts struck, as from the force of the breeze they found their lower sails quite as much as they could stagger under. The Mosquito heeling to the blast that threshed her through the waters at a tremendous rate. The Arrow, nothing loth to face the pitiless storm, pursued her dashing opponent with fearful velocity, and both bending to the fury of the elements rounded the West Buoy nearly together, but in consequence of the rain and haze it was impossible to time them. When they again became visible the Arrow was leading, and passed Ryde Pier

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Arrow.....	11	54	0	Mosquito.....	11	56	0

As they passed the greatest anxiety was manifested by the few "Dreadnoughts" who had ventured to the Pier-head, and these consisted of some of our oldest and best yachting men, who defied the pelting storm, when two first-rate vessels were contending for supremacy. From this point the vessels shaped their course to the Noman, which they passed thus :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Arrow.....	12	14	0	Mosquito.....	12	17	45

They then bore away for the Nab, and after a short time were lost to view. A considerable period having elapsed, and no appearance of the yachts on their return, a suspicion that some accident had happened was entertained by those versed in yacht sailing. This was considered a certainty when a yacht was observed to leave Sea View, and proceed to the S. E. At 1h. 42m. a yacht hove in sight, having apparently another in tow;—this was conjectured to be the Arrow with the Mosquito disabled, but our fat friend of *Bell's Life* declared it was the reverse, and he was right, for as they neared it became evident that the Arrow was dismasted. We accordingly started for Sea View to ascertain the cause of the accident, and where we gleaned the following particulars : The Arrow having rounded the Nab about four minutes ahead, her competitor was carrying on gallantly with a single reef only in her mainsail, the wind blowing a hurricane: when off St. Helen's over went her masts breaking short off, through the chain plates giving

way. Fortunately no accident occurred to any of the crew, and her captain (Dyke) let go a kedge. The crew set to with a will to clear the wreck, the mast and gear lying alongside, beating fearfully against the vessel. The Mosquito overhauling her distressed competitor, took in another reef in her mainsail, wore round, manned her boat, and went alongside. The pilot-boat Jane, Mr. J. Grenham, with a crew of four pilots, (who by-the-bye, were that morning ready for sea, but were detained by the bad weather) immediately put off to the unfortunate Arrow, and rendered great assistance by picking up the spars and sails, which by this time the crew had succeeded in cutting adrift. The pilot boat got them together and towed them in towards the shore, and, having anchored them, returned to the ill-fated craft.

The Mosquito then took the Arrow in tow, and despite the disparity of size ploughed ahead with her, and safely delivered her at her moorings where she remained that night. Next day she was towed to Southampton to be remasted. The Mosquito luffed round the Brilliant, and we hear claimed the prize, but the worthy Commodore declined giving his opinion, referring the subject to the Committee. The Metropolitan and local press (except the *Isle of Wight Observer*) have fallen into error respecting that decision, and we are happy to announce that *the prize was awarded to the Mosquito*.

The circumstance of a vessel towing a disabled competitor into port brings to our mind a similar occurrence in which Commodore Ackers' yacht when in a race gave up all chance of the prize, being then leading, went about, took his opponent in tow, and brought her safe to her anchorage.

Tuesday 19th.—Two matches came off to-day, and such was the splendour of the weather, with a breeze sufficient to make a sailing match agreeable to those engaged, and exciting to the lookers on.

The first prize was for the Commodore and Vice-commodore's Cup, open to all cutters belonging to the Club. Time race, calculated by length on the water-line : four feet to allow 45 seconds.

The following yachts entered for this prize, viz :—

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Ton.	Owners.
870	Shadow.....	cutter	42	Sir G. East, Bart.
956	Thought.....	cutter	25	G. Coope, Esq.
32	Extravaganza	cutter	48	Sir P. Shelley, Bart.
503	Hesperus.....	cutter	51	N. Montiflore, Esq.
482	Haidee.....	cutter	40	R. W. Wheeler, Esq.
928	Surprise.....	cutter	20	T. W. Tetley, Esq.

The course the same as on Monday, but twice round.

The Surprise and Shadow did not appear at the starting post at the specified time. The others being all ready, at 10h. 30m. precisely, the cannon announced the sound to "get underway." Up flew the snowy canvas, and all were soon clothed, but the palm must be given to the Thought, whose sails were set with an alacrity that was really surprising; she bounded away with the lead, the breeze being just suitable to show her qualities. The Extravaganza next followed, striving by putting forth her spacious sails to overreach her opponent. The old favorite held her own, Pickutt, her captain, driving her ahead with that tact for which he is so celebrated. His quickness in availing himself of every trifle that may be advantageous to his pet, has gained him a well-deserved fame. The Thought, with Pickutt at the helm, has been a sad torment to the equally celebrated Phantom. Whilst the two leading vessels were striving for the premiership, the Hesperus and Haidee were jogging along comfortably together, and they all passed the Noman and Nab-light vessel, as under:—

	Noman.			Nab.		
	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.
Thought	10	59	0	11	27	0
Extravaganza	11	0	5	11	31	0
Hesperus.....	11	6	7	11	35	2
Haidee.....	11	7	1	11	35	0

They then pointed for the Nab on their return, and although every effort was made by the Extravaganza to overhaul the Thought, the latter ploughed through the waters at a slashing rate, and throughout the match was never approached by either of the others. As they passed the station-vessel towards the West Buoy of the Middle, the Thought was heading Extravaganza 5m 36s. The first round was finished at Ryde thus:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Thought.....	1	50	0	Hesperus	2	18	45
Extravaganza	2	5	0	Haidee	2	21	0

The Thought had gained a quarter-of-an-hour on the Extravaganza, and barring an accident was a certain winner. Great praise is due to the others, who persevered though there was no chance left. In the above order they rounded the Nab, and here the Haidee cried "Enough," as she hauled down her racing emblem. Not so the other, they gave chase—but a stern chase is generally a long one—and in this case hopeless, it being a fair wind from the Light vessel to the West buoy and back to Ryde. No change taking place in their positions, the race was completed thus:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Thought.....	4	45	15	Hesperus	5	22	32
Extravaganza	4	55	0				

The Thought therefore was the winner, by actual time 9m. 45s., besides the difference allowed her by the Extravaganza. All the yachts were extremely well sailed and gave great satisfaction, even to the ladies, who where able to enjoy the scene from the pier.

The second race was for a prize of the value of 60 sovereigns, open to all schooners belonging to the club. The same course as the previous match. The following entered and started :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1856.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
439	Georgiana	schooner	110	Capt. Charles Thellusson.
638	Maraquito	schooner	105	F. B. Carew, Esq.
83	Beatrice	schooner	208	J. E. W. Rolls, Esq.
1254	Zouave	schooner	64	Richard Arabin, Esq.
108	Brilliant	schooner	480	G. H. Ackers, Esq.

The Coquette, (J. H. W. Smith Pigott, Esq.,) kindly placed at the disposal of the Sailing Committee, was stationed off the pier during the race, in consequence of the Brilliant engaging in the contest.

At 11h. the signal for starting was given, and the vessels got away in good order, the Georgiana with a slight lead, which was wrested from her by the Maraquita, after passing the Noman, the Zouave third, Beatrice fourth, Brilliant last. Before reaching the Nab the Zouave overhauled and passed the Georgiana, thus taking second place. The wind had died away considerably, and they struggled round the Nab as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Maraquita	11	15	0	Beatrice.....	12	1	31
Zouave.....	11	58	0	Brilliant.....	12	20	0
Georgiana.....	11	59	0				

After rounding the light vessel the Maraquita on the return bore away to the northward. The Gloriana set her large jib-top-sail, and on nearing the Warner a fresh breeze having sprung up they scudded past it, the Zouave on the starboard, and the others on the port side. Before reaching Ryde another change had taken place, the Georgiana was second, Beatrice third, the Brilliant being some distance in the rear resigned the contest, and on reaching Ryde came to her moorings. She had been entered merely to accompany the yachts, without any intention of striving for the prize. After passing the pier the Beatrice succeeded in getting second place, and they rounded the West Buoy the first time, thus.—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Maraquita	1	31	0	Georgiana.....	1	36	0
Beatrice	1	35	50	Zouave	1	41	0

They then bore away for Ryde, finishing the first round as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Maraquita.....	2	19	40	Georgiana.....	2	37	32
Beatrice.....	2	27	30	Zouave	2	42	

After passing the pier there was some pretty manœuvring in the bight, order to weather the Sandheads. At 2h. 26m. the Maraquita tacked off shore Beatrice also at 2h. 31m. 30s., and the Georgiana at 2h. 33m. 30s., did the same: the latter being under the lee and astern of Beatrice. The wind appeared now to head them, and drew more into the north-east quarter. T

remainder of the second round was completed with only one change in positions, the Georgiana succeeded in passing the Beatrice, and they finished the race in the following order:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Maraquita.....	5	35	0	Beatrice.....	6	8	0
Georgiana	6	7	0	Zouave	6	17	0

The Maraquita was now considered the winner, but as the old adage says, "there's many a slip 'tween the cup and the lip," and in this case it was verified, for the Maraquita was proved to have "topped her boom," before the starting gun fired, and that being contrary to rule, *the prize was awarded to the Georgiana.*

Wednesday, 20th.—Aquarius and Old Boreas having enjoyed a holiday yesterday, determined to make up for it, so down came the rain, the wind blew a gale, the sea rose mountains high, and the vessels rode uneasily at their moorings; but we are happy to add with safety: therefore the promised amusements afloat were abandoned. The Annual Dinner however took place in the evening, which was presided over by the Commodore, G. H. Ackers, Esq., supported by the Vice-Commodore, T. Chamberlayne, Esq., and a numerous company.

Thursday, 21st.—The weather here to day not quite so boisterous as yesterday, yet bad enough to make a landsman quake for the safety of the vessels engaged in the match.

Her Majesty having given a cup of the value of 100 guineas, it was open to yachts of any rig or tonnage belonging to the club to contend. The same course as the preceding matches, twice round. The following yachts, entered:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1856.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
58	Arrow.....	cutter	102	Thomas Chamberlayne, Esq.
439	Georgiana	schooner	110	Capt Charles Thellusson.
638	Maraquita	schooner	105	F. B. Carew, Esq.
326	Extravaganza	cutter	48	Sir Percy Shelley, Bart.
503	Hesperus	cutter	50	Nathaniel Montefiore, Esq.
108	Brilliant	schooner	480	G. H. Ackers, Esq.
928	Surprise.....	cutter	20	T. Wilkinson Tetley, Esq.
1254	Zouave.....	cutter	64	R. Arabin, Esq.
1086	Whirlwind.....	cutter	89	Frederick Thynne, Esq.
86	Benita	schooner	45	Lieut.-Col. Freestun, M.P.

The Arrow did not make her appearance being still in builder's hands, great was the disappointment as every one was anxious to see her contending once more.

As the hour for starting approached it was doubtful whether there would be a match, none of the vessels at 11h. had taken stations. The gale was S.W. to W.S.W. However at 11h. 30m. the signal was hoisted on board

the Brilliant for the yachts to take their stations, which was obeyed by six out of the ten entered.

At 11h. 47s. the starting gun was fired, and the Maraquita was the first to obey the command; she canted to the southward, and was off under a crowd of sail, which was set with great alacrity, while some of them made a bungling job of it. The Zouave took the second lead, followed by the Benita, then came the Georgiana, and considerably in their wake came the Whirlwind and Extravaganza, nearly abreast of each other. The Brilliant, Hesperus, Surprise, and Arrow did not show to it.

On passing the Noman, the first mark after their departure, we timed as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Maraquita.....	12	2	30	Benita	12	4	30
Zouave	12	3	50	Whirlwind	12	5	5
Georgiana.....	12	4	5	Extravaganza	12	5	30

The Whirlwind, in proceeding along the east channel, overhauled the Benita and Georgiana one after the other until she took the third place shortly after passing the Warner light-vessel, which was as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Maraquita	12	6	30	Georgiana	12	9	9
Zouave.....	12	8	0	Benita	12	9	35
Whirlwind.....	12	8	30	Extravaganza	12	10	0

The point of land at Sea View soon intercepted our vision, but such was the strong breeze, manifested even throughout the race, that in a few minutes more they opened the point on their return from the Nab, and were now in the following order on re-passing the Warner:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Maraquita	12	41	45	Georgiana.....	12	48	30
Whirlwind.....	12	44	15	Extravaganza	12	50	0
Zouave	12	48	15	Benita	12	51	30

After passing the Nab the situation of the wind, S.W.b.W., rendered it free for the yachts to the Noman; but although they were carrying a press of canvas we did not observe any very material alteration in the state of the sails from the start. The Whirlwind had two reefs down in the main-sail and schooners their sails reefed. The Extravaganza started with her try-sail. The Noman buoy was again passed as here noted:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Maraquita	12	46	0	Zouave	12	50	50
Whirlwind	12	48	15	Benita	12	52	0
Georgiana	12	50	45	Extravaganza	12	52	30

After passing the Noman they severally luffed up and hauled their w to proceed to the westward—the Maraquita leading by 2 minutes 15 seconds and they passed off Ryde as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.
Maraquita.....	1	1	25	Zouave	1	7
Whirlwind	1	3	50	Benita.....	1	9
Georgiana.....	1	7	30	Extravaganza	1	10

On proceeding some little distance further on the port tack, the wind headed them, and subsequently beat up to weather the middle buoy, which was accomplished in similar order. We could not time them precisely, owing to the number of vessels intervening. From the west buoy of the middle the wind became free, and the excitement on the pier was very great. In fact, this has proved to be the only favourable occasion the Whirlwind has had since she has been afloat, as up to this summer she has sailed under the Wildfire's masts and spars. This year she has had suitable spars given to her by her owner Mr. Thynne.

The first round was completed as follows :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Maraquita	1	50	58	Zouave	1	59	0
Whirlwind	1	53	29	Extravaganza ..		3	0
Georgiana	1	57	0				

There were now only 2 minutes and 31 seconds between the two first yachts. From Ryde they proceeded to the eastward, and in going down the East channel there were 2 minutes and 50 seconds between them on passing the Noman, and as they progressed, the Maraquita gained a few seconds more. On shutting in the point there were three minutes difference between them. Before completing the first round the Benita, which had dropped astern of the fleet, hauled down her sailing colours, and proceeded to her moorings off Ryde.

The second round was sailed under more favourable auspices, inasmuch as the wind somewhat subsided, which enabled the yachts to shake out their reefs. They severally reached the goal as follows :—

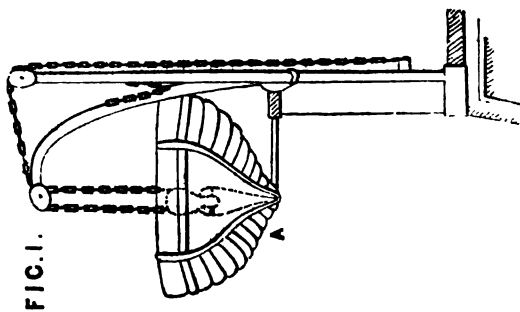
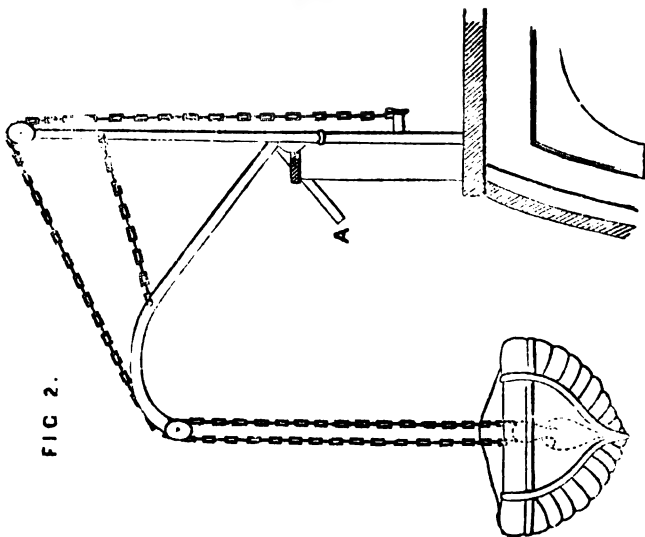
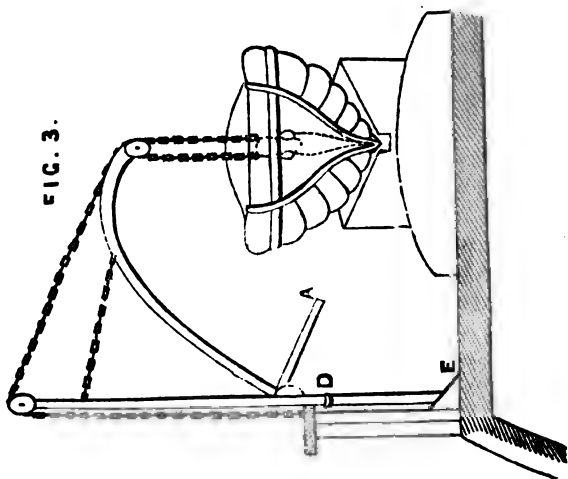
	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Maraquita	4	3	0	Zouave	4	19	0
Whirlwind	4	3	30	Extravaganza gave in.			
Georgiana	4	10	0				

It will be seen that the Whirlwind and Maraquita have maintained their positions as fast vessels, and although the latter reached the goal half a minute in advance of her antagonist, she had moreover to receive 17 minutes 5 seconds from the Whirlwind, according to clockers' scale.

Friday, 22nd.—Boat racing and other aquatic amusements occupied the day, and in the evening there was a grand ball, which was numerous and fashionably attended.

We cannot close our account without congratulating the Officers and Members of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club upon the excellent races they have had, and the capital sport afforded "in spite of the wind and weather," and setting aside the mishap to the Arrow, nothing went amiss during the week's amusements.

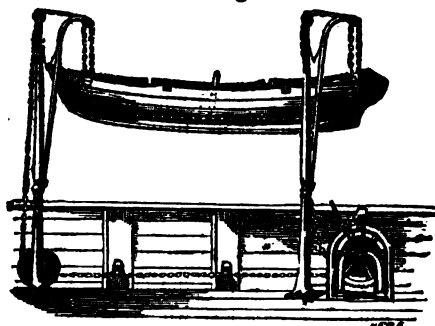
Since writing the account of the first race, we have been informed that the violent gale was not the cause of the Glance not starting, but Mr. Bartlett being absent from Ryde the Captain did not feel justified in sailing either in mild or rough weather without authority.



RUSSELL'S BOAT LOWERING APPARATUS.

HAVING given publicity to the invention of Lacon, and Clifford, Mr. F. Russell demands at our hands as impartial journalists, a notice of his apparatus for saving the lives of our seamen. Whatever may be our opinion of the merits of the invention laid before us, we wish our yachting friends to examine it minutely, and they will be able to judge which is most suitable for yachts to be fitted with.

There is no doubt great merit attached to this invention, and every man who advances a means of saving life deserves well of his country.



In speaking of the invention Mr. Russell says :—

“The Apparatus was recently tested off the Victualling yard, Deptford, on board the ‘*Britannia*,’ 1500 tons burthen, in the presence of several Members of the Trinity House, and of the Hudson’s Bay Company ; various officers of Her Majesty’s Dockyard, and a numerous party of other nautical men of known influence and experience, who all expressed the warmest approbation, acknowledging it to be perfect in all its details—in a word pronouncing it to be the best invention of its kind they had ever seen, and worthy of the immediate and serious attention of the Mercantile Marine.

“Among the gentlemen who witnessed the trial may be mentioned the names of Captains Poulten, Austin, Hunter, Pelham, and Andrews ; Messrs. John Hall and Co., 6, Mincing Lane ; and the owners of the *Britannia*.

“The invention has also been fitted on board the ‘*Prince*,’ ‘*Gibraltar*,’ ‘*Powerful*,’ &c., Royal African Mail Company, &c., likewise to several of the splendid ships of the General Screw Steam Navigation Company ; English, and Portuguese Steam Shipping Company, and various other vessels ; and in every instance it continues to receive the highest encomiums alike from owners, officers, pilots and seamen.

"Among the numerous practical results which have tended to establish this patent at the head of similar inventions, the following instance may be quoted as a peculiarly convincing proof of its efficacy.

"A few months ago the Gibraltar while on her passage from Cadiz to London, was caught in a gale off Teneriffe, and a man was blown overboard out of the rigging by the violence of the storm. On the alarm being given the mate and others of the vessel sprang to the boat—disengaged it from the patent davits, and in the almost incredibly brief space of five minutes they had succeeded in rescuing the poor fellow from the waves!

DESCRIPTION.

In the first place, although she has the great advantage of resting her whole weight upon two keel cranes (see A, Fig. 1,) the very act of lowering immediately disengages her from them without hoisting the boat, (see A, Fig. 2,) and at the same time projects the boat several extra feet from the ship's side, and as both the pendants, after passing over the heads of the cranes, lead to one barrel of the crab (see D, Fig. 3,) both ends of the boat must be lowered together, and when near the water, one man can instantly disengage her fore and aft by the lever placed in the centre of the boat. Not by any chance whatsoever can one end be freed without the other, as a rod which passes between the keel and keelson plank, is connected with the apparatus, alike at the stem and stern.

Secondly.—The crab is placed flush with the stanchions inside the bulwark thus occupying no space on deck, and being fitted with a break, one hand on board can lower a boat full of people, or by a lanyard attached to the handle of the break, a man in the boat can lower it, however weighty, and regulate its descent without any one remaining on deck.

Thirdly.—The same tackle is always available to hoist the boat, and the crab being placed at a distance from the cranes, which turn inboard the boat can be easily brought on deck.

It will be seen by the simplicity of the whole arrangement that no part of it can get out of order from rust, disuse or otherwise, being fitted with gun-metal keys and bolts. There are no loose parts, and no part of the gear is at all connected with the mast, yards, or rigging, and is independent of the bulwarks; so that if the latter were carried away the davits would be still available for getting out the boats.

The advantages of the apparatus are evident, from the fact that no part of the boat cannot possibly be lowered or disengaged without the other. That it is also ready for immediate use, as the boat can, as

has been safely dropped from the davits without lowering the boat at all. When fitted to a stern boat, it could be lowered as quickly to the assistance of a man overboard, as a life-buoy could be thrown to him.

That in case of a rush being made to the boats, one person could have the sole control; and if chain pendants are always used, a padlock should be placed on the lever, (while in port,) so that it would be impossible for any of the crew or others to desert with the boat.

Models can be seen at the Society of Arts, John Street, Adelphi; at the Polytechnic Institution, Regent Street; Mr. Stebbings', Southampton; Messrs. Hall's, Mincing Lane, London; and at Mr. Gladstone's, Brunswick Terrace, Blackwall.

GREAT GRIMSBY REGATTA.

THE Committee for carrying out this Regatta offered very liberal prizes for Sailing and Rowing matches, on the 29th of July, and on that day the railways and steamers deposited in the town of Grimsby some thousands of persons, all anxious to see a repetition of the sports so successfully carried out last year. But we regret exceedingly to state they were in some measure disappointed. However we will at the end of the article allude to this again.

The first match was for a candelabrum value 30 guineas, for the first yacht, and a silver Tea-urn value 25 guineas for the second yacht. Open to all vessels belonging to a Royal Club, above 20 tons. No allowance of time for difference of tonnage.

The Rules specified that four yachts should start or no race; three only entered and the Committee consented to their starting.

The following came to their moorings :—

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig	Tons.	Owners.
462	Glance	cutter	35	T. Bartlett, Esq.
823	Rapid... ..	cutter	50	A. Bannister, Esq.
648	Maud	cutter	25	Capt. Andrews, Esq.

The course was down the Humber, round the Lower Burcum buoy, back up the Humber, keeping the ship's track to the No. 8 Holm buoy—rounding that buoy, returning down the Humber inside the Burcum Sand, rounding the Cleaness buoy, across the Humber, rounding the South Spit buoy, back rounding the lower Burcum buoy, to the flag-ship abreast of the piers.

The whole distance being about twenty-four miles, but owing to the light winds this was subsequently reduced to eighteen.

At the start the wind was about N.W., and they moved along very leisurely to the Burcum; the Glance with a trifling lead. After rounding a fresh puff

of wind sent them merrily through the water. And the *Glance* ever ready to seize an advantage set her huge jib, which had the desired effect of driving her ahead, and placing a considerable gap between her and her compeers. The wind veering to W.S.W. materially assisted her, and she came in the winner. The *Rapid* which was second round the *Burcum* struck her flag, resigned the contest, as the tide had fallen; she from her great depth could not go inside the *Burcum* Sand in the second round. Thus the *Maud* easily obtained the second prize. This match caused very little interest, as it was evident from the first start that the *Glance* would be A1.

The next match on the card was for a purse of twenty-five sovereigns, for yachts of 10 and not exceeding 30 tons. Three to start or no race.

The following entered :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1856.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Ton.	Owners.
573	Kitten.....	cutter	14	E. Harvey, Esq.
284	Eagre.....	cutter	22	Captain Bacon
210	Cygnets.....	cutter	10	Captain Cator, R.M.
786	Phantom.....	cutter	27	S. Lane, Esq.

The *Cygnets* and *Eagre* withdrew from the contest, consequently there was no race.

A very pretty match was *steamed* between two little vessels of about 12 tons called the *Frolic* and *Eaglet*, which caused much excitement, the latter winning.

The rowing matches were well contested, and of course were loudly cheered by the spectators.

The prizes were given to Mr. Bartlett and Captain Andrews in the evening.

The regatta we are compelled in justice to all parties to state, was marred by the *opposition made to the Amazon entering for the first match*. Several gentlemen we understand expressed themselves rather warmly on the subject. This opposition it appears arose from the *Amazon* having won a prize on the *Humber* a month previous. Why this should be an obstacle to her sailing we are at a loss to imagine; the prize was open to all yachts, and no rule existed to prevent her. From enquiries we have instituted we are informed "*that had the Amazon been allowed to enter none of the yachts would have entered against her.*"

The Committee, considering we presume, that if they did not agree to the objection there would be no regatta, submitted to the dictation of some interested parties. *Who those objectors are the public should know;—* we can assure the Committee that at present they labour under the stigma of inviting yachtsmen to attend their regatta merely to trifle with their time and put them to expense. And unless that opinion is removed they will well to save their money next year, as it will be a greater failure than present.

That the plea set forth is frivolous, unjust, and vexatious take for example the *Glance*,—she won a prize at Kingstown on the 24th of June, and on the *following day she won another at the same place*; she won a prize at Cowes August 11th, and within a week after entered at Ryde to contend in a match there, this may be considered the same water. No objections were made, for if any party felt disposed to raise such a topic they knew well it would be laughed at.

Great praise is due to the Committee, and Mr. E. Bannister the Honorary Secretary, for the ample sum raised for distribution, and we exceedingly regret their desire to please the public should be the cause of injuring the prosperity of future regattas.

Any explanation that may be forwarded to us shall receive attention and insertion in the Magazine.

ANGLESEY YACHT CLUB.

THIS rapidly rising Club held its Annual Match on the Thames, on the 5th of August, and was numerously attended. The banks and every available point were crowded with spectators. With the inhabitants of Chelsea, Putney, Wandsworth, and all the surrounding neighbourhoods, these "above bridge" matches create great interest. The two Yacht Clubs established at Chelsea and Battersea vary the aquatic sports, and as they are patronized by several noblemen and influential gentlemen, their prosperity is based on a solid foundation.

On the present occasion, August 5th, a handsome silver jug and cover, and a silver cup were given as prizes. The first by the Earl of Cadogan and Lord Alfred Paget, and the other by the Club.

The proceedings were admirably conducted by the Commodore, C. F. Chubb, Esq., and the Vice-commodore, E. S. Bulmer, Esq. The following yachts took up their moorings to compete :—

No.	Yacht's Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
1	<i>Circe</i>	cutter	3	C. F. Chubb, Esq.
2	<i>Zouave</i>	cutter	4	W. T. Sawyer, Esq.
3	<i>Eugenie</i>	cutter	6	D. T. White, Esq.
4	<i>Anglesey</i>	cutter	4	W. Reed, Esq.
5	<i>Sprig of Acacia</i>	cutter	4	W. W. Charnock, Esq.
6	<i>Cremorne</i>	cutter	4	J. B. Burney, Esq.
7	<i>Mary</i>	cutter	4	E. Wyld, Esq.

The time allowed for difference of tonnage was one minute per ton. Course from Lambeth to Putney and back. The silver jug for the first boat, and the cup for second.

They started at 4h. 20m. All were under canvas at nearly the same time; *Circe*, *Mary*, and *Anglesey*, however, being the handiest; although the *Mary* and *Eugenie* were unable, through some cause or other, to hoist their top-sails

during the whole of the race, which must certainly have kept them back considerably. When the Zouave was entirely in trim she looked a beautiful picture, appearing larger, through her enormous canvas, than any of the others, and answering every expectation of her owner and builder by walking away in gallant style, and remaining in possession of the lead for the whole of the distance. The Cremorne was second in the start, the Eugenie next, and all the others in a cluster (except the Sprig of Acacia, which fell astern from the commencement of the race), in which position they went through Vauxhall-bridge, the Mary slightly leading the second division. The Eugenie now began to draw on the Cremorne, and passed her off Pimlico Pier, but it was useless going in pursuit of the Zouave, as she was unconquerable. Opposite Price's Candle Factory the Anglesey left her own two opponents, and had a lead to near the Cadogan Pier, when she was passed by the Mary. The Cremorne came up again with the Eugenie here also, and they remained level to Greaves's, when the Cremorne went into the second place. A little lower down than this the Anglesey's main-sail began to shake, and dipped the water, and everything had to be cut away in order to get it up again, which occupied nearly half-an-hour, and they were then unable to set a top-sail, becoming last. The Mary now began to overreach the Eugenie and at Wandsworth Distillery was within fifty yards of her, and, continuing to gain she came up with her at the Meadows, and, they remained in this position, rounding at Putney abreast.

The following was the timing at Putney :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Zouave	5	2	20	Mary	5	5	40
Cremorne	5	3	10	Circ	5	10	35
Eugenie	5	5	40	Sprig of Acacia	5	13	30

After turning a good breeze sprang up which assisted the Cremorne for a few minutes, nearer the Zouave. The Anglesey having made all but her top-sail right, caught the breeze and came on at a dashing pace. At the Feathers, the Eugenie had passed Cremorne and took second place. The wind was very baffling and caused them to tack often. The Anglesey, under the guidance of the Commodore of the P.W.Y.C., (R. Hewett, Esq.,) at every reach shortened the distance between herself and her compeers,—and when off Thames Bank she overhauled and passed Cremorne, and gained on the Eugenie. After passing the New Bridge the latter crept up inshore, and when off the Penitentiary she made a tack, but hung in stays, which enabled the Anglesey to pass her, the Eugenie soon caught a slight cat's-paw, and again headed Anglesey, they ultimately passed the winning buoy, as follows :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Zouave (winner of the jug.)	6	35	0	Cremorne	6	49	0
Eugenie	6	45	0	Mary	6	52	0
Anglesey (winner of the cup)	6	45	30				

The prizes were afterwards presented to the winners at Mr. A. Wentz's, the Ship, Lambeth.

ROYAL WELSH YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

WE have to record one of the best regattas ever seen in the Menai Straits. Nothing could be better than the muster of yachts, such a fleet has not been seen "in the memory of the oldest inhabitant", and it wanted but a rattling breeze to make it perfect.

"Brightly, brightly broke the morn" of the 8th of August at Carnarvon, the sun shone resplendently, and scarcely a zephyr disturbed the glassy waters; but still the crews of the pretty gems of Naval Architecture engaged for the day's contests were actively preparing for the onslaught. Each rope and spar examined, and the anxiety depicted on the faces of the captains foretold the interest they felt for the honour of their little craft. This was no common meeting, for here victor met victor, and a few hours would show the conqueror. The fame of the vessels entered for the matches was widely known, and even the mere holiday seeker became interested in the event.

About 11 o'clock the yachts took their stations, but the steam-yacht of the venerable Commodore, T. A. Smith, Esq., not having arrived, the proceedings were for a short time delayed to give him time to come up. About 12 o'clock she hove in sight.

The first prize offered was the Prince of Wales Cup, value 50 guineas, to be sailed for by yachts from 10 to 60 tons old measurement. Time race. Three to start or no race.

The following vessels entered :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1856.

No	Yachts' Names	Rig	Tons	Owner.
394	Foam.....	cutter	25	Major Longfield.
928	Surprise.....	cutter	19	T. W. Tetley, Esq.
189	Coralie	cutter	35	A. E. Byrne, Esq.
568	Kelpie	cutter	22	J. Robinson, Esq.
821	Ranger	cutter	12	J. Clarke, Esq.

The course was from the flag-ship moored off the yacht club house, round a flag vessel moored six miles beyond the black buoy off the bar, thence round a flag-boat off Plas Brereton, and passing between the flag-ship and the club-house. Owing to Rear-commodore Turner's yacht being engaged in one of the races, the Nimrod, Rear-commodore Bridson, R.W.Y.C. of Ireland, was kindly placed at the disposal of the former.

At 12h. 15m. the signal being given they all slipped simultaneously away, under balloon top-sails and jibs. The Surprise took the lead, and the others followed according to their stations. The Foam having the disadvantage of being in the strength of the tide, against which they had to contend. Before reaching the Gap, the Foam overhauled Coralie and Kelpie, the wind still continuing light from the east. On coming to the Gap the Surprise was lead-

ing, Foam second, Coralie third, Kelpie fourth. Here we must now leave them going slowly along while we look at the start for the next match.

The second prize was the Club Cup, value 20 guineas, for yachts of 10 tons and upwards. Time race. The following entered :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1856.

No.	Yachts Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
239	Dart	cutter	10	J. G. Griffith, Esq.
860	Scud.....	cutter	13	Capt. Ironmonger.
163	Circe.. ..	cutter	14	Rear-Com. Turner, Esq.
514	Ianthe	cutter	19	J. Adams, Esq.
928	Surprise.....	cutter	10	T. W. Tetley, Esq.
590	Lapwing	cutter	10	Capt. Hirste.
689	Mirage.....	cutter	22	G. R. Woodward, Esq.

The Ianthe had not arrived, being detained by some cause at sea, and the Surprise was engaged in the other race ; the Dart did not run. The course of these yachts was from the flag-ship round the Black or Fairway Buoy of the bar, thence round the flag-vessel off Plas Brereton, finishing inside the flag-ship.

At 12h. 25m., they bounded away, the Circe (one of the old school) owing to her light draught of water, and being beautifully handled got the advantage of the start, closely followed by the Scud. The Mirage in consequence of her topsail fouling, hung a moment, then off she started in pursuit. In this order they continued until close to the Gap where the Circe stood too close in to the Carnarvon shore, and lost the lead. Here they overhauled the first match yachts, and a rifle ball might have passed through the mainsails of all seven. It was a pretty sight to see so many clippers so close together, but soon a change came o'er the spirit of their dream, a nice N.W., breeze came down upon them moving them through the water at tolerable speed, away went Surprise rattling along looking the perfection of a yacht. Foam in close proximity and looking as handsome as Wanhill always turns them out, the north-wester soon took them round the flag-boat off the bar, which was rounded in this order:—Surprise first, Foam second, Kelpie third, and Coralie fourth,

The same breeze caught our other friends ; the Mirage with her huge and beautiful gaff-topsail walking away in style from the Scud and Circe, (which had neither of them canvas enough, more particularly the Scud a new boat,) and they rounded the black buoy Mirage 1, Scud 2, Circe 3, about two minutes between the first two, and three minutes between the second and third. On re-entering the Gap the wind again fell light, and then veered to S.W., they here met the ebb, which being very strong in the Gap enabled the larger yachts (who had some six miles further to go) to come up again, and they were all seven as close as before ; the wind still continued light and bore them up to the flag-ship but slowly. They passed thus :—Surprise first, Foam second, Coralie third, Scud fourth, Mirage fifth, Circe sixth, and Kelpie seventh.

The first five were very near each other ; a mile beyond the flag-ship on their way to the Plas Brereton flag-boat the south-west wind died away completely, and the whole fleet had to anchor, a strong ebb being against them ; very soon a light north-east breeze sprung up which was something like a trial, as it made a dead beat up to Plas Brereton against the tide. Surprise and Foam narrowly watching each other in the one match, Scud and Mirage in the other ; Surprise, Foam, and Coralie first got underway, and the Surprise evidently had the best of it and worked against the tide wonderfully, she passed the flag-boat off Plas Brereton 13 minutes ahead of her rival, and the race was finished at the flag-ship thus :—Surprise first, Foam second, Coralie third, and Kelpie fourth.

The Surprise being the fortunate winner of the Cup, a handsome Tea kettle. The Scud, Mirage, and Circe got underway half an hour after the others and began a very pretty race, but it was the Scud's best point of sailing, and the Mirage's balloon sails were no use to her, the Scud soon went away from her competitor, rounded the boat off Plas Brereton at 6h. 51m. and coming to flag-ship to win. At 7h. 9m, the wind was getting lighter by Plas Brereton every tack, and the Mirage did not round until more than half an hour after Scud, Circe did not round it at all ; thus the Scud became the winner of the Royal Welsh Yacht Club Cup, a handsome Claret Jug, thus bringing the two Sailing matches to a close.

The Scud having been built in the Straits, from a design by a gentleman, at Menai Bridge, and belonging to this Port, was loudly cheered from the Standing Stage and Piers, as she won her maiden cup.

Several rowing and sailing matches by boats, and punt races came off during the day, and were all most ably contested.

COLLISION AT SEA.

On Friday, August 22nd, between eight and nine, p.m., as the yacht Viking was off Beachy Head on her return to Cowes from Dover, she was run into by a large ship and received considerable damage, inso-much that she was in imminent danger of foundering ; the master of the yacht, Mr. Jones, when the vessels were in collision, jumped on board the ship to ascertain her identity, when she proved to be the James Holmes from the West Indies bound to London. On returning to the yacht they got clear of each other, when it was found the Viking was cut down to the water's edge on the port quarter, and she was filling fast having a foot of water over the cabin floor. With the greatest presence of mind he wore her round on the port tack, and stood in for the land, into five fathoms of water, a little to the eastward of Newhaven, where he let go his anchor. Fortunately the weather was fine, with a light breeze from the northward and westward, and smooth water, or the vessel must have foundered. As soon as the tide was done, the yacht weighed anchor and proceeded to Newhaven where the damage was temporarily repaired to enable her to proceed to Cowes, which place she reached on Sunday at noon. The damage is attributed to the carelessness of the look-out on board the James Holmes, as the night was clear, and the ship was seen for a good twenty minutes before the collision.

The yacht had a light up, and the ship responded to it some time before the accident, but took it in again. The yacht was on the starboard tack, laying W.N.W.½W., and the ship steering outside of her about E.b.S. It is therefore evident that had the ship ported her helm according to the Admiralty regulations the collision would have been avoided; whereas the yacht having been struck on the port quarter, the ship must have luffed right into her quarter and done the damage.

REGATTAS AND MATCHES TO COME.

Sept. 2.—Dover and Cinque Ports Regatta.

2.—Port of Plymouth Regatta.

9.—London Model Yacht Club Match at East Greenwich.

13.—Royal Mersey Yacht Club closing cruise. New Brighton 10 A.M.

18.—Hastings Regatta.

HIGH WATER TIDE TABLE FOR SEPTEMBER.

High Water Lon. Bridge morn after.		The time of high water at the following places may be ascer- tained, by adding to, or subtracting from, the time at London Bridge.	
h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.
1 3 15	3 32	Aberystwith..... add 5 23	Aberdeen..... sub 0 56
2 3 45	4 0	Alderney..... 4 38	Aldborough..... 3 23
3 4 15	4 28	Bantry Bay..... 1 39	Belfast..... 4 2
4 4 42	4 55	Bridlington..... 2 23	Brighton..... 2 29
5 5 10	5 25	Carmarthen..... 4 3	Carnarvon..... 4 47
6 5 38	5 55	Cork Harbour..... 2 23	Cowes..... 3 22
7 6 13	6 35	Dartmouth..... 3 58	Dublin Bar..... 2 55
8 6 57	7 25	Dudgeon Light... 5 23	Dungeness..... 3 17
9 7 58	8 45	Eddystone..... 3 8	Folkestone..... 3 37
10 9 30	10 20	Exmouth Bar..... 4 18	Foreland, North.. 2 22
11 11 7	11 48	Falmouth..... 3 8	Foreland, South .. 2 47
12 —	0 20	Flamboro' Head... 2 23	Gravesend..... 0 37
13 0 47	1 12	Guernsey Pier.... 4 23	Greenwich..... 0 20
14 1 37	1 58	Hartlepool..... 1 38	Harwich..... 2 37
15 2 18	2 40	Humber Mouth... 3 23	Howth Harbour.. 2 59
16 2 58	3 20	Kinsale Harbour.. 2 23	Ipswich..... 2 7
17 3 38	4 0	Lands End..... 2 23	Kentish Knock ... 2 37
18 4 20	4 38	Leith Pier..... 0 15	Lowestoft..... 3 37
19 4 57	5 20	Lynn Regis..... 4 38	Margate..... 2 2
20 5 40	6 2	Plymouth..... 3 26	Nore Light..... 0 58
21 6 25	6 53	Swansea..... 3 48	Portsmouth..... 2 27
22 7 25	8 2	Torbay..... 3 58	Sheerness..... 1 28
23 8 52	9 40	Waterford..... 3 43	Southampton 2 27
24 10 30	11 15	Weymouth..... 4 23	Spithead..... 4 37
25 11 55	—	Whitby..... 1 38	Yarmouth Roads. 5 27
26 0 25	0 50	Amsterdam..... 0 53	Calais..... 2 19
27 1 10	1 28	Antwerp..... 2 18	Dieppe..... 3
28 1 45	2 0	Bourdeaux..... 4 45	Havre de Grace... 4 1
29 2 15	2 32	Cherbourg..... 5 23	Ostende..... 1 1
30 2 43	2 58	Hamburgh..... 3 53	Honfleur..... 4
		Brest..... 1 39	New York..... 5

All communications must be directed to the Editor, 6, New Church Street, Edgware Road.

London:—Hunt, Printer, Church Street, Edgware Road.

HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1856.

CRUISE TO THE HEAD OF LOCH ETIVE.

AMONG the many arms of the sea which indent the western coast of Scotland between the Mull of Cantire and Cape Wrath, there is none that will better reward the adventurous yachtsman than Loch Etive, which stretches from its entrance, marked out by the noble ruins of Dunstaffnage Castle, first in an easterly, and then in a north-easterly direction, for more than 20 miles, and affords in the course of that extent, a remarkable variety of grand and beautiful scenery. There are wooded headlands, winding bays, and valleys full of cultivated beauty, as well as frowning rocks, and lofty mountains with scarred and rugged sides, opening into deep corries,—the favourite haunts of the red deer. In some places, the gently sloping shores let in the sunshine upon the broad bosom of the lake, while in others vast mountains cast an almost perpetual shadow over its narrow waters. The lower loch between Dunstaffnage and Bunawe, forms a striking contrast to the upper between Bunawe and Glen Etive; the former, picturesque and sylvan, with low rounded hills, undulating promontories, sequestered and fertile valleys, excites only pleasing motions; the latter dark and narrow, with precipitous shores, given up to the sheep and the red deer, arouses feelings of awe and admiration; while both united, combine to form a whole which cannot be matched by any other sea-loch in Great Britain.

Unfortunately, however, Loch Etive has been as yet very imperfectly surveyed, no sufficient examination having been made of it above Stone-

field Bay, about 7 miles from the pretty town of Oban. The existing charts are exceedingly inaccurate ; and a very dangerous bank off the embouchure of the river Awe, where there is also a strong tide race, is not even indicated in Norrie's chart, although the soundings are there partially given as far up as Bunawe. These defects will, however, be shortly removed, as the Officers stationed at Oban in charge of the survey of Scotland, are at present engaged in completing the examination of this most interesting Loch. At its entrance, a short distance above Dunstaffnage, are the dangerous rapids of Connal Ferry, where the tide runs more than 8 miles an hour, and, at ebb, breaks right across the narrow and rocky channel in one sheet of white foam ; while, to add to the risk, a rock, covered at high water, shoots up almost in the centre of the passage. It is therefore advisable for those yachtsmen who wish to explore Loch Etive to secure the services of a pilot, and we can recommend our Palinurus, John Mackenzie of Oban, as having a thorough acquaintance with all the dangers and difficulties of its navigation.

The best winds for ascending Loch Etive are South, or S. Westerly, the most favourable for descending North Easterly. The Narrows must be passed with a leading wind, and the first of flood ascending, and with slack water flood or the first of ebb in descending.

Having made these preliminary remarks with regard to a lake, of whose very existence many of our readers may possibly be ignorant, we shall now proceed to the narrative of our cruise. At 11 o'clock on a fine July morning we sailed from Oban bay in a cutter yacht, of 12 tons, passing between the ivy-clad keep of Dunolly Castle, the ancient seat of the Mc Dougal's of Lorn, and the Maiden Isle, shaving the latter as close as possible in order to keep the deep-water channel. The tides at Connal, though only four miles distant, are two hours later than at Oban ; and when a vessel arrives too soon, or when the wind is unfavourable for passing the Rapids, she ought to anchor in the bay on the south side of Dunstaffnage castle, where she will be perfectly sheltered, and may wait for a suitable wind and tide. The channel between Dunstaffnage and the larger of the two Islands from which it takes its name* is in some places very shallow ; but, by keeping near the centre, and somewhat closer to the island than the castle, all danger will be avoided. There is no passage between the two islands, but there is a practicable channel on the northern side of the little isle. The view of the entrance to Loch Etive, shortly before arriving at Dunstaffnage, exceedingly picturesque, and the sketcher would do well to draw it.

* Dunstaffnage means "Castle of the two Islands." It is a royal castle which the Duke of Argyle is hereditary keeper.

this point ; the grand old castle forms an admirable foreground, the contours of the deep bay of Lochnell, with its wooded heights and silvery beach, are full of grace and variety, while the distance is nobly filled up by Ben Durinish and the twin peaks of the lofty Ben Cruachan. In Lochnell bay we observed the ruins of the Castle of the same name accidentally burnt down some years ago, and the green mound which is supposed to mark the site of Berigonium, the ancient capital of the Picts.

After passing Dunstaffnage we shaped our course for Connal,* keeping the point of the larger island and the ferry-house in a line, passed the long gravelly spit of Lidiack Point, and shortly afterwards the Rapids ; when, as we had nicely calculated our time, and had a favourable breeze, we encountered neither difficulty nor danger. In passing, we kept the rock in the centre of the Narrows on our port hand, which is the best plan, though there is also a clear channel on the other side of it. The ferry at Connal, narrow in itself, is still further contracted by a reef of rocks which runs partly across it, and the roaring of this great salt-water cataract, during ebb tide, may often be heard 10 miles off though the fall is only about 6 feet. Owing to this inequality of the waters without and within, there is seven hours flood and five hours ebb at Connal ; and it takes two hours for the tide without to equalize the waters pressing down from within. Soon after getting through the Narrows we passed the beautifully situated mansion house of Ardchattan, standing amidst thick woods and fertile fields. Near it are the ruins of the ancient Priory of the same name, built by John McDougal in the 13th century, and where Robert the Bruce once held a parliament. It was burnt by Colkitto during the wars of Montrose. The next point of interest was the village of Bunawe, about 12 miles from Oban, where Loch Etive receives its principal feeder, the river Awe, which issues from the side of the lake of the same name, and traverses the romantic pass of Brander on the flanks of Ben Cruachan, the scene of the defeat of John of Lorn, by Robert the Bruce.

At Bunawe the bolder features of the scenery around Loch Etive begin to develop themselves ; between it and Glen Etive there is no road, and the pedestrian must be content to scramble along mountain sides, cross gullies and water-courses, wind round bays, and wade through bogs,

* Connal is thus alluded to by Sir Walter Scott in the 1st Canto of the *Lord of the Isles* :—

“ From where Mingarry sternly placed,
O’er awes the woodland and the waste,
To where Dunstaffnage hears the raging,
Of Connal with his rocks engaging.”

before he can reach the head of the upper loch ; and even then, he will have 15 miles further to walk, before he gains Kingshouse, the nearest Inn, a day's work sufficient to knock up any but the stoutest mountaineer. Above Bunawe the dangers of the navigation of the loch, with the exception of those arising from sudden squalls, may be said to be over ; there are no rocks or shoals, and, on both sides, there is deep water to within a cable's length of the shore. The huge base of Cruachan on one side, and the copse-clad crags of Ben Durinish on the other, confine its waters ; and, further up Cruachan is succeeded by Ben Stirra, opposed by the dark buttresses of Cruyan ; while, at the head of the lake, rise the sharp peaks of the three Buchails, the giant watchers of Glen Etive. On the sides of Cruachan open up the wild Glen O, and the green and smiling Glenconaglas, a beautiful pastoral valley watered by the Armaddie river, in which the fishing is first rate, but most strictly preserved. The whole of the district around little or upper Loch Etive forms the Marquis of Brendalbane's deer forest ; his shooting lodge is situated some distance up Glenconaglas ; red deer and gamekeepers are the lords of the mountains and streams ; and any attempt to cast a fly either in the Etive or Armaddie will at once be stopped.

Loch Ness generally enjoys the reputation of being the deepest lake in Scotland, but our highland Palinurus assured us that this was a popular error, and asserted the superior claims of Loch Etive. There had been, he said, a tradition of long standing that near Strono (as a bluff projecting boldly into the lake is called) its waters were fathomless, and this he, and some Oban fishermen, determined a few years ago to test. They accordingly procured 230 fathoms of line, fastened an anchor to the end of it, commenced sounding, and found the greatest depth off Strono to be 206 fathoms, or some hundred feet deeper than the deepest part of Loch Ness.

When about 5 miles from the head of the lake, and 7 above Bunawe, the wind, which had all day been light and baffling, at last headed us, and we therefore anchored for the night close to the shore, a little below the granite quarries of Barr. There was a quantity of natural birchwood all along the sloping banks above our anchorage, among which charcoal burners were busily engaged in preparing charcoal for the use of the iron furnaces at Bunawe, which have been in operation since the middle of last century ; and wreaths of blue smoke were curling through the light green foliage, marking where the heaps were smouldering, carefully watched day and night to prevent their setting fire to surrounding trees. Loch Etive is very subject to sudden and violent squalls of wind from the high lands around, which require to be caref

guarded against. We were not, however, disturbed in our somewhat exposed anchorage, the rain which poured incessantly during the whole night being sufficient to damp the spirits of the most boisterous squall that ever roared across a highland loch.

Early next morning we got underway, and with a favourable breeze made sail for the head of the lake. After passing the granite quarries we entered upon the wildest and most rugged part of the scenery, a narrow reach of dark water, blackened by the long shadows of Ben Stirra and Cruyan. As the mists gradually cleared away from the mountain sides and summits, we saw the effects of the heavy rains which had for some days been falling. Every gully and rift on the precipitous hill sides was swept by a torrent pouring down in white foam, and the air was filled with the hollow sound of innumerable waterfalls; the weather too, was in admirable keeping with the stern character of the landscape around us; wreaths of grey mist, now hiding, now floating aside, and revealing mountain peaks and deep ravines, while occasional gleams of sunshine gilded the rocks above us, and lighted up the sullen waters of the lake. The sides of Ben Stirra bear deep scars of the ravages of the winter torrents, which have in many places torn up the soil to a great breadth, and replaced it by a perfect chaos of stones and debris. On the opposite side the vast mass of Cruyan rises almost perpendicularly, presenting a succession of huge rocky buttresses towering up like the walls of some castle of Titans. Many of the crags are broken into singular and fantastic forms, and would afford Mr. Ruskin most curious examples of "rock fracture". There is a striking resemblance between this mountain and the hill of Malmor which rises above Loch Treachtan in Glenco; indeed the mountains around this upper reach of Loch Etive are very similar to those of Glenco, which, however cannot, in like manner, boast of a fine arm of the sea winding among their recesses. The distance between the two Glens is not great, and there is a mountain pass near the head of Loch Etive well worth exploring, which after about three hours rough walking will lead the pedestrian into Glenco.

The river Etive runs into the head of the loch through the glen of the same name; it is an excellent fishing stream, but like all those in this neighbourhood, strictly preserved. Although, however, river fishing is prohibited, there is capital fishing for whiting in Upper Loch Etive; and those yachtsmen who are fond of it, would do well to provide themselves with a store of bait from the mussel-bank off Bunawe. It is no uncommon thing for a party of four fishermen (each working two hand-lines) to catch from 4000 to 6000 whittings in a single day. Besides whittings there are other fish, denizens of Loch Etive, of a less attractive character,

namely conger eels which (according to our pilot) grow to between 7 and 8 feet long, and are almost as carnivorous as sharks; indeed he tried to prevent us from bathing at Bunawe in case we should become food for eels.

After remaining some hours at the head of the loch and walking a short distance up Glen Etive, dominated by its three Buchails, we retraced our steps to the yacht; and, at 2 o'clock, set out on our return voyage. The wind, unfortunately, was southerly, and we had the tide against us, so that we had to beat down the whole way, and were at last obliged, about 7 o'clock, to come to anchor, a cable's length from the shore, in a beautiful little bay just above the embouchure of the river Awe. There is a store at Bunawe for the use of the workmen engaged in the granite quarries and foundry, at which biscuits, grocery, and occasionally butcher's meat may be procured; but the yachtsmen exploring Loch Etive ought not to trust to this, but should provide themselves with stores at Oban; for, as the Narrows at Connal can only be passed either way with a leading wind, they may possibly be detained several days within the loch. Above Bunawe nothing can be got; and, at the farm-houses below, the eggs, butter, and milk are all bespoke by the public coaches which pass daily, so that they do not find it worth their while to sell anything to such birds of passage as yachtsmen. There is a fine view, looking up the lake, from the spot where we lay, taking in Ben Stirra and the glens between it and Cruachan, while the copeclad crags of Ben Durinish come well in in the foreground; we sketched the scene, and would beg to recommend it to our brother amateurs.

Next morning was bright and warm with a light breeze, so we got early under way, and passed safely the dangerous bank off the mouth of the Awe which is *not* laid down in the charts. Keep it on the port hand going down, but do not shave the opposite shore too closely as there are large stones off it; below this the loch is deep and spacious. In the afternoon the wind failed us, and we were obliged to give up all hopes of getting through Connal until the following day. We therefore anchored in Stonefield Bay, between the south shore and Macnabs Island, marked by a few plane trees and some traces of ruined buildings. This anchorage is more out of the tides than any other in Loch Etive. There was a glorious sunset; the sun, sinking behind the Sound of M¹ " threw a bright column of golden flame across the quiet bay where we were moored, and the near hills, in deep purple shadow, brought out the warm tones of the sunset, while the eastern sky was of the deep azure and without a cloud.

To-day our invaluable pilot, who is evidently impressed with the i

that we have not an adequate conception of the dangers of Connal Ferry: a place which, he told us, he never passed "without every hair of his head standing on end", has been amusing us by relating appalling stories of the dangers of descending, which, he will have it, is much more hazardous than ascending Connal. Three vessels, according to his story, are, at this moment, grating their ribs on the rocks at the bottom of the Narrows, having attempted to pass them at an improper time; in one of these were two brothers; their sloop struck upon the rock in the centre of the channel; one tried to escape in the boat which was instantly swamped, and the other, while attempting to let go an anchor, was washed overboard and drowned. In the other two cases, the vessels perished, but the crews were saved. He also told us that he remembered of twenty-three lives having been lost upon Loch Etive, chiefly from the oversetting of boats in the violent gusts that rush down from the mountains; and (awful to relate) none of the bodies were ever found, having fallen a prey to the carnivorous congers which infest the lake. The worthy pilot, however, draws a very long bow in every thing that relates to the highlands, and his stories acquire a large grain of salt to be swallowed along with them.

According to him, the crops in some places on the wild shores of Loch Etive are as early as in the Lothians; the Hebrides are as fertile as the Isle of Wight, and the cliffs of Staffa higher than those of the Giant's Causeway. His stories, however, had their effect, and somewhat alarmed the worthy owner of the yacht, albeit a good sailor and experienced traveller, who forthwith began to be troubled with uneasy visions of a fortnight's detention in Loch Etive, of supplies running short, and, being obliged to eat the boy without pickles; or imagined his 'bonny bark' foundering in the Rapids, and himself becoming food for congers; in consequence of which he passed a very uncomfortable night though moored in as quiet an anchorage as ever received a wearied sailor. Fortunately his presentiments of evil were soon dispelled, for, next morning we started at 6 o'clock, passed Little Connal, where we were a good deal tossed about in the tide race, reached the Rapids just at the slack water on the top of flood, found everything almost as smooth as a mill-pond, and got safely through by the same passage we had used in ascending. Shortly afterwards we passed Lidiack Point, the channel between Dunstaffnage and the big island, and were snugly moored in Oban Bay by 11 o'clock.

It may be mentioned for the information of those who would wish to visit the magnificent scenery of Upper Loch Etive, but who have not the opportunity of doing so in a yacht, that this may be done either from

Bunawe or Oban ; the former is 10 miles nearer to the head of the loch, and a boat may be hired for the days' excursion for about the same number of shillings. A very early start will be advisable, as there is fully 20 miles sailing or rowing, and if, in addition to this, the tourist is desirous of walking some distance up Glen Etive, he will find the hours of the longest summer's day well nigh exhausted before he gets back to Bunawe. If, on the other hand, he prefers starting from Oban, he will have the advantage of a better boat and more experienced pilot than could be procured at Bunawe, but he will also have 10 miles further to go, and will require to remain all night at the head of Loch Etive in a cottar or gamekeeper's house, unless he has had the precaution to take a portable tent along with him. This latter plan, however, although more expensive and occupying longer time, undoubtedly affords the best opportunities of studying and enjoying that unrivalled combination of lake and mountain scenery ; and we feel well assured that all those who may be induced to repair to the spot, and there fill up for themselves the faint outline which we have endeavoured to sketch, will find themselves most amply rewarded for the time and trouble which the journey may cost.

Before concluding, we would beg to direct the special attention of landscape painters to this most magnificent of the Scottish sea-lochs ; the discomforts attendant upon a visit to its upper extremity, the fatigue, rude fare, and hard lodging, would be fully repaid by the images of wild and stern grandeur with which it would store their portfolios, and enrich their minds ; and we should rejoice to see its varied, and almost unknown beauties presented to the public by the magic pencils of Bright, Richardson, or McCulloch.

A. Y.

ROYAL NORTHERN YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

The beautiful water at Dunoon bore on its bosom a splendid fleet of yachts on the 21st and 22d of August, assembled to join in the festivities offered by the above club. The neighbouring shores were lined with spectators, and a numerous party assembled on board the Club vessel, the Orion, who were enlivened throughout the day with strains of sweet music by the band of the Queen's Own Regiment of Glasgow Yeoman Cavalry. There was a very fresh breeze which was exceedingly favorable for the sailing matches. John Houldsworth, Esq., the Vice-Commodore of the Club, officiated as chief officer.

The First race was for a piece of plate, value sixty guineas, present

by the Vice-Commodore to be sailed for by yachts of a Royal Club, of 10 tons and upwards, steered by members. Time race, Ackers' scale. The course was round the Toward Buoy, and Rosneath patch and back, a distance of about 32 miles. The following entered :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1856.

N .	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
394	Foam	cutter	25	Major Longfield
902	Sophia.....	cutter	35	William W. Hozier, Esq.
189	Coralie.....	cutter	35	Andrew E. Byrne, Esq.
918	Stella	cutter	41	Francis R. Reid, Esq.
	Crusader.....	cutter	30	John Spiers, Esq.
523	Oithona	cutter	80	John M. Rowan, Esq.

In the above list are four yachts built by the Messrs. Fife, two of which have been some "time out," and are known to fame, and the other two "introduced" this year ; and as they were now to test their powers for the first time in their native waters, of course much speculation was afloat as to the merits of the Crusader and Oithona, or as a friend of ours will have it "Iothona." Which is right we must leave to others to find out.

At the given signal they all prepared to start, which was effected at the following times and order :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Foam.....	12	38	15	Stella.....	12	47	12
Sophia.....	12	31	20	Crusader	12	47	47
Coralie.....	12	46	18	Oithona	12	48	31

They all got well away: although the Oithona was a considerable time after the first before she was fairly on her journey, she soon challenged one after the other, and took the lead, which she kept through-out, and finally arrived at the winning point the Vice-commodore's yacht in the following time :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Oithona.....	5	44	51	Coralie	6	36	40
Crusader.....	6	26	10	Sophia.....	6	44	30
Stella.....	6	28	5	Foam.....	6	51	16

The Oithona was declared the winner, having saved her time, and several minutes to spare.

For the second race, a prize value 10 sovereigns, for pleasure boats, not exceeding 10 tons. Several boats were entered, but only one having come forward, the race was postponed.

Third match by skiffs, with one lug sail, employed in fishing, and not exceeding 19 feet keel ; first boat £3; second, £1 ; the course for which was round the Chance's moorings at Hunter's Quay, distance six miles.

Three started : the first prize was won easily by the Thistle, belonging to Mr. James Hopkirk, Largs ; the second by the Star, Mr. James Mc Lauchlan, Greenock.

Several rowing matches closed the first day's sports.

Second day.— There was a larger assemblage of yachts and spectators than on the previous day. A moderate breeze from the eastward which died away during the day ; but in the afternoon a fine weatherly breeze sprang up. The second race on the card a prize value 30 sovereigns, open to yachts of Royal Yacht Clubs not exceeding 20 tons was started first. There were three competitors, viz :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1856.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
	Maud	cutter	6	St. Clair J. Byrne, Esq.
859	Scud.....	cutter	16	W. Houldsworth, Esq.
927	Sunbeam.....	cutter	10	J. Young, Esq.

The course was round the Mavis buoy in Wemyss Bay, and the Rosneath patch and home, a distance of upwards 20 miles. An excellent start was effected.

As the Mand is built on a peculiar model, and was the winner at the last regatta of the Birkenhead Model Yacht Club, her performances excited considerable interest. The Scud, however, took a decided lead, and it was soon seen that the Maud was no match for her in beating to windward. In running, however, she recovered a great portion of her lost ground ; but, on the beat home from Rosneath patch, the Scud increased her lead, and they arrived at the goal as follows :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Scud.....	5	30	58	Sunbeam	6	4	37
Maud	5	49	16				

The Scud was therefore declared the winner.

As competitors for the Dunoon Cup, value 60 guineas, open to yachts of 20 tons and upwards, there appeared the Oithona, Stella, Coralie, Crusader, and Foam. The course was round the Mavis buoy, Toward buoy, and Rosneath patch, and home, with an additional turn round the Mavis buoy ; distance about 32 miles. At 1h. 30m. the gun was fired for starting.

Before reaching the Mavis buoy, the Oithona took the lead, followed by the Crusader, and the yachts passed Dunoon on their way to Rosneath in the following order :—Oithona, Crusader, Coralie, Foam, and Stella, there being a difference of about 10 minutes between the first and second. On their way home, and within a short distance of the

Commodore, the Foam came up to leeward of the Coralie, passed her, and took the third place. The yachts then steered for the Mavis buoy, and the Crusader ultimately reached Dunoon first; but the match not having been concluded before 8 p.m., the cup will be run for again next season. The superiority of the Crusader in light winds was manifested in this race, and the manner in which she hung on to the Oithona, notwithstanding the great disparity in size, and a difference of 5 minutes in starting, shews that in moderate weather she is fully a match for her formidable opponent.

The third sailing match was for lug-sail boats not exceeding 19 feet keel. Course round the Gantocks, the moorings of Chance, in Holy Loch, and home, about 6 miles. Three started with the following result:—Thistle, Hopkirk, 1; Ailsa, Main, 2; Lily, Conolly 3. Several rowing matches concluded the sports of the day.

Third day.—This day having been fixed for a Match for a grand Corinthian Cup, value 60 guineas, presented by the gentlemen of Greenock for yachts of 10 tons and upwards, the Commodore's yacht anchored off the Albert Quay. There was a stiff breeze from S.W., and, as there were nearly fifty yachts and pleasure boats cruising about in all directions, the sight was exceedingly animated and beautiful.

In Corinthian matches the yachts are steered and manned by gentlemen alone, and owing to the difficulty of finding crews for the vessels entered, the race did not start until half-past one o'clock. The course was round the Gantocks, the Shoals buoy, and home, about 16 miles,—and its shortness was somewhat disadvantageous to the larger yachts.

The following yachts came to the start:—

Numbered as Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1856.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
918	Stella.....	cutter	41	Francis R. Reid, Esq.
189	Coralie	cutter	35	Andrew E. Byrne, Esq.
	Crusader.....	cutter	30	John Spiers, Esq.
859	Scud.....	cutter	16	W. Houldsworth, Esq.

The race was very closely contested, and the yachts, which were well handled by their crews, arrived as under:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Stella.....	3	20	0	Crusader.....	3	22	42
Coralie.....	3	22	12	Scud.....	3	36	34

The Crusader having come in within the time allowed for difference of tonnage, won the Cup. Shortly after the conclusion of the race the Club Yachts and the other vessels not belonging to this locality took their departure.

BRISTOL AND BRISTOL CHANNEL REGATTA OFF WESTON-SUPER-MARE.

GREAT preparations had been made for successfully carrying out this long anticipated regatta, and on Monday the 15th ult. it came off under the patronage of several gentlemen well known in the yachting circles, among whom we recognize, J. H. Smyth-Pigott, Esq., James Thomson, Esq., J. Cardinall, Esq., W. J. Patterson, Esq., and E. Hill, Esq. There was a stiff breeze blowing from W.N.W., causing much swell in the bay, and rendering it unpleasant for communication with the shore. In the forepart of the day there were several driving showers, which however cleared off towards noon.

The first match was between nine pilot boats, for a prize of £20, and for which the following started:—Mischief, Emma, John and Eliza, Melampus, Mary Ann, Miranda, Sarah, Avelyn: after some excellent seamanship it was won by the Mischief.

A match between pleasure boats for a purse of £20, was contested by the Waterlily, Mr. Mayo, Charlotte, Mr. Wellington, Mystery, Mr. Harris, Haidee, Mr. Gibson, Look-Out, Mr. Wood, Arrow, Mr. Gord, and Lapie, Mr. Pridham. These boats varied in their measurement from 21 to 34 feet. It was won by the Arrow.

Several rowing matches were advertised but owing to the state of the weather they were abandoned.

Second Day.—All interest was centred on the grand match of the regatta, the Bristol Channel Cup, value fifty guineas, by yachts of any rig. Course twice round the Steep and Flat Holmes, and a third time round the Steep Home. The following entered,—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1856.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
102	Bonita.....	cutter	32	Edward S. Hill, Esq.
43	Aquiline.....	schooner	55	J. Cardinall, Esq.
	Silver Star.....	cutter		Patrick Daniells, Esq.
213	Cyclone.....	cutter	48	William Patterson, Esq.

The Le Reve, 39 tons, J. Thomson, Esq., owner, was entered, but owing to an accident did not start.

After some trouble the yachts were placed in order, and at 12h. 44. they started, the Silver Star with the lead: Cyclone close up, follow by Aquiline, and then Bonita, which latter experienced some difficulty in getting away, in consequence of her spring fouling. They proceed

at a slashing pace to beat up for Flat Holme, the Cyclone endeavouring to overhaul the Star, and as they rounded, the former rushed up to her opponent, and a severe struggle took place, which ended in Cyclone getting ahead; the Aquiline and Bonita both well up. Soon as she had rounded the Cyclone set balloon jib and topsail, and away she flew staggering under this pressure of canvas, however she ploughed safely through the heavy swell, followed by the others like hounds after deer. The pretty Aquiline now seemed to awaken to the position in which she was placed before strangers, thought it high time to show the Bristolians what she could do,—with this resolve she dashed up to the Star and passed. Bonita followed her example, and after a short race beam to beam she gained third place, and in this order they passed the Coquette, the station-vessel.

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Cyclone.....	2	31	20	Bonita.....	2	36	15
Aquiline.....	2	33	20	Silver Star.....	2	36	30

After rounding, the Silver Star resigned the contest. And the others setting their working jibs beat back to the Flat Holme. Unfortunately the Cyclone carried away her jib tackle, and down came the sail, dragging in the water; this gave Aquiline an opportunity to gain first place, and she bore away for the Welch shore, fully determined to push her advantage. She rounded the Flat Holme first, and considerably increased her distance before rounding the Station-vessel; 'ere reaching which the sea again washed Cyclone's balloon-jib off her bowsprit, and it was hanging over her bows, thus retarding her speed. In this way she passed the station-vessel.

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Aquiline.....	4	17	30	Bonita	4	42	12
Cyclone	4	27	10				

Now on they dashed for the Steep Holme, and tack for tack they struggled through a heavy sea, careening over from the pressure of a strong wind; and a fine display of seamanship was exhibited between the Cyclone and Bonita, which ended in the latter passing her opponent, and rounding the Steep Holme twice her length ahead of her. Night having set in, and the flood tide running round the island with great velocity, it became dangerous to the competing vessels. Still they surged ahead, and the Cyclone regained the lead of Bonita, and after a difficult passage they all rounded thus:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Aquiline.....	7	17	17	Bonita.....	7	59	30
Cyclone.....	7	58	20				

Thus ended as spirited a race as was ever run, and the first time ves-

sels were known under any circumstances to have beaten round the Steep Holme against a west and mad spring tide, which in this channel runs six knots and causes a very heavy sea. The Cyclone was evidently the favourite at starting, and we can only attribute her losing the race to her having washed her large jib off her bowsprit, and which for a number of miles was hanging round her forefoot. She was overloaded with spars and canvas, to the serious detriment of her fine and powerful qualities. She was dragging her bulwarks through the water half the race instead of sailing on her keel, and at one time she lay over to such a degree that it was found impossible to haul in her mainsheet. The Aquiline and Bonita were both well handled and sailed.

The first day was closed by a superb Dinner at the Town Hall, at which J. H. Smyth-Pigott, Esq., presided, supported on his right by the Rev. Wadham Williams, and on his left by Captain Beadon, R.N., H. Rocket, Esq. occupied the vice chair. Among the company we noticed Sir J. Hare, E. Pigott, C. A. Gibson, J. Thompson, J. Rathbone, W. and T. Patterson, Esqrs. and several other supporters of yachting.

After the cloth was removed the Chairman proposed the usual loyal toasts which were heartily responded to.

H. Rocket, Esq. proposed "The Army and Navy," he was sure when they (the meeting) remembered the privations they had endured on behalf of their country, the battles they had fought, and the victories they had won, they could not but receive the toast with the liveliest enthusiasm. He would couple the toast with the name of a gentleman who was now present, and who distinguished himself in the service—Captain Beadon. (Cheers.)

In acknowledging the honour the gallant Captain thanked them for the very flattering manner in which the toast had been received. Each one had his particular post to fill in the service of his country.—It was that of the gentlemen around him to provide those munitions of war, whilst it was his, in conjunction with the service to which he belonged to use them against the enemy; and he was sure as long as their navy had a plank to stand upon, or a shot in the locker, they would not yield in defence of their country.

The Vice-president next proposed the health of members of the Roy Yacht Squadron. He remarked on the importance of encouraging as much as possible the spirit of naval enterprise, as connected with the welfare of the nation. He regarded the yacht squadrons as nurseries for the British navy, and observed that great praise was due to them.

Chairman and the other members of Royal Yacht Squadrons present: to the former, for the part he had taken in founding the Weston Regatta, and the latter for bringing their vessels to compete. (Drunk with three times three.)

The Chairman returned thanks. In corroboration of what Mr. Rockett had said in reference to the yacht clubs being nurseries to the navy, he observed that a young man who had entered his yacht as a cabin boy some years since, was now in her Majesty's navy, and was rising in the service. He expected shortly to hear that he was a master of a steamer. With regard to the Bristol Channel Regatta, he hoped they would improve every year, and that it would ultimately be second to none in the kingdom. (Cheers.)

The chairman then proposed the Bishop and Clergy of the diocese, coupling with the toast the name of the Rev. Wadham Williams.

The Rev. W. Williams returned thanks.

The Vice-chairman proposed the Members for the city of Bristol, especially naming W. H. G. Langton, Esq., whose liberality was being continually manifested, not only in assisting the poor and needy, but in forwarding every laudable object connected with the interests of the city of Bristol. He had nobly supported the present Regatta with a subscription of £5, and to him and to other liberal gentlemen in Bristol was greatly owing the success of the Regatta thus far. He hoped the inhabitants of Weston-super-Mare would in future take a warmer interest in the matter and come forward with greater liberality. (Drunk with applause.)

Mr. Gibson returned thanks.

The Chairman proposed the healths of Messrs. Patterson and Hill, the shipbuilders of Bristol, whose names were connected with great advantages in maritime enterprise.

Mr. W. Patterson returned thanks. He had used his best exertions to forward a Bristol and Bristol Channel Regatta, because he felt that Bristol ought to have a regatta, holding the place that she did among the ports of the country.

Sir John Hare proposed the health of the Chairman, and coupled that toast with the name of Edward Pigott, Esq.

Mr. Pigott briefly returned thanks.

Captain Beadon said it was always necessary in carrying out any important undertaking, to enlist for the work some bold spirits who would lead the matter on to a successful issue. They had found out the importance of this on the present occasion, and great praise was due to the Honorary Secretary, and to the Committee of Management, who had

worked so efficiently in the cause. He begged to propose the health of the Hon. Secretary, Mr. Stringfield, and the Committee of Management. (Drank with musical honours.)

Mr. Stringfield begged to thank the gentlemen for the manner in which his name had been mentioned, in connection with the Committee of Management. He was always ready to use his best endeavours to promote any public amusement of an unexceptionable character. (Hear.)

Several other toasts followed, and the party broke up, highly gratified by the evening's entertainment. The band played the National Anthem at the conclusion.

On Wednesday morning J. Cardinall, Esq., the owner of the beautiful schooner Aquiline, and winner of the Bristol Channel Cup, gave a handsome Breakfast to the Committee and a large party, at the Bath Hotel. Unfortunately, this gentleman was unable to land from his yacht, on account of the heavy sea in the bay, and the chair was taken in his absence by J. H. Smyth-Pigott, Esq., who proposed the health of Mr. Cardinall: the Chairman's health as the Founder of the Regatta, was drank, as also that of J. Thomson, Esq. of Milford.

James Thomson, Esq. in acknowledging the toast, suggested, that the Bristol Channel Regatta should be a permanent and moveable aquatic event. That it should take place alternately at Weston and Milford, with occasional visits to other ports; and that in 1857, it would take place at Milford. It was hoped that this resolution would induce the inhabitants of Weston, who had been most materially benefitted on the present occasion, to come forward more liberally another year, and in the meantime to do their best to promote the construction of a pier, or at least some sort of a landing-place at half tide for boats, so as to enable yachts to visit the bay with some comfort. It was mentioned as an illustration of the deplorable insufficiency of Weston in this respect, that on Monday evening five gentlemen had been unable to land from their yachts to attend the public dinner at the Town-hall, and it was not a little commented upon that the giver of the breakfast and winner of the Cup had been prevented himself from presiding over his own hospitality. Mr. Simpson spoke with great effect on this subject, holding out hopes of a New Pier Company, under better auspices than the last, and with reference to the New Joint Stock Company's Act, to limit the liability of shareholders. Mr. James Thomson, whose fame as an Engineer is widely known, also contributed some practical remarks of great value and interest to the discussion.

The whole of the proceedings passed off with the greatest satisfaction, and, no doubt the regatta will be permanently established.

SWANSEA REGATTA.

THE public had long been apprized of the intention of a Committee of gentlemen to get up a marine *fête*; and in accordance with the announcement on the 28th and 29th of July, the event came off, and from the regularity and punctuality observed in the proceedings the whole affair was crowned with success.

First day.—At an early hour the South Wales and Vale of Neath Railways began to discharge their living cargoes, estimated to the amount of 4000 persons. Such was the anxiety of the masses to enjoy the sports that every available point was crowded long before the hour of starting. Let our readers picture to themselves 15,000 persons assembled (with bands of music, banners flying, and yachts flitting to and fro on the waters, all intent on one grand object) and they can better conceive than words can describe the imposing scene.

The sports began with a match for £14 between pilot boats, in which the following contended :—Singleton, Tom Rosser, Zion, Faith, Swanzey, Sarah, Neptune, Henry, Providence, and Vivian.

They started at 1h. 30m, to go a distance of fifteen miles. Providence took the lead; she was followed by the Zion and Sarah. The course to the first mark was S.E., the wind at the time being W.S.W., the Providence maintained the start round the first mark. She was followed by the Singleton and Zion. In coming down by the wind to the western mark, the Vivian and Faith, however, headed the other boats, and the contest over the whole length was close and sharp between these two, the Vivian being a length ahead of the Faith, who was followed at a greater distance by the Providence. In this manner the western mark was rounded, and the boats returned to the winning mark in the following order :—Vivian 1st, Faith a good second, Providence 3rd,—after a greater interval than between the first two, Zion 4th; and closely pressing her Tom Rosser, 5th. Here an interval again occurred, which was filled up by Singleton 6th. These boats were the whole entitled by their position on the first, to compete on the second day. The Sarah came in 7th, and the other boats arrived at various intervals.

As to its general character, this race was pronounced by impartial and qualified observers to be highly creditable to the nautical skill of the Swansea pilots as a body; and the impression produced upon strangers was that, as seamen, they are fully up to the important duties that devolve upon them as pilots.

The second match was for the Member's Cup of the value of 25 sovereigns, by yachts of 10 and not exceeding 25 tons. Time race, according to Ackers scale, Royal Thames Yacht Club Rules.—Entrance One guinea.

The following yachts were entered for this race :—

NO. 10.—VOL. V.

3 L

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1856.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
	Silver Star.....	cutter	23	P. Daniels, Esq.
3	Adiante.....	cutter	23	W. Patterson, Junr., Esq.
864	Surprise.....	cutter	19	T. W. Tetley, Esq.
514	Ianthe.....	cutter	19	J. Adams, Esq.
987	Vesper.....	cutter	15	G. A. Bevan, Esq.

This was to nautical men the most interesting of the day. The start was the average of what might be expected in such cases. Of the five competitors four were of no ordinary standing, being indeed well known and honourably spoken of for their achievements at other regattas than those of Swansea. The fifth was the new iron yacht, the Silver Star but lately launched. She came into the work of the day under every disadvantage. Her decks were uncalked, her gear imperfect, in fact, it might be said that she was only jury rigged. The circumstances we detail are sufficient disadvantages to explain why she retired from the contest on coming to the second round.

The race between the Surprise, Vesper, Adiante, and Ianthe, was in every respect a highly interesting one. On starting the Surprise took the lead, and was closely followed by the Vesper, both being in their turn hotly pursued by the Adiante and Ianthe. In this order they completed the first round of the course. Shortly after passing the Pier buoys the Vesper had the misfortune to carry away her balloon-topsail, having suffered the inconvenience of carrying away her bowsprit guys in the earlier part of the race; but with much tact on the part of her "plucky" crew, this was soon repaired. The race, which throughout was marked by capital sailing on all sides, was finished by the arrival of the yachts at the winning buoys in the following order and time:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Surprise.....	6	15	0	Ianthe	6	37	0
Vesper	6	32	0	Adiante.....	6	39	0

By this it will be seen that the Adiante and Ianthe changed positions on going round the second time, following the faster yachts in about the same time as they did on the first round, the Vesper being meanwhile nearer the winner than on the first round.

It might here be explained that the distance from the starting-point to the first mark or S.E. point was five miles; from the East mark to the West, off the Mumble Head seven miles; and thence to the winning-mark three miles. As the wind was from the westward, the first part of the course was done with a free wind; the second part with a head wind; and the third or course home with a free wind again. The whole course traversed was about fifteen miles, and the wind a good one, being a fine fresh breeze—not too much of it, but sufficient to give the crews of the various competing yachts a taste of salt water under the press of canvas which they carried. With this explanatory remark, we resume our narrative.

Third match for a prize of Ten guineas for pleasure boats belonging to any port in the Channel not exceeding 12 tons. Entrance 5 shillings. The following entered :—*Magic, Fairy, and Alma.*

The signal gun for the departure of these boats was fired at 3 o'clock. The race excited very lively interest. The prize was won (after a sharp contest and considerable display of sailing tact by all the competitors) by the *Fairy*,

The next match was between the Mumbles Dredging boats.—These useful and excellent boats, though they were in days not long since somewhat sneeringly designated the "Bread and cheese fleet", made a really interesting feature in the sports of the day. They were started from the Mumbles at the appointed hour one o'clock by Mr. Thomas Townrow (starting master.) They came up in fine style before the wind to the eastern mark, running up to Swansea harbour in the following order :—1. *Alarm*, Robert Mitchell; 2. *Emma*; 3. *Happy Jack*, John Burt. Nine boats started in this race. The foremost boats seemed fair competitors; but most of the others appeared—nowhere.

Then followed the rowing matches, for prizes amounting to upwards of £12. The first day's sports afloat finished with a duck hunt. In the evening the Mayor, E. M. Richards, Esq., presided over a goodly company at a dinner where "The glasses sparkled on the board," and toast and song went round.

Second Day.—The proceedings on this day commenced at the appointed hour, soon after two o'clock. The assemblage of spectators was fully as great as on the first day, and in the town a general holiday was observed by the closing of the shops.

First match between the six leading pilot boats in the first day's race, and an equal number of pilot boats belonging to Neath and Port Talbot. First prize £8; second ditto £4; third ditto £2. No entrance fee. The following entered :—*Faith, Providence, Zion, Tom Rosser, and Singleton.*

The six winning pilot boats effected a good start punctually to their time: The wind was still westerly, but not so high as on the previous day. It was a well contested race throughout, and the following was the order of arrivals, 1. *Vivian*; 2. *Singleton*; 3. *Providence*, *Faith* and *Tom Rosser* followed the prize boats. The *Zion* though a favourite, stood no chance with so light a wind.

The second match was for the Ladies' Challenge Cup, value 100 guineas to be sailed for by yachts not exceeding 45 tons. Twice round as in the previous match.

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1856.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
213	<i>Cyclone</i>	cutter	41	W. Patterson, Junr., Esq.
369	<i>Surprise</i>	cutter	20	T. W. Tetley, Esq.
189	<i>Coralie</i>	cutter	35	A. E. Byrne, Esq.
987	<i>Vesper</i>	cutter	15	G. A. Bevan, Esq.
245	<i>Delvin</i>	cutter	40	C. H. Smith, Esq.

This was the great race of the day, and the public evidently were on the tip-toe of expectation as to its result. On the firing of the signal gun at 2h. 45m. the start was a good one, and in this instance free from casualty. The first to have her canvas set was the Delvin, the others following suit with great rapidity. The Surprise, Vesper, and Cyclone shewed their superiority over the Delvin, by taking their course at half a point nearer the wind. They all pursued their course around both marks, reaching the buoys on their first round as follows :—Surprise first, Vesper being within 6m. 30s. Cyclone 2m. 40s. behind Vesper. They then proceeded on the second round, the race ending as follows :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Surprise.....	6	5	30	Cyclone.....	7	12	31
Vesper	7	12	30				

The Vesper and Cyclone came in so near each other that it was with some difficulty, it could be seen which was first. It remains for Surprise to win two years again to be put in possession of the Ladies' Cup.

The next match a prize of £15 for yachts not exceeding 12 tons register not used for the purposes of commerce. Time race; entrance 15 shillings.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Ton s.	Owners.
389	Alma	cutter	12	C. Cairns, Esq.
	Foam	cutter	8	G. M. Maude, Esq.
	Magic	cutter	8	W. Bowen, Esq.
	Fairy	cutter	9	G. Thomas, Esq.
380	Flirt	cutter	6	F. Ritchie, Esq.

This was a good start, and the race was well contested between Fairy and Magic, both having in an early part of the race considerably distanced the others. The result was victory for the Fairy which arrived at the winning mark as follows :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Fairy	5	32	0	Magic.....	5	37	0

The aquatic sports finished as on the prior day with rowing matches, &c.

The Regatta ball on Tuesday night under the patronage of the Stewards, passed off in a highly satisfactory manner.

Thus ended the Swansea Regatta of 1866, the best ever held in Swansea, and the harbinger, we trust, of yet much greater improvements in the future.

It is satisfactory to observe that not a single accident, as far as we have heard, occurred during the proceedings of the two days. The highest praise is due to his Worship the Mayor, for the admirable arrangements which he made for the occasion, as well, indeed, as for the active part he has taken throughout in promoting the objects of the regatta.

ROYAL WEAR YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

IN CHRONICLING the success of this club, we feel much gratification, as this time (October) twelve-month we gave the first intimation to our yachting friends that a yacht club had been formed at Sunderland, and that an application would be made for the Admiralty Warrant. Such was applied for, and it now ranks amongst the Royals as No. 22 in *Hunt's Universal Yacht List*, bearing the blue ensign of Her Majesty's Fleet, and white burgee with a blue cross and yellow crown in centre thereof. The regatta which we are about to log was the first ever held at this port under the title which heads this article. It is an event that stands recorded in the archives of the town as the opening of a fresh source of amusement and profit; one that will add another pillar to the successful foundation on which the celebrity of the town rests.

The regatta, which had been some time anticipated by the public, came off Wednesday, September 3rd, and although a first attempt it was a brilliant affair; notwithstanding much disappointment was felt at the non-arrival of the Commodore, Lord Vane, for whose special convenience the regatta had been postponed a fortnight.

We have before alluded to the non-attendance of chief officers at public meetings, and we repeat that the absence of a commodore at such a time leads many persons to believe there is not a good understanding between him and the members. This is not the case here, for unforeseen circumstances prevented his lordship being present.

The regatta has met the approbation of the local press, no mean judge of the wants and requirements for social and national amusements; the *Sunderland Herald* in its account says:—

"These sailing matches are essentially national in their character, springing naturally from the country's insular position and our maritime habits and tendencies. They commend themselves to public sympathy and encouragement on other and higher grounds than can be urged in favour of any mere holiday sport; for the dexterous navigation which they demand within sight of our own shores may find an honourable field for its exercise in upholding the national naval renown or in prosecuting the pursuits of commerce in distant seas. Amongst all the ports of the kingdom, there is none where a regatta ought to command a larger measure of success than at Sunderland; with its ship-building pre-eminence, its well-established reputation for practical seamanship, its extended dock accommodation, and other advantages which promise to raise it ere long to the undisputed position of the shipping capital of

the East Coast. There has so far, we are glad to say, been no lack of liberality towards the undertaking in our own immediate locality, as is sufficiently shown by the really handsome prizes which the club have been enabled to offer; and if the entries on this occasion have not been quite so numerous, or of so distinguished a character on the whole, as could have been wished, they were yet sufficiently encouraging for a start; and, with adequate perseverance amongst ourselves, we may anticipate a time when all the "crack" yachtsmen throughout the country will deem themselves insufficiently honoured so long as they have not tried their skill and achieved a triumph at Sunderland Regatta.

"It was evident from an early hour that the occasion had touched a responsive chord in the breasts of the entire population of the town and neighbourhood, inasmuch as the observance of a general holiday seemed to be adopted by common consent, with an almost total suspension of business. It is probably no exaggeration to say, that in the course of the day the sea banks and the beach at Roker, in the neighbourhood of the starting place, exhibited in a dense mass at least two-thirds of the entire population of the town and neighbourhood, including both sexes and all ages. Nearly all the houses in the best suburban streets, towards Hendon and in other directions, seemed to be literally evacuated for the day. Sunderland is always remarkable for the creditable appearance of its general population, as regards respectability of attire on holiday occasions; and this was strikingly evidenced in the external aspect of the immense crowd, including persons of almost every grade of life, which lined the shore at Roker on Wednesday. The purveyors of every description of refreshment, and of all kinds of juvenile amusement, were on the alert in anticipation of a harvest, and consequently the various portions of table land overlooking the sea near Roker presented quite the appearance of a fair, with tents, booths, merry-go-rounds, lofty swing chairs, and other means and appliances of popular recreation. The *coup d'œil* was altogether of the gayest and most animated description, and the prevailing exhilarating influences were much enhanced by the performances of the club's and other bands of music. The broad bosom of the ocean, throughout a wide distance outwards in every direction from Sunderland harbour, presented a scene strictly corresponding in its general character and effect with what was witnessed on shore. Every imaginable description of craft seemed to be afloat, including, of course nearly all the river steamfleet, bearing crowds on their decks. In a place like Sunderland everything that goes on at sea is necessarily associated with the idea of a telescope through which to view it, and the number of these instruments, of all sizes and degrees of power, which

were in requisition on the present occasion, both on shore and afloat, exceeds calculation.

The first race for a gold cup, value eighty guineas for yachts of 40 tons and upwards, belonging to the club; half-a-minute per ton allowed for difference of tonnage. The following entered:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1856.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
26	Amazon	cutter	46	A. J. Young, Esq.
417	Gadfly	cutter	33	E. T. Gourley, Esq.
1039	Vision	cutter	49	J. Spence, Esq.
476	Grip	schooner	91	J. Hall, Esq.

The first three came to the starting buoys, but the non-appearance of the last (Grip) caused considerable disappointment, as it was stated she was built at Sunderland expressly to compete in this match, and much speculation was afloat on her performance, why she was not present is unknown to us at present, although we hope Mr. Hall will satisfactorily explain to the disappointed Sunderlanders.

The "William Charles," steamer, of Hartlepool, was fitted for the occasion, and generously placed at the disposal of the Committee, by W. C. Jackson, Esq.

At 11h. 19m. the preparatory gun boomed forth, warning the anxious multitude that the friendly contest for the R.W.Y.C. Cup was soon to take place. At 11h. 23m. again the iron monster roared, and each vessel's crew showed such a specimen of "Heave with a will" as would have done honor to Her Majesty's Fleet. There is an emulation amongst the yachting crews that requires no other stimulant to induce them to rival each other. The Gadfly was first under canvas—next Amazon, and the Vision in setting her gaff-top-sail got a hitch which prevented her hoisting it for a minute or two. Up to the start there had been little or no wind, and for nearly five minutes the two former were gliding along beam to beam. Before reaching the first mark boat off Souther Point, a favourable change occurred in the weather, the breeze freshened from the S.E.

At twenty minutes to twelve, all the three vessels tacked off Souther Point, the Amazon leading, the Vision about three cables' lengths astern, and the Gadfly challenging the Vision. The race was now upon a wind, when the free sailing qualities of the Amazon gave her an immense advantage. For a short time, the same distance was maintained between each craft, and counting for the difference in size at the usual allowance of half-a-minute per ton, the Vision and Gadfly might be reckoned on a tie. The race continued to the southward pretty much in the same relative distance, the conditions of the match being to round the mark boat of Ryhope Dene, back to the starting boat, and to return to the Ryhope mark boat, forming altogether a course of eighteen miles.

For the first round the Amazon came in at 1h. 46m., and after going half-a dozen cables' length past the Commodore's boat, she seemed resolved to take it coolly and took in her gaff-top-sail, which she could evidently spare with ease. The Vision came on next, exactly ten minutes astern, and the Gadfly followed up seven minutes astern of the Vision, in order of sail, but only one minute by measurement allowed. When off Souter Point, and after she had crept considerably ahead, the Gadfly unfortunately carried away her top-mast, which consequently caused her withdrawal at the very time when the match began to be most interesting from the freshening of the wind. The race was continued between the two competitors until, at seventeen minutes to four o'clock, the triumphant Amazon came sweeping proudly past the Vice-commodore's steamer, her balloon-jib almost licking up the "lapping" sea at her bow, and her immense top-sail rejoicing the eyes of those who delight in a really "spanking" sheet. The Vision, beautifully handled, came up in eleven minutes after, and the time thus taken in the race was as under:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Amazon	4	20	0	Vision	4	31	0

The Amazon was the winner, and was booked to win from the first start.

The second prize offered was a splendid silver cup, value thirty guineas, for yachts of 20 and not exceeding 40 tons. This did not come off in consequence of only one entering. The non-entry of yachts was owing to our clippers being engaged at other places.

The third prize a silver cup, value 15 guineas, was open to all yachts under 20 tons, with £5 added for the second vessel. The following started:—

Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
Allies.....	cutter	17	W. Gray, Esq.
Random	cutter	5	J. Briggs, Esq.
Phantom.....	cutter	5	A. Blacket, Esq.
Gleaner.....	cutter	5	Robert Lavrock, Esq.

This was a spirited affair, but owing to so many boats cruising about it is impossible to give a detail of the tactics displayed. If persons in charge of yachts and sailing boats are disposed to enjoy the sport they should keep clear of those racing, as it prevents those on shore from participating in the amusement by following with their telescopes the different points exhibited. The course on this occasion, was completed thus, Allies, first; Random, second; Phantom, third; and Gleaner last.

The fourth race for the Ladies' Life-boat Prize of £25, and £5 for the second boat. There were four entries, viz: the Sunderland "Sailor's Friend," sixteen oars; the Duke of Wellington, ten oars, built by Clarkson of London; the Whitburn boat, ten oars; and the old life-boat at Sunderland, ten oars. A protest was lodged by the other boats against the Duke of Wellington, which, it was alleged, had been stripped of part of her head

cases, the Friend's crew in particular maintaining that their boat was fully equipped, just as she would go out to save life; while Mr. Clarkson insisted that his boat was fitted out exactly as a life-boat ought to be. The Duke notwithstanding was placed under protest, but the committee will no doubt call in the advice of local "Elder Brethren," and give the enterprising stranger no reason to grumble at the impartiality of their decision.

The race was looked forward to with great interest, the sailor's boat being decidedly the favourite. At gun-fire the start was made with tolerable exactitude, the Sailor's Friend, from her heavier build, getting off somewhat slowly. The mark buoy was placed a little to the north of the sea Outlet of the South Dock, but before it was reached the venerable craft which had ridden safely over many a breaker in this neighbourhood gave up, and had not the Duke been sailing under protest, the match would have been even more exciting than it proved from that time. As it was she beat the Sailor's Friend by three seconds, the Whitburn boat coming in two minutes after the sailors. Considering the size of their boat, and her stumpy, old-fashioned build, the Whitburn men have good reason to be satisfied with the very respectable figure which they cut on this occasion, and had the Tyne been spirited enough to send round a boat or two, Whitburn would doubtless have given a good account of their rivals. After the match was over, several gentlemen on board the Vice-commodore's boat offered a prize of five pounds to be contested for by the Sailor's Friend and the Duke, on an even pull, but the tars declined the test.

The Seamen's Friend received the first prize, and the Whitburn boat the second prize.

The fifth race was a herring coble match, the first boat to receive £6, second £4, and third £2. There were eight entries, all of Sunderland, and the race closed in the following order:—Bloater, first, Mr. R. G. Nicholson; Reaper, Mr. T. Davison; Welcome Home; which reported that the Reaper had not passed the mark buoy. But the committee ultimately awarded the second prize to her.

The Seventh race was for £5 to be rowed for by cobles belonging to the port, or fishermen of Whitburn only, did not fill up.

The eighth race was for £5 amongst the small fry, and a numerous fleet of schooners, cutters, luggers, yawls, and every conceivable rig mustered; the interest they excited was immense as they had mostly come from the neighbouring places to carry off the prize if possible; there were twenty in all, viz:—nine from Monkwearmouth, four from Bishopwearmouth, two from Sunderland, two from Pallion, one from Southwick, one from Coxgreen, one from Hartlepool, and this, the only boat from a distance, gained the prize. She was entered as the "Violet, property of John Robinson, Hartlepool." The Rolla, entered by John Logan, Monkwearmouth made a good second.

The greatest novelty of the day was a steamboat race. This we believe is the first time ever known in England of a fleet of "fire and smoke" racing for a prize. It was quite an affair of the moment as the suggestion emanated from some one on board the Olive, in the form of a proposal to get up a race

amongst the steamboats in the roads, the distance to be from the starting point off Roker, round the mark-boat off Souter Point, and back, the crew of the winning steamer to receive five pounds. It was at first intended to make the condition five pounds for the first Sunderland boat, but it was urged by some with unanswerable logic, that, if the Tyne boats were left out, they would very naturally crow over such a confession and say that the Sunderland had acknowledged their superiority without even putting it to the test. This hushed all objections, and when the honourable rivalry of the Wear against the Tyne was thus shown to be endangered in so trifling a matter, there were no more apprehensions expressed as to "some of the big boats on the Tyne running off with it." The various steamers were gradually collected round, and when the directions as to the start had been conveyed on board each, the Vision on her coming in from her last course, was the make-ready signal for the steamers. By the time the starting gun was fired, they all got into something like line, and at the signal off went twenty pairs of paddles, their funnels vomiting forth more smoke than was ever yet swept across such a small space in the roads. In a short time two gave up the contest, but most of the others kept it up bravely, and thus assisted to form one of the most attractive sights of the day.

The first arrival at the starting boat was the "Pilot," the steamer belonging to the pilots of Sunderland, and thus the wisdom of throwing open the competition was rewarded by a Wear boat coming in victorious without being closely pressed by another steamer in all the flotilla. The Scottish Maid arrived second, and the Sir George Grey (a Tyne boat) with the police on board, came in third, but claimed second on the ground that the "Maid" had not gone round the buoy. No prize, however, had been set apart for No. 2, and Superintendent Gifford's brigade had to be content with the worsted thistle on their Highland bonnets in lieu of other and more substantial laurels to the crew of their boat.

The sports afloat concluded with a Duck Hunt, which caused much amusement, bipeds being engaged, instead of the cruel practice of torturing the feathered tribe.

At eight o'clock there was a display of fireworks, from the Battery, by the kind permission of Captain Beard of the Coast Guard.

So satisfactory were the proceedings that it is the intention of the Club with the assistance of West Hartlepool to extend the regatta next year, to two, if not three days.

TORBAY REGATTA.

ON THE 26th of August the fleet of the Pleasure Navy mustered numerously in this famed bay, and thousands of persons lined the straits to witness the competition of some of the most perfect specimens of Naval Architecture for the prizes offered by the following gentlemen,

forming the Committee on this occasion:—G. H. Ackers, Esq., Sir W. P. Carew, Bart., T. Chamberlayne, Esq., Sir H. Oglander, Bart., A. R. Sutherland, Esq., R. J. M. St. George, Esq., Capt. Story, R.N., and J. Weld, Esq.

The weather was delightful, and a steady breeze gave promise of good matches.

At 11h. 40m. the sports began by a race between the four following fishing boats for a purse of sovereigns, viz:—Lion, Robert Harley, yawl; Deceiver, Samuel Harley, cutter; Coquette, Charles Browning, cutter; Why-not, Thomas Harvey, cutter.

This was well contested and was won by the former.

This was followed by the contest for the Ladies' Purse, for pleasure yachts belonging to Torbay. The following were entered:—Mystery, cutter, Mr. S. Thomas, Torquay; Mischief, Messrs. Lander and Pepprell, cutter, Torquay; Friend of all Nations, life-boat, Mr. A. Hawkesworth, Torquay; Gannet, life-yacht, Mr. T. Pearson, Torquay; Rajah, cutter, Mr. Matthews, Torquay; Fearnought, cutter, Mr. W. Parnell, Paignton; Fawn, cutter, Mr. George Turner, Torquay.

This match was watched by the spectators very anxiously, as the craft had each many admirers. The Mystery of course was "booked to win" as usual. The "Friend of all Nations" (an excellent name for a Life-boat,) was hurriedly got ready to test her sailing qualities, and much was expected from her, as she started with the lead, she had an excellent breeze, and was well handled; but it was soon apparent that her canvas was too small for the great weight of her hull, &c., and the crew very judiciously resigned the contest after going two rounds. The Fawn and Rajah also gave up, leaving the Mystery ploughing ahead of her other competitors, she came in first, Mischief second, Gannet third, and the Fearnought last.

These having been duly disposed of, turn we next to our own legitimate business—"Yachting." The wind was on the increase, and good rattling matches were expected. All were on the alert to gain the names of the competing vessels; the course was arranged thus:—the first mark boat off Goodrington; second off the hospital, Berry Head; and the third near the wreck buoy at the entrance to the bay; which, including the return to the starting-boat, gave a course of rather more than thirteen miles, over which the yachts had to sail three times.

The first yacht race was for a Purse of 25 sovereigns, by vessels under 25 tons: time race. This brought the following little beauties to the starting buoy:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1856.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Ton.	Owners.
829	Red Rover.....	cutter	12	Lieut. Allen McBeauchamp
361	Fawn.....	cutter	25	H. Fillis, Esq.
37	Annie.....	bermud.	20	S. Triscott, Esq.
219	Czarina.....	cutter	25	C. Long, Esq.
835	Ripple.....	cutter	10	Capt. Bayley

At 12h. 40m. the signal for sailing boomed over the bay, and with lightning speed up went the cloth and away went the fleet; the Red Rover being to windward took the lead, dashing the spray far and wide, followed by the Fawn and Czarina too close to be pleasant. The Annie, unfortunately, soon after starting carried away her jib-boom, and part of her topsail gear, but she kept on, under two sails only throughout the match, and from the position she maintained there can be little doubt the Fawn would have trembled for her laurels if the accident had not happened. The Little Ripple was much admired, and shewed herself as a good sea-boat. Notwithstanding it was a spanking breeze she bustled along, shook her feathers, showed her stern to poor Annie and the Czarina, and carried her audacity so far as to aspire to the first place. The lively Fawn, however, soon convinced the "wee thing" of her error. She went to work in earnest, and bidding "good-bye" to her sisters, dashed through the briny, and was enthusiastically hailed the winner. The race was well sailed, and winners and losers deserve praise for the ability they displayed.

Each round was finished as under:—

	1st Round.			2nd Round.			3rd Round.		
	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.
Fawn.....	2	31	45	4	26	0	6	21	0
Red Rover.....				5	18	15	6	45	0
Czarina.....	2	46	0	4	48	0	6	46	0
Annie.....	2	54	40	4	58	30			
Ripple.....	2	54	0	5	22	0			

The next race was for the Purse of 35 sovereigns, time race; for cutter yachts of 25 tons and under 40 o.m. (bona-fide) the property of gentlemen, and kept for pleasure only. The following started:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1856.

No.	Yacht's Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
956	Thought.....	cutter	25	George Cooke, Esq.
463	Glance.....	cutter	35	T. Bartlett, Esq.
869	Secret.....	cutter	30	H. J. Waring, Esq.
786	Phantom.....	cutter	25	S. Lane, Esq.

The course as before. At 1h. 28m. a most beautiful start was effected by

Thought, Glance, Phantom, the Secret hanging in stays for a brief period owing to her slip-rope getting foul of her bow-sprit shrouds. The Thought was first under canvas, and on her course with surprising agility, and away she darted closely pursued by Glance and Phantom, like hawks after their prey. As soon as the Secret got clear she ploughed after her competitors with a determination to be amongst them at the finish. Four of the most celebrated clippers in one race could not fail in giving work to the "Book-makers," and we understand much betting took place. The result was uncertain, as it was well known the whole of the crews were bent on victory. Thought kept steadily on, and passed the first mark-boat off Goodrington a few minutes ahead; but when running before the wind the Glance overhauled her, and gave her the go-by, which she kept throughout the remainder of the race. The Phantom and Secret had a sharp struggle for supremacy in Brixham Roads, and for a short time the latter was victorious. Phantom nothing daunted, again laid down to her work, and not only passed her, but overhauled the Thought and gained second place, each round being finished in the following order and time:—

	1st Round			2nd Round			3rd Round.		
	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.
Glance	2	57	0	4	30	54	6	9	30
Phantom	3	0	50	4	41	22	6	18	0
Thought	3	1	0	4	43	0	6	23	30
Secret	3	3	45	4	46	40	6	50	30

The next match was for a purse of £50 for yachts of any rig, not less than 40 tons. Three to start or no race; this was not adhered to, for as only two entered, the Committee rather than disappoint those anxious to promote sport, and mar the pleasures of the day's amusements consented to the following starting, viz:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1856.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig,	Tons,	Owners,
326	Extravaganza	cutter	48	Sir P. Shelley, Bart.
697	Mosquito	cutter	50	T. Groves, Esq.

Here again we have two celebrated craft in friendly rivalry. The one with a fame that was at one time a terror to all clippers, and the other a successful aspirant for the honour of championship. Be assured all were on the tip-toe of expectation, and every ear was on the alert to catch the sound of the ever welcome gun, and every eye on the stretch to see these formidable rivals start on their onward course. Scarcely was the priming fired, when away flew Extravaganza with all sails set to an excellent breeze. The Mosquito was not so fortunate, as some hitch prevented her getting underway for some seconds, and the Extravaganza forged ahead at a rattling pace, and was premier throughout, although the Mosquito made every effort to come up with her. The wind being nearly due north they had a fair opportunity of

showing their qualities in running and beating back to the station vessel. They arrived each round thus:—

	1st Round			2nd Round			3rd Round		
	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.
Extravaganza.....	3	17	14	4	52	0	6	37	45
Mosquito	3	19	40	4	55	0	6	40	0

Hurrah! Here's Wanhill's "new craft that can't bear canvas" again the conqueror, and without taking into consideration the allowance and difference of tonnage beating one of the most renowned in the Yachting annals of our country by *two minutes, fifteen seconds*.

Several rowing matches followed for prizes amounting to about £21.

The Tradesmen's match caused great fun, the propelling levers being scoops, shovels, spades, or peels, according to the articles used in each particular trade. The bakers with their long peels beat the brewers considerably. Other amusements with fireworks closed the out-door pleasures.

A grand ball was held at Webb's Assembly Rooms, and kept up with spirit, the strains of music were heard at an early hour next morning.

TEIGNMOUTH REGATTA.

THE annual regatta of this port took place August 28th. There was a drizzling rain the whole of the afternoon, with a steady breeze from the south-west. Notwithstanding the state of the weather, there was a gay and numerous assemblage on the Den and promenade of the sea wall. The excursion train from Exeter arrived here shortly after one o'clock, and brought a goodly number of sightseers from that city and surrounding towns. The Teignmouth band was in attendance during the whole of the day, and enlivened the scene with its melody. Flags of all nations floated in the breeze along the front of the Den, from the Light-house to the East Church. Several houses in the principal streets, and the ships in the harbour were also decorated, and every body, young and old wore a holiday aspect. This has certainly been the best regatta that has been held for years, and the nautical fete added materially to its interest. The Secretaries, Messrs. Bradbear and G. G. Cook, deserve the warmest praise for their exertions. Under their superintendence the whole proceedings passed off in a superior style.

The first prize, a purse of 30 sovereigns in money or plate at the option of the winner, for yachts not exceeding 25 tons, the property of a member of a yacht club, was well contested. Time race: half a minute per ton according to Ackers' scale.

There being no likelihood of yachts of the specified tonnage entering, it was decided by the managing Committee that the two yachts *Glance* and *Mosquito* which had offered should contest for the prize. This was a decided treat, and all were anxious to witness the sailing qualities of the vessels, and the tactics of the crews who were admirably pitted against each other.

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1856.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Ton,	Owners.
462	<i>Glance</i>	cutter	34	T. Bartlett, Esq.
697	<i>Mosquito</i>	cutter	50	T. Groves, Esq.

The course was from the station boat off the Parade to the east mark-boat, round the mark-boat in Babbicombe Bay, and inside the starting-boat, leaving the mark-boats on the starboard hand. Twice round; being a distance of about 30 miles.

At 2h. 20m. all being in readiness, the starting gun was fired, the *Mosquito* being the first to set her balloon-jib soon canted round, and took the lead although she had the leeward position, but was soon followed by the *Glance*, who was well to windward. She no sooner felt the breeze than she took the lead. *Mosquito* then set her immense jib topsail, and lay well to the wind, but the *Glance* kept the lead until she had rounded the eastern mark-boat, when the *Mosquito* overhauled her and took the lead. On coming abreast of the mark-boat they were timed as under :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Mosquito.....	3	22	30	Glance.....	3	24	0

The course was now up to Babbicombe Bay, the vessels having to beat up against the wind. On their return to the starting-post, having completed the first round, they were again timed :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Mosquito	4	3	40	Glance.....	4	5	40

The run to eastward was now before the wind, and as it was blowing strong from the westward it was just what the *Mosquito* delighted in. She profitted well by it, and before returning to the starting-boat had gained well upon her rival. On passing the western mark-boat the yachts were again timed. Their relative positions then stood thus :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Mosquito.....	5	18	0	Glance.....	5	23	0

The interest of the contest now began, for although five minutes ahead, it was considered to be doubtful whether the *Mosquito* could gain sufficient upon the *Glance* to secure the prize, having to allow her eight minutes, an allowance thought by many to be preposterous. These anticipations were

realized, for the prize again fell to the Glance. The time of arrival was as under:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.	
Mosquito.....	5	36	47		Glance.....	5	43	5

Thus it will be seen that the Glance although arriving 6 minutes and 18 seconds after the Mosquito, was still the winner, having (by the allowance of 8 minutes) 1 minute and 42 seconds to spare.

[We hear the Glance has since been sold to a Mr. Banks for £1,200.]

The second race was for a prize of Ten Pounds, for pleasure boats not exceeding 15 tons, belonging to the port of Teignmouth. The boats entered were the Ithiel, 11 tons, Mr. Stiggins, and Ino, 13 tons, M. J. B. Mansfield. This race, although not so close as the former one, was very spirited. The Ithiel won by about seven minutes.

During the day there were several rowing matches for various prizes, amounting in the aggregate to £25, also a Nautical fete which was organized with a view of giving a practical illustration of the various means and appliances for rescuing lives in the event of such calamities as shipwreck. A vessel took up her position at a convenient distance from the shore, and at the time appointed fired a signal of distress, and hoisted a reversed ensign half-mast high. A squall came on at this time which served to give a more practical idea of the value of the invention. A life boat was then launched, but much time was occupied in consequence of the inconvenient position of the boat house and the large tract of sand over which the boat had to be pulled. Balls were then fired at the distressed vessel from mortars on shore, and the first shot was particularly successful, passing directly over the ship, the line descended upon the rigging. Various appliances were then made use of to haul the crew ashore. One or two men were drawn ashore by means of ropes, and, when on shore, affected exceedingly well to be in an exhausted and drowning state. Captain Ward's and Lieut. Atkinson's life belts and Mitchell's improved life buoys were made use of, and from their extreme buoyancy were found to surpass the belts and buoys of other manufacture. A raft on the plan of Mr. Butcher's triangle, was constructed on board the ship, and twelve men brought themselves ashore upon it. Parratt's tubular raft was also tested, and found to answer well; it is capable of supporting 40 men until relieved by the life boat. Offord's grapnel with tackle, intended to heave life boats off the beach in very bad weather, was fired from the shore; but its capabilities could not be tested, as the leather which held the grapnel broke, and it was lost. Birt's cork life belts and buoys invented by Captain Ward, R.N., were tested, and found to succeed admirably.

The American car, an ingenious invention of Messrs. Francis and C

of the United States, who forwarded this smart contrivance to the Royal Life Boat Institution to have its capabilities tested at Yarmouth Regatta; it is more particularly adapted for bringing females, invalids, and children, from wrecks to the shore, report says it is a most admirable and trustworthy invention, but, in consequence of an accident in its transit from the Shoreditch to the Paddington stations, it could not be sent on in time for the Regatta, (this and other untoward circumstances greatly curtailed the interest of this impromptu experiment,) it has the appearance of two boats, sharp at both ends, of equal dimensions, laid gunwale to gunwale, forming a hollow oval case. There is a keel to what we may term the bottom boat, but in the centre of the other is a square opening, sufficiently large for a man to get in, and over this opening, a small hatch is fitted, which is fastened down by a rod. To each end of the car is a strong rope with a ring, for the purpose of swinging it on the cable laid out from the stranded ship. It is built entirely of metal, and is wholly tight. It is used in connection with mortar or rockets, on the same principle as Carte's life buoys; four persons may be brought ashore by it at one time. We are glad to learn that the injury it sustained *en route* is repaired, and it still is at the disposal of the Committee: we trust that they will avail themselves of Captain Ward's kindness, and carry their laudable project into effect.—*Teignmouth Times*.

The following which appeared in the *Plymouth and Devonport Journal* gave rise to the Nautical Fête.—

THE LIFE-BOAT.—Where's the Life-boat? shouted the groups upon the beach a few weeks back, when a fishing craft capsized upon the bar, her crew struggling in the surf, and must have been lost, and the support of their wives and families with them, but for the coastguard-men who faced the danger, rescued and landed them triumphantly, and have got an honourable reward for their pains. During this scene of anguish the life-boat was snugly ensconced in her dingy berth; and there she will stick, unless, through the press, the grapnel-irons of public opinion get a taut strain upon, and hurl her over the phantom barrier of sand to the bay. The approaching Regatta would be most opportune to render the Life-boat a novel and popular attraction, *i.e.*, should the gentleman to whose custody she is consigned start from his lethargy, and organize and instruct the crew in the use of mortars, rockets, life-buoys, grapnels for hauling life-boats off the beach, and other improved apparatus for saving life in case of shipwreck. Nothing excites a more powerful charm upon the stranger, or affords more general gratification to all classes of the community than those exhibitions of nautical skill peculiar to the "water-frolics" on the east coast. It would give a philanthropic turn to the entertainment, enlist fresh sympathies for the conservators of our national blessings, diffuse more generally a knowledge of the beneficent

operations of the Royal Life-boat Society, and impress upon all its powerful claim to public support, and attract to this romantic coast manly hearts

Who love to save

A shipwreck'd brother struggling in the wave

Of rough adversity ; and lend a hand

To all the charities that deck the land.

I am, Sir, with my eye to the stream, your most devoted servant.

ARDEA.

Teign-ness.

PORT OF PLYMOUTH REGATTA.

ONCE more this port is enlivened by the fitting of yachts across its bay, by streamers of the red, white, and blue, and by a brilliant display of naval tactics that would have done honor to H.M. fleet. Great had been the anxiety of the inhabitants for some considerable time past as to the result of the attempt to raise funds for the regatta, but just previous to the eventful day, (September 2nd) all fears were lulled by an announcement that nearly £300 would be available to carry out the wishes of the subscribers. The day was delightfully fine, and as our compeer of the *Plymouth Journal* observes, the hearts of not only those who had been more immediately engaged in promoting the regatta, and who were naturally most anxious for its success, but of the public generally, who appeared to have promised themselves a pleasant spectacle, and were determined, if possible, to enjoy it—were glad; smiles of certainty began to take the place of doubtful and rather gloomy looks and shakes of the head, and the merry peal from the church bells which ushered in the event, appropriately expressed the general satisfaction and delight. Soon crowds of holiday people began to assemble on the Hoe, and shortly after the commencement of the regatta, it was thronged by one of the most numerous assemblages that has ever congregated upon it on any similar occasion.

The proceedings commenced with a sailing match for trawlers, to carry all gear. First prize, £10; second, £6; third, £3; and all other boats of this class, duly entered, that may go once fairly round the course to receive £1 each. A five guinea cup also be presented to the owner of the first winning boat. Time allowed, half-a-minute per ton. I to start or no race. Baron, cutter, 38 tons, Mr. German; Arrow, cutter, 30 tons, Mr. W. Hill; Falcon, cutter, 26 tons, Mr. R. Harwood; Star, cutter, 27 tons, Mr. Macey; Umpire, cutter, 30 tons, Mr. Rol May.

The course was from the committee's barge through the wes

channel of the Breakwater, round to a mark vessel moored off Penlee Point, bearing a red ensign, thence to another mark vessel moored off the Mew Stone, bearing a white ensign, leaving both on the port-hand, returning through the eastern channel of the Breakwater, rounding the buoy of the Cobbler, which was to be left on the port hand, then round the committee vessel, having a blue ensign flying, which was also to be left on the port hand, proceeding round the course as before, and which vessel was the winning post in the last round, passing between it and the shore, a distance of about fifteen miles.

At 10h. 13m. 50s. the gun from the committee barge for the signal to start, and the boats got well off together, the Baron having a slight lead, and the Falcon second. In a short time, however, the Baron began to increase her advantage, and it was evident that she was the swiftest boat. Wind and tide was against the vessels for the most of the way, yet they sailed the distance in the following times:—

	1st Round.			2nd Round.		
	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.
Baron.....	1	3	30	4	5	0
Falcon.....	1	12	45	4	30	7
Star.....	1	17	42	4	30	45
Arrow.....	1	46	57	5	4	11
Umpré.....	1	54	20	Not timed.		

The Baron, first prize; Falcon, second; and Star third.

The next match was for Pilot Boats;—First prize £10; second £6; third, £3. And other boats duly entered, that go once fairly round the course, to receive £1 each. A five guinea Cup, presented by Mr. J. Page for first winning boat. To carry none but their own usual sails. Time allowed half-a-minute per ton. Five to start or no race. For this match five boats were entered and started, viz:—Heroine, cutter, 56 tons, Mr. R. Stibbs; Zedora, cutter, 40 tons, Mr. J. Stibbs; Violet, cutter, 56 tons, Mr. J. Parford; Perseverance, cutter, Mr. John Eddy; Surprise, cutter, Mr. Edward Glinn.

They started at 10h. 53m. 24s. Surprise took the lead, followed by Perseverance and Violet, Heroine did not get away so well, and she and the Violet were last. In this order they continued until beyond the breakwater, when the Perseverance took the lead, and reached the committee's barge in the first round three minutes and a few seconds before the second boat. In the second round, however, Surprise obtained the lead, maintained it, and came in the winner at 4h. 39m. 48m.

The Town plate of £70, to be sailed for by yachts of any rig, belonging to a Royal Club. Time race, Ackers' scale. Three to start or no race.

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1856.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Ton.	Owners.
628	Maraquita	schooner	105	F. B. Carew, Esq.
697	Mosquito	cutter	50	A. J. Young, Esq.
1096	Wildfire	schooner	52	J. T. Turner, Esq.

This was the most important race of the day, and excited considerable interest on account of the size and beauty of the yachts, and their well-known sailing qualities. The Mosquito carried a tremendous top-sail and balloon-jib, which were calculated to daunt the owners of the other yachts, and, in order in some degree to counterbalance these, the committee decided that the schooners should be allowed to boom out their foresails. At 11h. 36m. 32s. the signal gun to start was fired, and the yachts got well off: Wildfire, which was to windward, taking the lead slightly, with Mosquito close upon her quarter. The latter quickly shot ahead, but in order to avoid the shoal at Drake's Island she had to tack a little to the eastward, which enabled the schooners to obtain a slight lead. However, the Mosquito, having made her tack, drew on her competitors, and on arriving at the western opening of the Breakwater she had come up with them. They completed each round in the following order and time:—

	1st Round.			2nd Round.		
	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.
Mosquito.....	1	57	56	4	11	15
Wildfire.....	2	1	56	4	15	49
Maraquita.....	2	29	30	5	10	0

It will thus be seen the Mosquito sailed the entire distance in 4h. 34m. 43s., the Wildfire in 4h. 43m. 17s., and the Maraquita in 5h. 33m. 28s. On passing the committee barge on the first round, a splendid feat of seamanship was performed by the gentleman at the helm of the Maraquita: the yacht was steered as if she was bearing down upon the barge, and it was feared that an accident would occur. However, with the tact of a first-rate pilot he rounded the barge in splendid style. This elicited loud expressions of admiration. The Mosquito having been hailed as the winner, a protest was entered against her by the owner of the Wildfire, on the ground of tonnage.

The next match was for a piece of plate, value £50, presented by the Royal Western Yacht Club of England, to be sailed for by yachts 15 and not exceeding 30 tons, belonging to any Royal Club. Time race, half a minute per ton allowed. Three to start or no race.

* From information which has been kindly forwarded to us, the dispute is not yet settled.—ED. H. Y. M.

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1856.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rlg.	Ton.	Owners.
869	Secret.....	cutter	30	H. J. Waring, Esq.
361	Fawn.....	cutter	26	H. Fillea, Esq.
291	Elfin.....	cutter	20	J. W. Tomlinson, Esq.

A beautiful start was made at 12h. 8m. 55s. the yachts going away together almost in a line. Secret then fell off some distance to the eastward, but in a short time she began to gain on her competitors; and after passing the Breakwater she took the lead, continued to improve it, and finished each round ahead. The time occupied as follows:—

	1st Round.			2nd Round.		
	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.
Secret.....	2	32	35	4	47	20
Fawn.....	2	49	42	5	5	55
Elfin.....	2	5	12	5	45	25

The time occupied by each yacht—Secret 4h. 38m. 25s., Fawn 4h. 57m., and Elfin 5h. 36m. 30s. A protest was presented by the owner of the Fawn against the Secret, on the ground that she was more than 30 tons, but Mr. Ratsey having proved her tonnage to be correct she received the prize.

The fourth match for a piece of plate, value ten guineas presented by Mr. George Bate, of the Royal Hotel, with two sovereigns added for yachts of 8, and not exceeding 15 tons. Time race, half-a-minute per ton allowed. Three to start or no race.

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1856.

No	Yachts' Names	Rlg	Tons	Owner.
798	Pixie.....	cutter	15	R. Shurlock, Esq.
829	Red Rover.....	cutter	13	Lieut. Allen Beauchamp

Only two boats were entered for this race, and a bad start was made at 12h. 41m. 11s. Owing to the wind coming in puffs, the Pixie was becalmed for two or three minutes after the signal gun was fired, and the Red Rover obtained a considerable lead before she got away. When, however, she did catch the wind, she bounded off with a buoyancy and speed something like that with which the fairy sprites after whom she is named are said to move, flew after her opponent, and came in a winner by a great distance. The following was the time occupied in the sailing:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Pixie	3	1	24	Red Rover.....	3	25	43

The fifth match was for a piece of plate, value ten guineas, presented by Mr. J. R. Newcombe, lessee of the Plymouth theatre, for pleasure yachts, under 8 tons. Time race, half-a-minute per ton allowed.

Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Ton.	Owners.
Black Diamond.....	cutter	2	W. Taylor, Esq.
Secret.....	yawl	3	— Brown, Esq.
Ripple	cutter	8	Captain Bayley
Flower of the Flock	cutter	2	C. Dyer, Esq.
Kate Kearney.....	cutter	3	— Dennis, Esq.
Petrel.....	cutter	7½	— Reynolds, Esq.
Flying Cloud.....	cutter	—	— Clark, Esq.
Phantom	yawl	—	— Way, Esq.

The course was round the Breakwater, going out at the western, and returning at the eastern end, round the Cobbler, and the Committee vessel, both on the port hand. Twice round.

This was a pretty and interesting race: nine entered, and all started at 1h. 32m. 8s. They got well away, and though there was considerable difference in their tonnage they kept very close together, and the figures showing the time of closing each round will convey the best idea of the closeness with which the vessels were matched. The Flower of the Flock broke her rudder in the first round, and was obliged to give up.

	1st Round.			2nd Round.		
	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.
Ripple.....	2	55	17	3	58	12
Petrel.....	2	53	0	4	2	34
Secret.....	2	55	55	4	4	0
Phantom.....	2	58	55	4	9	0
Kate Kearney.....	3	6	30	4	31	27
Flying Cloud.....	2	57	8			
Black Diamond.....	3	21	40			
Fanny.....	3	4	20			

Ripple consequently proved herself the winner. At the end of this match a protest was entered against her on the usual complaint—disputed tonnage. She subsequently received the prize.

There was a capital sailing match between five boats belonging to H.M. ships Clarence, Phoebe, Thunderer, Lancaster, and Hindostan. The first named gained the prize.

Numerous rowing matches occupied the attention of the multi- during the afternoon, all of which were highly applauded. But must notice one in particular, as there is a novelty attached to it: nam- a four-oared match in gigs, not exceeding 30 feet long, pulled by femal-
 • Three boats started, and the excellent rowing of these nymphs would r have disgraced professionals; the regularity and precision of their pull r

with approbation from the veterans present. And in passing the committee barge in the first round the bow of the second boat nearly touched the stern of the first. After a sharp contest the Dart gained the first prize £3, Tom Tit £2, and Blue Bell £1. They were all loudly cheered by the yacht crews and the populace.

The greatest praise is due to the committee for the efficient manner in which the proceedings were conducted. The regatta gave general satisfaction, and we entertain a strong hope that it will be as successful on future occasions.

HOLYHEAD REGATTA.

THE exertions made to establish an Annual meeting for all yachts have been successfully carried out, and the Committee headed by the Hon. W. O. Stanley, M.P., assisted by Messrs. Rigby, the Contractors for the new harbour works, provided an ample fund for competition. The attendance of a numerous fleet of yachts on the 5th of August aided materially to enliven the scene. The public also thronged the pier, and every point of observation, and the weather being fine the regatta surpassed that of last year.

The first match advertised was the Challenge Cup value 50 guineas. This was not sailed for, owing to a deficiency in the entry,—the only yachts which appeared were the Coralie and the Surprise. The next in rotation was more fortunate.

The Stanley Cup, given by the Commodore, the Hon. W. O. Stanley, M.P.; for this the following entered and started :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1856.

No.	Yachts Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
568	Kelpie	cutter	22	J. Robinson, Esq.
521	Ranger	cutter	12	J. A. Clarke, Esq.
1049	Waterlily	cutter	30	Captain Hibbert
930	Surprise.....	cutter	19	T. W. Tetley, Esq.

The wind was light N.W.b.N., with a brilliant sun pouring his rays on the waters as the bonnie barkies from N. E. W. S., flitted about in expectation of accompanying the racers on their course. About 10 o'clock, the competing yachts were ranged at their moorings, and at 11 A.M., the gun was fired for the start. The Surprise taking the lead, was followed by Waterlily, Ranger, and Kelpie, all under as much canvas as

they could well hoist. Before reaching the first flag-boat the *Ranger* passed the *Waterlily*, but after rounding the *Kelpie* succeeded in overhauling the *Ranger* and passed her to leeward. Between these vessels a strong contest ensued, both being beautifully handled, and the *Ranger* persevered until she had recovered her position as second, which she maintained to the finish. The *Surprise* during this time was proceeding unmolested, increasing her distance, and eventually they came in as follows :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Surprise.....	2	12	0	Kelpie.....	2	38	0
Ranger	2	27	0	Waterlily.....	2	50	9

The *Surprise* adding another laurel to her fame. Respecting this match our friend "The Flying Dutchman" has the following anecdote logged in *Bell's*. In speaking of the start he says:—From some erroneous directions that were communicated by parties not connected with the management, the *Surprise* mistook the first gun and got away. Being hailed and informed of her mistake she immediately rounded to. One of her hands performed the smartest feat we ever witnessed, and enabled her to pick up her chain again in an incredibly short space of time. Immediately that the mistake was discovered, he jumped overboard, swam for her punt, which was made fast on her chain, hauled up her quarter spring and bow fast, and had all ready to heave on board again immediately that she rounded to. His name deserves to be recorded ; it is Thomas Gifford, one of the crew of the *Hornet* schooner, who was sent on board the *Surprise* by Mr. Naylor, to make up her racing crew.

The next match was for the Holyhead New Harbour Challenge Cup, value 15 guineas, given by Messrs Rigby.

The following yachts started :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1856.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
591	Lapwing.....	cutter	11	Captain Hirste
	Petrel	cutter		Captain Skinner
	Fairy.....	cutter		C. Rigby, Esq.

This after a well contested match was won by the *Lapwing*.

Several excellent spirited rowing matches concluded the marine festival. In the evening a Dinner was held at the Royal Hotel, at which the Hon. W. O. Stanley presided ; Captain Skinner and J. O. Binger, Esq., officiated as Vice Chairmen. After the cloth was removed several toasts were given, and the numerous yachtsmen present promised to support the officers of the Holyhead Yacht Club in their endeavours to establish a first rate regatta at this place.

MISTLEY REGATTA.

It is now three or four years since a regatta has taken place on the river Stour. Mistley, a small town, standing on the south bank of that river, is well known to the Essex traveller, as one of the prettiest places in the county. The river is upwards of a mile in width at Mistley; and although the channel is narrow and winding the tide flows over a vast extent of oaze, which is annually covered with a fresh and grassy sea-weed, that in winter attracts thousands of wild-fowl of various species; and in summer the grassy haunts are well sprinkled with grey mullet.

A crowded assemblage of well dressed persons thronged the quay, and also the cliffs and banks of the river wherever a favourable view of the aquatic sports could be obtained; for the day was exceedingly favourable for the occasion; a light summer wind fanning the surface of the water with cool and refreshing breezes, which were gladly welcomed both by those engaged in the sports of the day, and also by the fair pleasure seekers ashore, who found the scorching rays of old Sol too powerful for their tender complexions, unless shaded beneath their parasols.

The first match was for cutter yachts not exceeding 10 tons, for a purse of ten sovereigns, a time race of one minute per ton. The following yachts were entered and took up their stations at 11 o'clock, extending in a line across channel, abreast of the quay.

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1956.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons	Owners.
1037	Violet	cutter	9	J. R. Kirby, Esq.
986	Veritas	cutter	5	J. W. Baxter, Esq.
	Stella	cutter	4	George Hardy, Esq.
793	Picciola	cutter	4	Captain L. Kirby

The Flirt and Rifleman arrived at Mistley a few hours before the match; but as neither were entered according to the regulation, which provided that all yachts and boats intending to compete for the prizes, should be entered the day previous, they were not allowed to sail; a circumstance much to be regretted as Mr. Harvey, who came round purposely with the Flirt, was not aware of that restriction. A discussion took place on board the committee vessel as to allowing the Flirt to sail, but some of those engaged in the match objecting, she was excluded.

On the gun being fired for the start all four yachts got away creditably, considering the limited width of the channel; and the wind being easterly, they had a dead beat to windward all the way to Wrabness, and a strong tide running against them. The Picciola took the lead closely pursued by Violet, which soon overhauled her, after which some spirited sailing took place between the two other yachts, and the match was very exciting all the way to the boat at Wrabness, the Violet was first round, Picciola second, Veritas third, and Stella last. On rounding the second flag-boat at Mistley

in the same order, the *Stella* (which was badly handled throughout,) was run full tilt at the quay: her bowsprit entangled with the jetty, and her topmast snapping off with a crash, besides other damage; in consequence of which she then gave up the contest and let go her anchor. The *Violet* obtained a good lead on the second round, but the *Veritas* and *Picciola* appeared well matched, and stuck very closely together throughout the day. The *Violet* completed the course amid loud cheers, about seven minutes sooner than *Picciola*, *Veritas* being close upon her heels.

The prize was handed to Mr. Kirby, the owner of the *Violet*, who very generously said "He should offer it for competition at the Walton regatta on the following Thursday by the three yachts he had beaten." The respective owners of those yachts gladly accepted his kind offer, and promised to be present.

The next match was a purse of five sovereigns, for Sailing Boats belonging to Mistley and Manningtree, and this match had been looked forward to with more interest than the other, from the fact of there being six boats entered to sail, and the owners of most of which were sanguine of success.

The following are the names of the boats and their rig:—*Fairy*, Mr. J. Folkard, sprit-sail, fore-sail, and jib; *Pearl*, Mr. C. Tovell, junr., sprit-sail, fore-sail, and jib; *Honduras*, Mr. R. Free, cutter; *Annie and Emma*, Mr. J. Sizer, cutter; *Feardham Dhu*, Mr. A. Constable, three-masted lugger.

The course was nearly the same as that for the yachts, but once over it instead of twice. A very bad start was effected about 12 o'clock; for with the wind easterly, and the boats being allowed to set two of their sails before starting it was impossible to keep them steady, and the gun was fired at a moment when all were higgledy-piggledy; two of the boats unavoidably fouled the *Fairy*, and threw her astern of all the others: but a no less skilful hand was at her helm than Mr. H. C. Folkard, the well-known Author of the *Sailing Boat*; and the manner in which he handled his brother's boat was the admiration of every spectator: for one by one he weathered all his opponents; and in a less space of time than a quarter of an hour from the start, he placed the *Fairy* from her position of *last* to that of *first*, and never again was she overtaken, but gradually increased her lead; although the smallest boat of the whole fleet; and she eventually arrived within a few yards of the winning goal upwards of half an hour ahead of the second boat, the *Pearl*. But the race although virtually won, was not yet completed, for Mr. Folkard encountered at Mistley quay a dead calm and strong current, in which he vainly struggled to complete the few remaining yards of the course, but instead of getting nearer, the tide drifted his boat farther off, and it was only by consummate skill and good management that he was enabled to avoid collision with a barge which lay at anchor in the middle of the channel. And thus driving wildly with the current, the *Fairy* remained upward of half an hour, when the second boat the *Pearl* arrived; but instead of coming round by the quay according to the Sailing Directions she made across the bar, where there was scarcely water for her keel; and totally contrary to the proper course laid down, came in on the wrong side of the Commi-

vessel Mr. Folkard arriving over the proper course almost at the same instant. But on the gun declaring the Pearl the winner, Mr. Folkard immediately went aboard the Committee barge and protested against it: public appeal has since been made by Mr. F. through the local papers, for it appears partiality was shown by the manager of the regatta (a Mr. Charles Tovell,) towards his son's boat the Pearl, which had no claim whatever to the prize, which has since been very properly awarded to the Fairy, as the indisputable winner.

A number of rowing matches, punt races, duck hunts, and malsters' race with shovels, and a variety of land sports completed the sports of the day.

WALTON REGATTA.

At this regatta the prize won by the Violet at the Mistley Regatta was contested for by the Veritas, Stella, and Picciola, and was won by Picciola, the Veritas being second, and Mr. Hardy's fishing yacht Stella being last.

DOVOR REGATTA.

This came off on the 2nd ult., under the patronage of several noblemen and gentlemen, and from the fact of several regiments being quartered at Dover, the influence of the officers added much to the success of the undertaking. The railways and steam-boats were laden with pleasure seekers from early morn to noon, and the beach, the promenades, and every available point were thronged with anxious spectators. There was a scarcity of yachts, but all other description of craft moved about the waters. Two yacht matches came off,—one of which was between two inveterate rivals, and whenever they are pitted against each other bets may safely be made, there is no fear of being "sold," for rather than give a chance away, we believe either would go to the bottom.

The first match was for a purse of £30, between yachts not exceeding 30 tons. Time race, half-a-minute per ton allowed for difference of tonnage. The following entered:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1856.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons	Owners.
786	Phantom	cutter	27	S. Lane, Esq.
956	Thought.....	cutter	28	G. Coope, Esq.

From the character of the yachts great interest was felt among all classes, and an excellent match was anticipated. At 12h. 14m. 20s. the starting gun was fired, when they got fairly away, the Thought with a slight lead, but

notwithstanding the most able seamanship she could not shake off her wily antagonist so as get clear from her; and the first round was finished thus:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Thought	1	15	47	Phantom	1	17	48

Difference 1m. 59s. in favor of the Thought, but this advantage was soon reduced, as the Phantom succeeded in overhauling although she could not pass her rival, and a most exciting contest now ensued, and every effort was made to gain the victory. The race terminated in the following time:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Thought.....	2	20	31	Phantom.....	2	20	38

The Phantom was declared the winner.

A Bye Match between yachts, for £10, once round only; Little Mosquito, 8 tons, E. S. Bulmer, Esq.; and Invicta, W. Tuckwell, Esq. This would have been almost as interesting race as the first, the yachts being pretty equally matched. Unfortunately, however the Invicta, before she got round the course, gave in. All further interest in the match was therefore at an end. Several rowing matches followed, and the sports were wound up by a display of fireworks.

BIRKENHEAD MODEL YACHT CLUB.

As usual with all affairs appertaining to this Club, the third match came off on the 23rd of August with great *éclat*. The two former matches we have duly logged, and although the account we now present to our readers is meagre, yet the event is fraught with much that will interest our Liverpool friends, and stimulate others to follow in so laudable a purpose as Model Building, especially when they have the possibility of achieving as great a fame as Mr. Wilkinson.

On the present occasion the boon of contention was the Challenge Cup, value £50 which was held by A. Bowen, Esq., who won it last year with his beautiful yacht the Spray, but on this occasion the new importation, the Glide became the conqueror, and for the next twelvemonths at least it will grace the sideboard of Mr. Wilkinson, and as it must be won two years in succession by the same yacht, perhaps he may be able to add it to his other cups, and leave it as an heirloom. However, the business now in hand is to account how it was "lost and won". Time race; one minute per ton for difference of tonnage. The following yachts started:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1856.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
907	Spray.....	cutter	7	A. Bower, Esq.
290	Electric.....	cutter	7	W. Wilkinson, Esq.
	Phantom.....	cutter	7	D. Morrison, Esq.
470	Glide.....	cutter	7½	T. Wilkinson, Esq.
	Zephyr.....	cutter	5½	T. H. Bowen, Esq.

Truant and Flirt were entered, but for some reason did not put in an appearance. The course was from Birkenhead Ferry round a flag-boat stationed off Eastham, thence round a flag-boat stationed off the Dingle, back round the Eastham flag-boat, thence back round the Dingle flag-boat, returning direct to Birkenhead Ferry, passing between the shore and flag-boat moored off the Clubhouse, leaving the last mentioned flag-boat on the starboard hand; all other marks and boats to be left on the port hand.

All being in readiness at 2h. 12m. the start took place, the Spray dashing off with a slight lead, followed closely by Glide, and the others well up. The Electric was rather close to the second vessel, endeavouring with persevering tenacity to overhaul the new favorite. She did not exactly like her position as third, although her opponent *did* belong to the family. In this order they passed the first flag-boat off Eastham and the Glide gradually drew on the Spray, and after a futile attempt of the latter to retain the lead her antagonist shot round the flag-boat at the Dingle 7 minutes 15 seconds ahead: the following being the time at each point:—

	Eastham.			Dingle.		
	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.
Glide.....	2	52	45	3	27	30
Spray.....	2	52	30	3	29	45
Electric	2	55	0	3	36	0
Zephyr	2	57	15	3	37	30
Phantom	3	0	0	3	37	0

They now proceeded amidst much excitement towards Eastham on the second round, and the Spray succeeded in lessening the gap between herself and the Glide considerably; the others vainly struggling to overhaul even the Spray. The only changes that occurred before passing Eastham was the Zephyr wresting third place from Electric. In this order they dashed away for the Dingle, without any change, and the two flag-boats on the second round were passed thus:—

	Eastham.			Dingle.		
	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.
Glide.....	4	8	40	4	42	0
Spray.....	4	10	35	4	42	35
Zephyr.....	4	13	0	4	47	0
Electric.....	4	13	15	4	47	15
Phantom.....	4	18	0			

As a match draws towards conclusion much excitement generally prevails, but in this case the interest caused by the close and capital sailing of the two favorites was more intense than is usually exhibited, every nautical tact and manœuvre the respective crews resorted to to secure the honour of winning the prize. The Glide however was victorious, and with "shouts that rent the sky" she was hailed the winner by a few seconds only. The match finished thus:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Glide.....	5	0	0	Spray.....	5	0	10

Thus this valuable prize has by ten seconds only been wrested from Mr. Bowen, who in the event of the Spray winning, would have become its pos-

sensor. But now it will once more at least be contended for. The sailing of the Match was beyond all doubt equal, if not superior, to any contested on the Mersey.

The cup was presented to Mr. Wilkinson by Mr. Bramah, who observed he had been deputed as a member of the Committee, to present to that gentleman the Cup from the Birkenhead Model Yacht Club. It was a most agreeable duty, for he felt assured that all must have admired the noble manner in which the yacht had been sailed. The cup had been preserved to the club for another year, though he hoped it would ultimately be in Mr. Wilkinson's possession. (Cheers) The admirable manner in which Mr. Wilkinson had uniformly sailed his boats in connection with the Club could not fail to be appreciated by every Member, and in presenting the prize he expressed a hope that his career so nobly began, would be crowned with success for the future. After paying a compliment to the family of Mr. Wilkinson, he wished him long life and success, and that he might always be first in the race. (Cheers.)

The health of Mr. Wilkinson and success to the boat was then drank in bumpers of champagne, after which the company separated. The Glide is a new boat, and this is the second cup she has won. She was built by Mr. Wilkinson expressly for the Birkenhead Model Yacht Club races, and is one of the many excellent boats which he has brought out from time to time. The present is the seventh cup which Mr. Wilkinson has taken, and since he became connected with the Club he has exerted himself most commendably in promoting its success.

It appears that a question has been raised as to the result of the race between the Glide and the Spray, and a protest against the decision was sent to the Secretary by Mr. Bower, the owner of the Spray. The matter will no doubt form the subject of enquiry, though, according to the decision of the Secretary and the other gentlemen who assisted him in timing the boats, the match was decided to be fairly and honourably won.

BRIGHTON REGATTA.

THE weather before the appointed day (Aug. 26th) had been changeable, and even on the day previous it was blowing strong from S.S.W., which caused a heavy swell, and many considered the sports doomed—however, the morning of the eventful day was ushered in with as pleasing a prospect as could be desired: the wind had shifted to N.W., and a bright sun shining. This favorable change made a quite a sensation amongst the holiday folks, and trains and steamers poured in thousands to show the inhabitants their exertions were appreciated.

The first race was for a cup value £100, for schooners of and above 50 tons, belonging to any Royal Club. Time race, for every ton above 150, five seconds; above 75 and up to 150 inclusive, eight second

above 50 and up to 75 inclusive, nine seconds. Three to start or no race.

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1856.

No.	Yacht's Names.	Elg.	Tons.	Owners.
1096	Wildfire.....	cutter	52	J. T. Turner, Esq.
439	Georgiana.....	cutter	108	C. Thellusson, Esq.
1025	Vestal.....	cutter	74	F. O. Marshall, Esq.

The Alarm had been entered by letter, but was unable to get round in time.

The course was of a diamond form, commencing opposite the Pier-head, thence to a boat to the westward off the Jenny Rock, round a boat, out at sea five miles, thence to a flag-boat off Rottingdean, and back to the starting-boat, twice round, making in all a distance of about forty miles.

The preparatory having been fired the three yachts above-named obeyed the summons, and at 12h. 47m. the starting gun sent them away, Wildfire leading, next Vestal, and Georgiana having a disadvantageous position could not get off so speedily as her competitors. The Vestal had her jib set first, but the Wildfire was first to set topsail. It was a dead beat to Shoreham. The race was peculiarly interesting and pretty, the Vestal continuing to windward for some distance, and maintaining a most extraordinary race with her very powerful opponent. After proceeding about two miles, they all tacked, and then the Wildfire was leading apparently by four or five minutes, the Vestal second, the Georgiana third, making up for the loss she had sustained, in getting away at the start.

They arrived at the boat off the Jenny Rocks as follows :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Wildfire.....	1	52	0	Georgiana.....	2	8	40
Vestal	2	7	0				

After rounding the mark-boat, the Georgiana laid down to her work, and overhauled the Vestal, and beam and beam they thrashed through the water, the little one with a determined effort to keep the lead, and for a mile or so she succeeded, the Georgiana completely covering her, and she was obscured from the gaze of those upon the shore by the former's canvas, but the moment she got half a length ahead, the Vestal, by her position, prevented her from making any further advance, and so they continued, as gallant and as fine a race as ever was seen. They then separated, and the Georgiana led slightly. All this time the Wildfire was going right away, and so far headed her rivals in the race as to entirely do away with any prospect of success on their part. They passed the boat at sea, in the following order and time :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Wildfire.....	2	27	9	Georgiana.....	3	1	30
Vestal	3	1	0				

The same gallant race between the Vestal and Georgiana was continued until accident put an end to a contest which was watched with much interest. In beating up, the Georgiana carried away her topmast, and slightly led the Vestal, when the latter, in trying to weather the nearest life-boat, got athwart it, and stove her own stern in, setting her sails flying. The Wildfire cracked on at a fine pace, and accomplished the distance at 5h. 45m. The other was not timed. The yachts sailed under mainsail, foresail, jib, flying jib, and gaff-topsail, with the exception of the Vestal, who carried a staysail instead of the latter.

Nine or ten rowing matches took place during the day for very good prizes.

HIGH WATER TIDE TABLE FOR OCTOBER.

High Water Lon. Bridge morn after.		The time of high water at the following places may be ascer- tained, by adding to, or subtracting from, the time at London Bridge.	
h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.
1 3 10	3 25	Aberystwith..... add 5 23	Aberdeen..... sub 0 56
2 3 40	3 55	Alderney..... 4 38	Aldborough..... 3 23
3 4 8	4 20	Bantry Bay..... 1 39	Belfast..... 4 2
4 4 35	4 50	Bridlington..... 2 23	Brighton..... 2 29
5 5 7	5 25	Cardiff..... 4 3	Carnarvon..... 4 47
6 5 45	6 5	Cork Harbour..... 2 23	Cowes..... 3 22
7 6 30	7 0	Dartmouth..... 3 58	Dublin Bar..... 2 55
8 7 33	8 18	Dudgeon Light... 5 23	Dunfermline..... 3 17
9 9 10	10 0	Eddystone..... 3 8	Folkestone..... 3 37
10 10 45	11 25	Exmouth Bar..... 4 18	Foreland, North... 2 22
11 11 57	—	Falmouth..... 3 8	Foreland, South .. 2 47
12 0 22	0 45	Flamboro' Head... 2 23	Gravesend..... 0 37
13 1 7	1 28	Guernsey Pier.... 4 23	Greenwich..... 0 20
14 1 47	2 7	Hartlepool..... 1 38	Harwich..... 2 37
15 2 39	2 49	Humber Mouth... 3 23	Howth Harbour .. 2 59
16 3 10	3 32	Kinsale Harbour.. 2 23	Ipwich..... 2 7
17 3 52	4 13	Lands End..... 2 23	Kentish Knock ... 2 37
18 4 35	4 57	Leith Pier..... 0 15	Lowestoft..... 3 37
19 5 20	5 43	Lynn Regis..... 4 38	Margate..... 2 2
20 6 7	6 35	Plymouth..... 3 26	Nore Light..... 0 58
21 7 8	7 46	Swansea..... 3 48	Portsmouth..... 2 27
22 8 34	9 22	Torbay..... 3 58	Sheerness..... 1 28
23 10 5	10 46	Waterford..... 3 43	Southampton .. 2 27
24 11 22	11 55	Weymouth..... 4 23	Spithead..... 4 37
25 —	0 15	Whitby..... 1 38	Yarmouth Roads . 5 27
26 0 35	0 55	Amsterdam..... 0 53	Calais..... 2 19
27 1 12	1 30	Antwerp..... 2 18	Dieppe..... 3 2
28 1 43	1 57	Bordeaux..... 4 45	Havre de Grace... 4 15
29 2 10	2 27	Cherbourg..... 5 23	Ostende..... 1 12
30 2 40	2 56	Hamburgh..... 3 53	Honfleur..... 4 37
31 3 10	3 25	Brest..... 1 39	New York..... 5 7

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE VELOCITY OF TIDES.—THE PRESENT YACHT MEASUREMENT AND ITS RESULTS.—YACHTING STATISTICS, and SUMMER SCENES ON THE SCOTTISH COAST our next.

All communications must be directed to the Editor, 6, New Church Str Edgware Road.

London:—Hunt, Printer, Church Street, Edgware Road.

HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1856.

ON THE VELOCITY OF THE TIDE IN THE THAMES, AT DIFFERENT DEPTHS.

SOME experiments have lately been made in the river, which have brought out results different from what may have been expected even by those who are accustomed to live on it, or on its banks, and I think they may serve as a preliminary basis for other, and more extensive observations to be made in future, by some of your readers who have more opportunity and leisure than myself to investigate them.

They were undertaken in consequence of the intention of the Metropolitan Board of Works to carry the sewerage of London into the Thames at some point below Woolwich; and one of its members, a most talented and excellent individual, originated the idea that the lower or deepest part of the water during the ebb, ran down at a greater velocity than the top, by which any sewerage emptied there would be carried down at a greater rate than if emptied on the surface, and that, during the flood, the sea, or cleaner water, came in on the top only, mixing, probably, with the lower and dirtier current,

which was thus carried down to the sea faster than had hitherto been imagined to be the case.

There seemed some grounds for this idea, since, upon questioning many river men they generally gave it as their decided opinion that the tide at least on the ebb ran quickest at some distance below the surface, and that in a calm day the deeper vessel would drift faster than the shallow one, because it "soaked the tide" to use their favorite expression.

In order to test this, two three-gallon tin jars were provided, partially filled with water, and corked, so as just to sink,—one was lowered and kept from sinking farther by a float on the surface, so as to immerse about two feet, and the other lowered and sustained the same way, but at the depth of eighteen feet. One of the floats was considerably larger than the other, and thus more liable to be acted on by the surface water or wind, but still not so much so as to neutralize the action of the water on the jar attached.

I may here observe, that my esteemed friend, aided by a distinguished engineer, and myself tried to discover some experiments in print bearing on the subject, but without effect, till on mentioning the matter to Professor Barlow of Woolwich, he immediately showed me a paper which he had written in the *Edin. New Phil. Journal* for 1827, entitled "Some particulars relative to the tides in the upper part of the River Thames, and of the obstructions caused by the present London Bridge," in which he, at the request of the Parliamentary Committee, had collected many facts connected with the results likely to ensue on the demolition of old London Bridge. Those chiefly referring to our subject he entitled "Experiments and observations made on the velocity of the tide at ebb and flood at Woolwich, and other places on the river, and on the velocity of the general body of the waters."

The surface water at the centre of the stream he found at its greatest velocity to be 21 feet in 5.17 seconds, or about three miles an hour. He observes "as the velocity found above, was obviously that of the surface of the water, I thought it desirable to ascertain whether it was the same to any considerable depth. For this determination I procured at the Dockyard, by the permission of the N^r Board, ten pieces of oak, a foot long, and about six inches in diameter, which were specifically heavier than water, and ten similar pieces larch, which had a much less specific gravity. These were connected

two and two together by small chains of different lengths, from fourteen feet long to two feet, and they were so adjusted by small weights of lead, that only the upper surface of the larch cylinders were above water,—there were, moreover, two larch cylinders, which floated merely on the surface without any appending oak cylinders. The upper part of the larch cylinders were painted different colours and forms, so that each might be distinguished from the rest.

“ These were all thrown into the middle of the stream opposite the Dockyard, at about one hour after low water, and I accompanied them in a boat, to watch their progress. It was presumed, that if the upper and lower parts of the stream had different velocities, that the deeper floats would be left behind those which were less deep; and these latter behind those which were less deep: but, that if the whole body of water had a common velocity, they would all proceed together.

“ It was soon found that the effect of currents at different depths, caused the floats to separate considerably, but still their progressive velocity up the river was nearly the same,—so nearly indeed, that after following them for two hours they all passed the same line opposite Greenwich Hospital, within one minute of each other, although in their progress, some of them had passed under the keels of vessels which interrupted their path.

“ We now waited till the time of high water, and then immersed them again opposite the Hospital. The case was now very different, for we found the deeper floats still ascending the river, others descending, and others motionless; so that we had some difficulty in collecting them.

“ This however, we did, in about half-an-hour, and they now as before, proceeded uniformly, and passed a line at Woolwich in about the same time as before.

“ It follows, therefore, that except for a short interval about the time of ebb and flood, the whole body of water is moving with nearly the same velocity.”

It can hardly be denied, even by the eminent Professor himself, that the above experiments were faulty in having the floating cylinder of equal bulk to the one attached below; for the motion of the one was greatly influenced by that of the other. Thus, supposing the under current to be moving at the rate of half a mile an hour upwards, say at the top of the high water, and the top current to be

coming down with the first of the ebb at the same time, the cylinder would appear to stand still.

In the experiments I have now to speak of, we wished first to try the currents at the first of the ebb, and for this purpose took a boat at Blackwall, in which we put our apparatus, and as the wind was blowing fresh from the West we rowed down to Bugsby's Hole opposite the Victoria Dock, where the wind blew across the Reach, and therefore could not influence the result in any great degree. At high water therefore, which was about 8h. A.M., we immersed the jars at the depths mentioned above, and found shortly that the surface one moved with considerably more speed than the deeper one. After about half an hour we took them up, and again immersed them with the same results, so that by the time we reached the Arsenal, which was not till about 11h. A.M., the surface one was ahead by 300 or 400 yards. I here left the boat, but my friends, who continued some time longer, informed me that the result was similar as far as Rainham Point. Had we not tested the experiment first when the wind was across the tide, we might have considered that the surface one was influenced by it; we felt therefore convinced that at the first two or three hours at least of the ebb the water near the surface moved quicker than the lower portion. Here I may observe that during part of this experiment I immersed an ordinary wine bottle to the depth of 10 feet, or about the half depth of the others, and found that its rate of motion was intermediate between them, shewing a diminution of speed the deeper the water became. It may be said that this is what might have been anticipated, because the uneven surface of the bottom of the river must of necessity impede the movement of the water in its vicinity by its friction, and would consequently be slower in speed. But this was not shewn in the observations of Professor Barlow, and it was against the preconceived ideas of one at least of our party, and moreover was totally opposed, as I shall presently show, to similar experiments taken at the commencement of the flood, when of course the same element, friction, is present.

We now wished to try the rate of motion at the last of the flood, and in order to have a long straight course, went to Greenhithe; allowed the jars to float up Long Reach. As the water is here very deep the lower jar was immersed to about twenty-five feet, while the upper one was as before two feet from the surface. The result was nearly similar although not to so great an extent. The jars,

in Professor Barlow's experiments, were at times a good deal separated in a transverse direction, by the action no doubt of currents, caused by the unequal nature of the bottom. But on the whole the surface jar was considerably ahead of the deep one.

The tide did not begin to turn till we were opposite Purfleet, and now the surface jar rapidly came down while the deep one appeared stationary. As one of my friends expressed it, it seemed like to what happens on pouring water from a jug or cup; the bodies floating on the surface go over with the first of the water, while those deeper do not move for some time. Whether the analogy be quite correct or not we will not stop here to enquire, but the fact, nevertheless, was the same as in the first experiment.

It remained now to find out the movement of the water at the first of the flood, and for this purpose, unaccompanied by these gentlemen, I went on board a yacht to the Lower Hope, and with two ordinary wine bottles immersed to two and eighteen feet respectively, waited the commencement of flood. From what I had observed in the other experiments, arising as I believed from the effects of friction, I anticipated a similar result, but was much surprised to find a totally different one.

Just before flood the two bottles, with their attached floats, were immersed at the lower part of the Lower Hope, and with the usual results on the ebb tide; viz. the surface float going down the river at a quicker rate than the deep one, the wind being from the west or across the stream. This continued until the moment of the first flood as watched by the masts of a vessel and the land. The float attached to the deep bottle now began to move up the stream at a quicker rate than the other by about thirty yards in a quarter of an hour. We again brought them near each other, and the same results followed, leaving no doubt whatever in our minds that the under current was under the influence of the flood more than the upper, and this in a decided manner. It was not occasioned by the surface one moving *down* the stream while the other remained stationary, because we noticed well that *both* had an upward direction.

Another similar experiment was made another day in Gravesend Reach with similar results, and a third in Long Reach upon a third day which terminated in a like manner.

These were continued only during the first half hour of flood, but another trial took place in Blackwall Reach on 16th October last, to

ascertain how long this order of things continued, and a different mode of judging the result provided. The deep bottle was fastened to the fore end of the waterman's boat hook, and the shallower one to the after end, and put in the water at the commencement of flood, as evidenced by the swinging of the vessels, and the water making on the shore, off the Brunswick Wharf, Blackwall. This was done to show, not the *rate of progression*, but the nature of it at the two depths. As before, the deep end travelled fastest, shewn by the fore end of the pole pointing up the stream, until we arrived off the West India Docks, when a change took place,—the after end of the staff gradually swung round, and pointed up the river. This occurred about *half an hour* after starting, when it became evident that the surface water was coming up with a gradually increasing velocity, as evidenced by corks, chips, &c., passing the staff, which was now retarded by the deeper bottle.

It results from these experiments,—*first*, that as a general rule the tidal water moves quickest the nearer it is to the surface.

Second.—That the surface water is the first to move at the first of the ebb, and continues to move quicker than the deep water till the close of the ebb.

Third.—That the flood comes in first as an under current, and flows quicker than the surface water for the first half hour at least.

These experiments have been made with as much care as circumstances would allow. They are, however, by no means put forward as being entirely perfect, but in the hope that they will be further investigated by hydrographers possessing more time than myself, and who may discover peculiarities in the motion of the tidal waters which have escaped my notice, connected, for instance with the neap or the high tide, the land floods, &c.

W. P. B.

SAILORS.

THE race of sailors are so truly eccentric that notwithstanding numberless anecdotes with which they supply conversation there many interesting circumstances related to their very peculiar character yet untold. Like other arts, that of navigation possesses a number of technical terms peculiar to itself. The sailor forms these into a langu

and introduces them without hesitation into all companies, on all occasions, and, generally, with brilliant success; as nautical expressions are pointed, humorous, and easily adapted to the situations of common life. Enured to hardships, to dangers, and to a perpetual change of companions, the seaman contracts a species of stoicism which might raise the envy even of a Diogenes. "Avast there," cried a sailor to his comrade, who was busied in heaving overboard the lower division of a messmate, just cut in halves by a chain shot, "Let us first see if he has not the key of our mess chest in his pocket!"

As their enjoyments are simple and few, sailors are equally at home at Port Royal, Halifax, Canton, Cape Coast Castle, or at Portsmouth.

From the admiral to the cabin boy their attachment to the fair sex is earnest, lasting, and almost indiscriminate. Few women live happier in the conjugal state; as the heartiness, the sincerity, and the general good humour of their husbands, make ample amends for those small deficiencies as to delicacy or politeness, which they sometimes might complain of.

Except the momentary joy of receiving his money, a sailor's happiest time is, by no means, that period when he had his pockets well stored. He possesses, indeed, an anxiety to get rid of his cash, which amounts almost to actual distress. "Why do you not return and enter with me again, as you promised?" said a captain to a valued seaman. "How can I, sir? I still have money in my pouch, and yet I am never without a girl and a fiddler." "Try two girls and two fiddlers," said the captain. The tar thought the hint a good one, and by adopting it, soon obtained a state of finance which put him in a humour to return to his occupation.

Two of the brightest points in the character of a seaman seem to be intrepidity, and presence of mind. Without partiality, we may say, that it is in the British mariner, particularly, that these qualities are to be observed. In the hour of extreme danger, he does not, like the Portuguese, the Italian, or the Russ, either ask assistance from, or denounce his patron saint. No, he trusts to his own agility and resolution for safety; and if he imprecates curses on any head, it is his own, or that of some "lubber" who is not as active as himself in the general work of preservation.

Superstition and profaneness, those extremes of human conduct, are too often found united in the sailor; and the man who dreads the stormy effects of drowning a cat, or whistling a country dance, while he leans over the gunwale, will, too often, wantonly defy his Creator, by the most daring execrations, and the most licentious behaviour. But most

assuredly he is thoughtless of the fault, and (like the poor fellow who espied land, after many days of intolerable suffering from hunger and thirst, in the boat of the shipwrecked Centaur,) thinks that he is at liberty to express his gratitude, or his distress, by the method which to him appears most apt, and most expressive.

A species of ready wit is often connected with the character of a sailor; and, as whatever he conceives, he always thinks himself at liberty to express, let the company, the place, the time be what it will, he has, of consequence, vast advantages over the more bashful *belle-esprit*.

A couple of sailors some years ago went ashore at Charlestown, in Carolina; they naturally advanced towards a crowd which had gathered round the celebrated Whitfield, who was preaching with infinite vehemence against the sins of his audience. They arrived just time enough to hear him say with his utmost exertion of voice and gesture—"And I, your pastor, your teacher, shall be forced to bear witness against you at the awful day of judgment." "Holloa Jack!" cried one of the tars, whom the crowd had divided from his comrade, "d— me, if that ben't just as it goes at the Old Bailey. The greatest rogue always turns king's evidence."

But the sailor's character must not be dismissed without some notice being taken of that fraternal regard which reigns among them *all*, let the outsides of *some* be ever so rugged. No tie of Freemasonry, no oath, no bond of society, can unite any denomination of mankind together, as *sailors* are united. It is in the most trying situations of life that the effects of this union are most seen. If a sea-officer dies, leaving a family behind him unprovided for, his sons become the children of his fraternity, and are handed up in life by his father's friends from one station to another in the Service, until they are enabled to provide for themselves. As a proof of this emanation of genuine philanthropy, amongst this gallant race of men, the following circumstance may be properly brought forward:—Not many years past an unknown benefactor gave £300 per annum, to be divided among thirty sea-officers' widows. In order to appreciate the merit of the competitors, each who applies brings in a list of her children, and how they are provided for; and it has been remarked that there is scarcely the name of one male, among the numerous offspring of thirty mothers, but has some provision in the navy, and is at least in the right road to an honourable competence.

WANDERING NOTES.—THE WEST.

BY SUMMOOA JUGA.

WHEN we turn to the various incidents connected with yachts and yachting, whether of "Practical Notes," of "Wanderings in the East or West," of "Yachting Pastimes," of "Channel Cruizes," of "Beacons and Harbours," the one to direct and the other to succour, or whether we recount the deeds of "Naval Daring," whether on the river or the ocean, it surely cannot be considered out of place, if we step aside to take an occasional glance of such men, whether living or dead, who have contributed by their genius and talents to enrich the world with productions which grace the waters of the sea god, and become the pride of navies, and of nations. Without indulging in metaphors or treading on delicate grounds, or seeking the ire of any contemporary, there is none among the many who have achieved so much for the honor of his country, and from whom nations might have looked for further achievements in the triumphs of naval architecture, than the unsophisticated name of

GEORGE STEERS, ÆTAT 33.

Little did the writer think, when in 1851 he was treasuring among other reminiscences the various little incidents which had occurred in connection with the early life and career of the above individual, or that when in company with him in his stroll through the Great Exhibition, taking but a hurried glance at the stall where was presented to the spectator specimens of Indian Naval Architecture, and where our late friend stood for some minutes in deep contemplation and studied thought, until at length he gave utterance to the language of Pope.

"Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind,"

That he should be thus early called upon to publish for the information of *our* nautical friends such gleanings which are now presented as another chapter of his "Wandering Notes."

The event which brought George Steers to visit the home of his ancestors, led to his introduction to the writer; and every little incident which had reference to him has since been carefully sought for and noted

down, lest "the memory should grow old by time," and that it might escape his future observation. Every extract from both public and private resources, which had reference to the proceedings of that person, has been carefully treasured by the writer in his album of "varied and select," in order that should an appropriate period present itself they might be made available to others. It has now fallen to the pen of friendship to collate for *our* issue such gleanings as will serve as a memoir for future writers.

By the arrival of the Atlantic at Liverpool on the 9th ult., we were put in possession of the news of the melancholy and sudden death on the 25th of September, last, of Mr. George Steers the eminent Naval Architect and Ship-builder of New York. A name rendered familiar to our yachting friends and the world at large, as the designer and modeller of the celebrated schooner yacht "America," which was introduced to the waters of the Solent in the year of the Great Exhibition, 1851. The loss of such a man, whose genius has given greater efficiency to one of the most important departments of industry on both sides of the Atlantic, cannot but be regarded by *his* countrymen as a great national calamity, and by *us* with deep feeling of regret.

The sudden removal from a world in which his labors were unprecedentedly successful, occurred while he was proceeding in a Rockaway wagon, on his way to Little Neck, Long Island, U.S.A. to escort home his wife and family, who had been residing there during the summer months, and who were to have returned with him to their happy home in the city of New York. It appears that as he was approaching the Cavalry Cemetery, his horse became frightened and ran away. Mr. Steers lost all control of the animal, jumped out of the wagon, and fell to the ground. In this state, lying in the road, he was fallen in with by two of his personal friends and neighbours who happened to be driving out, but owing to his being so much bruised and disfigured they did not at first recognize him. On being recognised he was conveyed forthwith to his residence 91, Cannon Street, New York, where surgical aid was sought, but his case was at once pronounced hopeless, and he expired about ten minutes past nine o'clock the same evening.

Alluding to the melancholy circumstance a New York paper says:—

"The intelligence will excite a painful degree of interest, not among the personal friends of Mr. Steers in this city, but through the whole country. The name of Mr. Steers was identified with history of our mercantile marine, the brilliant achievement of the *ya* "America" first made his name known to the world as a Marine Architect, and the recent completion of the steam frigate "Niagara," and

Collins' steamship "Adriatic" had more than fulfilled all the expectations which his first efforts in shipbuilding had excited."

It has been erroneously stated that Mr. Steers was born in England, but such was not the case. The subject of our memoir was born of English parents in the district of Columbia, in the year 1823. He was the second son of the late Mr. Henry Steers, who was a native of Dartmouth, Devon, and once connected with our naval yard at Plymouth, in which we understood him to have been a foreman shipwright, and who with his wife and his eldest son, Mr. James R. Steers, emigrated to the United States shortly after the peace of 1815, in the hope of bettering their future prospects, leaving behind them to the care of an aunt an elder daughter, whom we believe is still living in the neighbourhood of Dartmouth. Their parent subsequently removed to New York, accompanied by the "boy Steers" before the latter was eight years of age. Born of humble parents George Steers enjoyed but slender opportunities of improving his mind by study, and, consequently, possessed but a moderate education and but small acquirements beyond the noble art which nature had planted in him. Probably no man who ever achieved so great a reputation and standing in his profession owed so little to book learning. His knowledge of ship building seemed to be an inspiration. At this early age he displayed great talent in his future profession, and from his boyhood he devoted his whole time and energies to the study of naval architecture,—in fact, it was born in him. Beyond that pursuit he had no ambition, he desisted no talent. The success which he met with in his subsequent career appears not to have been the result of accident, but the development of an early conceived principle, which he has carried out in every vessel he has built: his system, nurtured when a mere boy, and ultimately illustrated in the form of the magnificent and leviathan frigate, the *Niagara*, is based upon the assumption that for a vessel to sail easily, steadily, and rapidly, the displacement of water must be nearly uniform along the lines.

From the illustrated papers of the day, we glean much information in corroboration of the gradual development of his early mind. We are told that when he laid the keel of the New York pilot-boat *Mary Taylor*, (a name rendered familiar to us by the production of the *Gloriana*, subsequently built by one of our own yacht builders,) he engaged in advance, to make a faster, a drier, and a steadier craft, than had ever left the port of New York. So confident was he of his power and abilities that he succeeded according to his most sanguine expectations. Previous to this achievement, a vessel had never been built, where the centre of displacement had not been forward of the beam. Fears were gene-

rally entertained by his countrymen that his "new form" would prove a failure. Some predicted that this vessel would plunge under water, others thought that in rough weather no one could live on deck; all of which prophecies, it must be admitted, are certainly contradicted by fact. For encountering less resistance from the narrow bows, the vessel sailed faster, and experienced no corresponding strain, and suffered no more in rough weather than in the summer breeze. The advantages of his system may be thus summed up:—First, greater speed with the same tonnage and canvas. Second, greater stability in the vessel; that is, an increased hold upon the water. Third, greater evenness and equality of motion, resulting from an equalized leverage; since the masts, as levers, work more uniformly upon the fulcrum of the ship. Fourth, greater endurance, because there is less strain in rapid sailing, or in rough weather. Fifth, steadiness of motion, which enables her in sailing to keep close to the wind, and lose but little lee way.

Returning to the early incidents of his life, and to the history of his triumphs we narrate the most prominent from the first development of genius down to his chef d'œuvres, the *Niagara* and the *Adriatic*, as we find them recorded by his own countrymen.

At ten years of age, for his own amusement, he built a scow, eight feet long, which his elder brother broke to pieces, lest "George" should get drowned. After some little experience in boat building, at the age of sixteen years, he built a sail boat 17 feet long, named *Martin Van Buren*, which beat the *Gladiator* three miles in a race of twenty-four; and which at the time, created immense astonishment.

At eighteen years of age, he built the row boat, *John C. Stevens*, 30 feet long, 3 feet 10 inch beam, 13 inch deep, and with a full crew on board, drew only 4 inches of water! and weighed but 140lbs. She beat the *Unexpected*, the *Sylph*, the *Brooklyn*, *J. W. Willis*, *Johnny on the Green*, and many other well known boats on the American waters. Upon examination it was shown that that boat was the lightest, as she was then believed to be the fastest in the world.

At nineteen, he built the *Manhattan*, sail boat of 27 tons, 44 feet in length, 14 feet 8 inch beam, 6 feet in depth.

At twenty-one he built the pilot-boat *Wm. G. Hagstaff* for the Jersey pilots, her speed was so great that she passed with ease any of boats belonging to the New York pilots, creating a great deal of animosity among the New Yorkers against her builder. This boat afterwards sold and carried to California, and was finally wrecked at mouth of the Columbia River, and every remnant left by the storm burnt up by the Indians.

The Syren and Sybil each of 85 tons were next built for the New York Yacht Club, and are still in existence, very fast and very popular boats.

In 1842, he built the schooner, *St. Mary the First*, of 250 tons, she could beat any schooner which went outside Sandy Hook. This vessel was finally sold to the American Government in the Mexican war to carry two great guns to Vera Cruz, to be used in the bombardment of that city. She is now running regularly between Baltimore and Rio Janeiro.

In six weeks' notice, he built one small steamer for Seneca Lake, which gave entire satisfaction to the owners.

In the year 1844 he built two steamers for Lake Ontario.

The *Genessee Chief* of 450 tons, was built in sixty days, she is still running, and is considered the best boat ever on the Lake.

The yacht *Una*, 60 tons, built for Mr. J. M. Waterbury, was never beaten in a race until George Steers built a boat that accomplished it.

The *Cornelia*, 90 tons, another schooner built by him for the New York Yacht Club, was very fast, and gave universal satisfaction.

The *Queen of the West*, built at Buffalo, is the fastest and smoothest going boat in the world. Six boats, of the same size, and for the same line, were built at the same town by other parties, but none of them, we are told, ever approached the Queen of the West in speed or comfort.

The world-famed *America*, 170 tons, was commenced in 1850, and was modelled and designed by George Steers, and built under his superintendence in the yard of Mr. W. H. Brown at New York, in whose yard the architect of this renowned yacht was a labouring man and worked on her. She left for England in the month of June following, and her doings are too well known to need us to recapitulate.

The yacht *Sylvia* of 100 tons was built about the same time; and although very fast did not prove so successful as her predecessor. We nevertheless opine that in her there was more than we were made acquainted with. To use the Russian word there was a good deal of "strategy" with those who had her management, and had there been any stakes depending on her races we should have known more of her qualities.

Then follows the bright array of names familiar to American waters: the *M. H. Grinnell*, the yachts *Julia Ray*, *L'Esperance*, *Widgeon*, and *Cygnat*. Then came the *Pride of the Seas*, a schooner of about 247 tons, that has beaten the time of every other sailing vessel in the world. Then follows the *Viguero*, a propeller for Cuba, and the ship

Sunny South of 780 tons. The latter vessel has beaten every vessel she ever came across in her trips to San Francisco, China, and back to New York. These triumphs overcame at last all opposition, and established for George Steers, a reputation that forced itself upon the nation, and secured for him a world-wide fame.

We now come to his almost last production, the *Niagara*, one of the six war steamers which the American Congress decided to add to its navy. The announcement of the fact was received throughout the country with pleasure, and we cannot do better than extract the following from Frank Leslie's and other papers, which were published at the time. In describing the successful launch which took place at Brooklyn they state :—"That the construction of those six steamers became a subject of discussion throughout the States, some urging that they should be built by contract by some of our eminent shipbuilders, and others contending that they should be built in the usual way at the government Navy yards.

"Five of the vessels were handed over to old foggy contractors of the government, but the wide-spread reputation of George Steers triumphed in the construction of the sixth, so far as this, he was selected as its builder, and with the exception of the propulsive power, in the quality of the canvas, the ground tackle, in the kind of anchors, and one or two other important things, George Steers was allowed to exercise his own judgment, both in the model and manner of construction. It is hardly necessary for us then to say, that the *Niagara* is the only one of the six steam frigates which were authorised to be constructed by the late Congress, that has not been entrusted to a government builder; and we (N. Y. paper) think, that the country is indebted to Mr. Dobbin, Secretary of the Navy, for his enlightened liberality in bestowing so distinguished a mark of respect on Mr. Steers, the renowned builder of the America, as to allow him the privilege of exhibiting his talent in the construction of this ship. Mr. Steers appreciated the importance of his position, and resumed it with full knowledge of its immense responsibility.

"The ship, originating as we have described, now rests triumphant upon the limpid wave, soon to plume its wings and carry the triumphs of American genius and American power to the distant quarters of the globe.

"In measurement the *Niagara* is not only the largest of the war steamers, (none of the others reaching 275 feet in length,) but we believe her to be superior to any of them in model, that her manner of construction displays a better distribution of materials, and also that

is the best piece of nautical mechanism ever seen in this, or, any other country. She is not only the largest of the six screw frigates ordered by the government, but is the largest ship now afloat in the world.

"The actual dimensions of this magnificent vessel are as follows:—

Extreme length on deck	345 feet
Depth of hold	31 "
Extreme breadth	55 "
Capacity	5,200 tons.

"Her armament will consist of twelve gigantic pivot guns, weighing 27,000 lbs. each, requiring a charge of 15 lbs. of powder, and carrying shot weighing 170 lbs.

"This frigate was launched in February last, and the event was attended with perfect success, and with only the regret that so much outlay of wealth, and of thought, was for the destructive engines of war, rather than for the furtherance of the blessings of peace."

The *Adriatic*, has since been launched for Collins' line of steamers, and is from the same master-mind: she is 352 feet long, but her measurement of 5,500 tons makes the Niagara small by comparison.

Up to the time of his lamentable death George Steers waited anxiously for these noble vessels to make their first sea voyage before he made arrangements for building other vessels; he, however continued full of sanguine confidence as to the result of their first trials, but alas, he has not been spared to pursue the brilliant career of usefulness which was opening before him. While living his genius gained for him many friends, having already achieved a higher reputation than any other American Mechanic could boast of, but in the midst of his labors, he has been suddenly cut down, and his untimely death will be felt as a national loss.

In concluding our narrative from the notes before us, we must not omit to mention that the subject of our memoir was in partnership with his elder brother, under the firm of George and James R. Steers, of New York; and who both came to this country in the *America*, accompanied by two other members of his family, who formed two of the crew of the yacht.

On the sale of the yacht they returned to the United States, and shortly after their arrival home the merchants and builders of New York got up a Demonstration by way of testifying their appreciation of the talents of "George Steers," for such he has always been called; and the success which had attended his labours in the path of fame and invited him to a public dinner, at which he was presented with a handsome,

and complimentary token of their esteem, in the shape of a purse of 2,000 dollars, and a service of plate. The sudden death of such a man cannot but be considered by his countrymen and friends, on both sides, other than as a national loss.

At the early age of 33 he has been removed from us all, leaving a wife and young family to mourn their early bereavement, and a whole world to sympathise for the loss it has sustained. We have said he was a man of genius; we will add that his character for honesty, integrity and uprightness stood high with those who were acquainted with him. Conscious of his deficiencies in education he was retiring and unassuming, yet, his affability to all who approached him gained for him many friends who in life esteemed him, as in his death they regret his loss.

SUMMER SCENES ON THE COAST OF SCOTLAND.*

Who has not been at the coast, and admired the bold romantic scenery of the Clyde? With thousands it has now become a social habit to spend a few weeks or months at a sea-bathing town; and such are the facilities at present afforded for indulging this propensity, by cheap and safe travelling and comfortable lodgings, that certain classes of this country have now become as migratory as birds of passage, and at the first glance of summer weather, they take wing to the coast, where all the comforts and amenities of home may be enjoyed. Each town has its churches, chapels, schools, libraries, reading-rooms, &c., its markets, and its fresh dairy produce brought daily to the door, and each is within less than a day's journey of the great emporiums of commerce and of manufacture in the country. It is pleasing to know, as well as creditable to the attention of our superintendents of railways, and the skill and steadiness of our commanders of steamers, that so many thousands of people are daily carried to and from the various watering places during the bathing season without accident or disappointment. In looking at a fine painting by one of the great masters, the oftener one sees it the more beauties he discovers in its composition, and the more intensely does he admire it: so, with what is grand and beautiful in nature, the more frequently we behold it, the more fondly do we gaze. How often have the Clyde, and its scenes and watering-places, been visited and described, yet half its beauties have not been told. Born and reared within sight of "Scotia's northern battlement of hills," we have for thirty summers

* From the Greenock Advertiser.

been familiar with the scenery of the Frith, and every time we sail on its waters, or climb the rugged hills that skirt the shores but increases desire to return again and have another look. The remarks that follow are but the hurried, light, and imperfect pencillings of a leisure hour, and have no pretensions to fuller graphic delineation. Having premised this much, we proceed with our sketch, and begin, as in duty bound, with our nearest neighbours, at

Gourock—and are glad to learn that they were this year busy as ever. Scarcely a house was “to let,” and sometimes even lodgings were at a premium. To accommodate this surplus population the natives often submit patiently to much temporary self-denial and discomfort, in order that the stranger may enjoy the best rooms in the house. The month of August is the very noon of the season—the street is thronged with the gay and fashionable. Every passing steamer attracts a crowd to the quay, some to gaze, others to meet with expected friends. On a sunny day all the row boats are in requisition, and are paddling about shore and bay with pleasure parties. In the evening, a walk along Kempeck terrace affords pleasant recreation, and often a sunset scene viewed from this point is very beautiful; a view this, which the inhabitants on the opposite shore are never privileged to behold, at least, as long as they reside there. *Gourock* always has been, and always will be popular as a watering place. It is nearest by rail and river to the great beehives of population in Glasgow and in Renfrewshire. Besides, nearly every steamer that passes up or down the river, call at the quay; and the residents here can vary their sail, if they choose to a different part of the coast every day of the week, and never require to take a meal from home; or they may take the *Arrochar* steamer in the forenoon—sail up *Lochlong*—cross the isthmus of *Tarbet*—luxuriate in the magnificent scenery around that beautiful spot—take the returning boat on *Lochlomond*—sail down the “*Queen of Scottish Lakes*,” to *Balloch*, and by rail to *Bowling* in time to catch the latest steamer down the river, and home by *Gourock* before sunset.

The town has progressed faster than any other on the Clyde, and now extends to *Ashton*, without any interval. The whole of the shore ground in that direction at present to be had is built upon; parties must now go on the hill side, and certainly some fine sites are to be had there. Where the rope work stood, at the east end, will soon be occupied with handsome villas, and by the removal of that manufactory the amenity of this end is greatly increased. In the summer time, learned gentlemen and literary ladies think it worth while to come hither, and give courses of lectures or readings from *Shakespeare*; and this is not,

the least of the privileges which the sojourners here enjoy. While we rejoice most heartily at the prosperity of Gourock, we have pleasure in visiting her younger sisters on the northern shore, and of noting their rise and yearly extension. Not to mention Helensburgh, Row, and Gareloch, the most retired and sweet of all our lochs, let us look at

Kilcreggan.—A few years ago what was to be seen there? A solitary ferryhouse, standing on the lonely shore, a well-built wherry riding in the little bay, and the ferry-boat lying at the quay. These were the breadwinners of the industrious family that lived here for many years. The wherry was the Kilcreggan packet, which sailed to Greenock on Tuesdays and Fridays to market. What is Kilcreggan now? It has got a wharf, and a service of steamers to supply its daily wants. It has in a few short years stretched on its line of fine villas along the shore to Ceva, and the Cove is on the march to Coulport, and on the rough spot where lately grew in wild luxuriance, the bracken and the bramble bush, now stands the smiling cottage in the neat parterre, where bloom the fuchsia and the rose. Some of the cottages here are built in the finest style of architectural art, and very soon all the shore side will be occupied with splendid summer lodgings. Here, however, as well as all round the coast, there is an ancient sea margin, of moderate height, and not far removed from the beach, and on this fine terrace a range of houses might be built; the wider and longer stretch of view from which, would amply compensate for the trifling ascent from the shore. At Cove there is a nice little chapel set upon the hill, and at Knockferry, in the neighbourhood, there is a schoolhouse, most romantically situated on the bank of a mountain streamlet, the playground attached, tastefully laid out, and adorned with shrubs and trees.

Families living at Kilcreggan or Cove, and having command of a carriage, can have fine drives on a summer day, not only along the shore, but over Peaton hill to Rahane, on Gareloch side, and thence by Fernycarry to Portincaple braes, over which the road traverses on its way by Lochlong side to Arrochar, to which the journey may be prolonged very pleasantly. At the top of Ardencaple hill the scene is indescribably grand. Three lochs, are in view, Gareloch, Lochlong, and the entrance to Lochgoil. Here a pause is made by the party to contemplate the extent and variety of the view.

The retrospect towards the placid lake, from whose margin str led with pretty cottages, they have just ascended, is beautiful in the ext. ne the prospect is of the most wild rugged mountain scenery to be an anywhere—called, as everybody knows, in superlative burlesque ‘ the Duke’s Bowling Green.’ The opening to Lochgoil is in this rude n ge

of mountains. At the mention of this loch, "Lord Ulin's Daughter" comes into one's mind, and the conjecture is whether this sheet of water, "all peaceful now and still," and sparkling in the sunbeams, is really the "dark and stormy water" which the poet (Campbell) had in his mind's eye when he wrote that beautiful poem. Having gazed on this enchanting scene for an hour or more, and talked and looked again and again at all its varied beauties, the party may either return as they came or sweep along the western shore of the Gareloch to the clachan of Roeneath, dismount for a few minutes and walk through the beautiful yew tree avenue, that leads to Clachan house, which the Duchesse of Sutherland has declared is finest of the kind in Europe, thence by Campsail bay and sequestered glen, home to Kilcreggan.

At Cove we take steamer to Blairmore, on the opposite shore of Loch-long. What a range of neat smiling cottages meets the eye here, and gladdens the heart; each a home of love and peace to "somebody;" each has a little garden enclosed, most tastefully laid out, and well furnished with flowers and fruits. A rustic chair placed at the front of the cottage, affords a fine sheltered seat in the afternoon and evenings from the rays of a too ardent sun. To our taste, there are few if any cottages on the coast, so pretty as those recently erected at Blairmore. To be sure there are two or three nonpareils at Cove, but, as a whole, this place excels. Skirting the shore so prettily, so artistically finished in everything, their enclosures reclaimed from the wild Blair or hill face behind, still

"Shaggy with heather and rugged with rocks,"

present to the eye of the spectator, nature and art, in their strongest contrast. A few years ago, and there stood only here the lonely inn of Portenstuck, and Strone Point appeared as dull and dreary to the fisherman as he passed in his wherry, as did the Cape of Good Hope to Vasco de Gama, when he first doubled its stormy shore. Cape Strone has been doubled by land, if we may use the expression, as well as by sea, and the gentle summer breeze, that in days of yore

——— "but swept a lane hill side,
Where heath and fern were waving wide,"

now plays round the temples of an invalid as he lies on his couch, breathes refreshment into crowded and gay parlours, fans the cheek of romping youth, or bears on its wings the grateful shower to water the shrubs and flowers of a garden. To our notion this side of the hill seems more open and cool, than does Kilmun side. Perhaps in certain months of the year, Kilmun may be preferable, it is so sheltered from north and

east winds, but in the dog days at least, we greatly prefer Lochlong side. In a few years more, if building go on at the present rate, the whole loch side will be lined with cottages, or more costly mansions, as far as Ardentinn, where in anticipation of an increase of population, a neat little chapel was some years ago erected. Ardentinn is in the united parishes of Dunoon and Kilmun, and is a very retired spot, yet lovely, about four miles from Strone. Its site is at the base of steep, lofty, and picturesquely wooded mountains. It is associated in the minds of the lovers of Scottish song, with "The Lass o' Aranteenie," by Tannahill, and a romantic story is told of a gallant sea captain who visited this spot, and was so captivated with a "bonnie lass," whom he saw here, that he sighed in distant isles to return to Scotia's rugged strand, &c. But it is not so much with native, as with natural beauties that we have at present to do. So to our pleasant task.

We have not time to scale the lofty mountains that rise almost perpendicularly from the shore, though we are aware that the view from their summit is both extensive and grand, and such as drew from the great and good Dr. Chalmers, when he witnessed the scene, the pious exclamation, "O Lord, how wonderful are thy works, in wisdom hast thou made them all." Passing along the road which leads by Glenfinnert house and policy, we ascend the hill that rises gently from the glen by a good road. We are soon elevated enough to get a fine view of Loch Eck, a fresh water lake, about seven or eight miles long, and half a mile broad, lying amidst the solitude of the everlasting hills. The mountains that surround it are not so lofty as others in the neighbourhood, but the scene is beautiful, and the landscapes are pretty. Descending the hill by Whistlefield, we reach the margin of the lake, but we love not to tarry by its banks. Its ever stationary waters want the variety of the sea. We miss the ever flowing tide, the tangled stones, and the pebbly shore. To our minds there is melancholy in its monotony; and however pleasant it might be to sail on its waters, and fish in their depths, yet we have notion that this would be the spot we would select to spend our days of leisure or of retirement.

A good pedestrian may travel from Whistlefield to St. Catherine's on Lochfine side in three and a half hours, and thence by ferry-boat to Inverary, where we leave him to walk through the woods that surround the castle of the Duke of Argyle, wander along the banks of the Argyll or climb the seemingly inaccessible hill of Duniqaich, on the top of which he may lie gazing on the grand scene, as once we did, till he recovered breath after the toilsome ascent. At present our course is towards Holy Loch, and walking along the banks of the Eachaig, a

trout stream that flows from the loch, we soon arrive at Kilmun, a place that was wont to be visited by parties in a Gourock wherry, ere yet steamers were known or durst venture on such a foreign voyage, to see the burial vault of the Argyle family—into which strangers were admitted by the gravedigger for a small consideration; and there, says an eye-witness, “the old sexton, with candle in hand, whose pale light only served to make darkness visible, went round from coffin to coffin, giving the names and snatches of the history of each of the sleepers in this charnel house.” We doubt if the privilege is accorded to strangers now. Kilmun was then a lonely place, with one humble straw thatched cottage near the kirk. Its rise and progress as a watering place is like the other towns on the Clyde, coeval with the existence and extension of steam navigation. It now stretches on the eastern side of Holy Loch to Strone, and has been so long known and highly appreciated as a summer residence, that we tarry not to tell of its rural rides, its varied scenery, its beautiful shore, and even its concentrated waters! [Holy Loch]. We take steamer and pass over to Sandbank, on the opposite shore, a sequestered little spot, and well patronised. We are pleased to see that the Lazaretto, which was more fitted for a Turkish landscape than a Scottish, is entirely removed, having become wholly unnecessary, if indeed it ever was useful. Between Sandbank and Kirn there is a break in the range of cottages, by the intervention of Hafton policy, but recent numerous erections of fine villas shorten the interval. All round to Kirn wharf the shore and brae are studded with cottages like Mosaic work.

Dunoon—as its castle indicates, is a very ancient place, and so long as it continued to be the principal opening from Cowal to the Lowlands, it maintained its importance. But about a century and a half ago, a new and more direct road was made from the West Highlands by Dumbarton to the populous manufacturing towns in the Lowlands. After that the village rapidly declined; but, since steamboats appeared on the Clyde, it has risen to the dimensions of a large town, and is one of the finest and most frequented sea-bathing quarters on the Firth. It has its full complement of ecclesiastical establishments and schools. Its shops would not suffer in comparison though placed beside those in a first class street of a wealthy city. Like their neighbours in Gourock, the inhabitants have this year, as we believe in former years, had the benefit of a course of lectures on a most appropriate and interesting subject, “The Marine Plants of the west coast of Scotland,” by Mr. W. Keddle, the accomplished editor of the *Scottish Guardian*. The west bay, how pretty, who does not admire it? with its beautiful shore, and ample accommodation for bathers, and its row of rich marine villas.

But we are sailing down the water at the rate of twelve or fourteen knots an hour in one of the "Castles," and have but little time to note the splendid mansions that line the coast almost to

Innellan—whither we are bound, and which we regard as in some respects the most interesting and extraordinary of all the marine towns on the Clyde. While all the others have had a name, and a nucleus from which they sprung, Innellan is a new erection, a new birth; the name, if not new, is a revival so changed in sound that older men scarce recognise it. And what a healthy thriving little fellow he is, and generous withal, stretching out his little hand to the traveller and visitor, not to grasp the penny, but to welcome them ashore, and what accommodation has he for them? Ample and varied are lodging and other appliances to make this a pleasant summer residence. A fine inn, like a nobleman's mansion, standing on an elevation, meets you at the landing place. From its upper rooms a view may be obtained, far to the south and west. The island of Bute, Holy Isle, Arran, with its lofty, rugged mountains! Ailsa Craig, lone sentinel of the Firth, looms in the distance; the coast of Ayr, and even of Wigton, may be discerned in a clear day. On the east, the view is also extensive. Few mansions command such a fine sea view as this. There is a bowling green, where the residents spend many a leisure hour very pleasantly. Then there are for Sabbath duties, two neat little chapels, set upon a hill, at a respectable distance from each other; differing in name only, but in purpose they are one. To those who find time hang heavily on their hand, there is ample room and verge enough to roam. Independent of the hourly opportunities which passing steamers offer, to sail to any place up or down the coast, there are the hills to climb, the ascent of which will strengthen the lungs, and the cool mountain breeze will brace the nerves. And there is the shore road round Toward Point, or up the valley of Loch Striven, to Inverchoilan, and were the road made good from this point to Glenlean, as we hope it will soon be, there would be one of the most romantic drives through mountain scenery, that the whole coast could furnish. Innellan has been from its beginning, and is now, a favourite residence with the Greenock folks, and one can scarcely fancy himself out of Cathcart street while walking along its sunny beach.

Rothsay.—This place next claims our attention, and what shall we say of her. There she sits in her island home, like a Queen on throne, stretching out her arms from the ancient palace, in the centre the burgh to embrace her lovely bay, across which she looks with contented eye, on the picturesque hills and glens of Cowal. The island Bute has long and justly been celebrated for its salubrity. "O, for

gasp of the Rothesay air," exclaims the invalid, as he pensively walks round his sick chamber, in the large city, longing for the time when the winter's bitter blast shall cease, and permit him to get to the coast.

Nothing strikes a stranger as so much out of place in Rothesay as the cotton mills. "What!" he exclaims, "cotton factories here too! I thought I had got quit of these when I left Glasgow, but who would have expected to hear the sound of spindles at the head-quarters of sea bathing in Rothesay, the Montpelier of Scotland." Yet so it is. To be sure, they are in the background, as much out of sight as possible not to offend the eye, and then they are a source of living and wealth to many of the inhabitants. All true, still they do give the air of a manufacturing town to this beautiful island home. But why complain fastidious mortal, when there is so much around thee to please the eye and gratify the taste?

By East bay there is the delightful ride round by Ascog and Kerry-Croy, and the beautiful woods and walks in the policy of Mount-Stewart, the seat of the Marquis of Bute; on the west, there is the fine sequestered drive by Port Bannatyne to Kames, and thence to Ettrick Bay; and if you want to witness the grand and sublime on sea as well as land, go, take your stand on the Garroch Head when the south-west wind blows high, and the huge angry wave, that comes rolling from afar, is dashed into spray on the rough rocky strand. See how the tiny craft are scudding before the blast to seek for safety in some sheltered bay. Look how the large vessel is tempest-tost on the stormy waters, now seen on the crest of the wave, now lost in the trough of the sea. She is the sport of winds and waves, and reels to and fro like a drunken man. Amidst this elemental strife, what vessel is you that holds on her way "in independent pride," careless alike of "either wind or tide?" It is one of our Clyde-built screw steamers:

"To whate'er point the breeze inconstant veer,
Still doth the careless helmsman onward steer,
As if the stroke of some magician's wand
Had lent her power the ocean to command."

One can almost fancy he hears the brave seamen singing, as their ship goes bounding o'er the waves, like the war-horse gay,"

"Our bark is dancing on the waves; its tall masts, quivering, bend
Before the gale, which hails us now with the halloo of a friend;
And its prow is shearing merrily the upturned billows' foam,
While our hearts with throbbing gladness cheer old Ocean as our home.

"Hurrah! hurrah! the wind is up, it bloweth fresh and free;
And every cord, instinct with life, pipes loud its fearful glee;
Big swell the bosom'd sails with joy, and they madly kiss the spray,
As proudly through the foaming surge the Sea King bears away."

What a variety of feeling passes through the mind on contemplating a scene like this! The past, the present, and the future of our country present themselves, the whole suggestive of happy thought and hopeful anticipation. No lonely feeling pervades the mind of the spectator, for

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar."

There is yet another enjoyment which the sea-bathing population here have, and that is, a sail through the Kyles to Ardrishaig, Tarbert, and Arran. The Kyles, or Straits, of Bute are universally admired for their varied and picturesque views. At every turn new beauties meet the eye, which, to be appreciated, must be seen; "description's vain." There, amidst this romantic scenery, cottage, house, and villa are springing up, year after year, as if by magic; and if peace and prosperity bless the land for thirty years to come, the likelihood is, that there will not be a spot unoccupied on that coast that is convenient and available for feuing. We now bid adieu to the island of Bute and its fine scenes, and cross the Frith, "in a voyage of the mind," to the

Great Cumbrae,—and note the beauties of its fair sea-bathing town. By "fair," of course, we mean "pretty," for Millport, to our mind, resembles a shy maiden, of whose beautiful countenance you cannot get an appreciable glance, unless you meet her full in the face: two headlands or rocky promontaries stretch so far into the blue waters, that it is not until you have doubled one or the other that you can get a full view of all her beauties, and many an exclamation of delight is heard from travellers who the first time behold this beautiful watering place, which is always well peopled during the summer months. The air is mild and agreeable, and the scenery is less bold than that on the adjacent shores. The village is built round a semi-circle bay, with a fine shore. The houses are mostly plain and substantial-looking buildings. In the centre of the bay stands the marine residence of the Countess Dowager of Glasgow, a very neat building in the cottage style, and kept in the most perfect order.

On the terrace behind the village stands conspicuously the parish church, like a city set on a hill; some fine houses are also built on the same elevation, which must command a fine view. The object of great interest to strangers here is the Episcopal church and college, beautiful situated on a rising ground that overlooks the east end of the village. It is of Gothic architecture, and has a tall spire rising from the south-west corner. The interior of the chapel is superbly finished and f

nished. The ample grounds surrounding the buildings are enclosed with an embattled wall, and laid out with great taste. The place is well worthy of a visit, and strangers are frankly admitted on certain days of the week. The only complaint we heard of was, the want of a road round the island, which if they had, the enjoyments of the islanders, we suppose, would be complete. We trust that this desideratum will ere long be supplied. To compensate for this, there is an opportunity daily to the sea-bathing population here of sailing to Arran and back, a distance of eight or ten miles.

The scenery of Arran is unrivalled, and is thus described by Dr. M' Culloch (in his *Highlands and Western Isles*, vol ii. p. 29)—“Every variety of landscape is united in this extraordinary spot. The rural charms of the ancient English village, unrestricted in space and profuse of unoccupied land, are joined to the richness of cultivation, and contrasted with the wildness of moorland and rocky pasture. On one hand is the wild mountain torrent, and on the other the tranquil river meanders through the rich plain. Here the sea curls on the smooth beach, and there it foams against a rocky shore, or washes the foot of the high and rugged cliffs, or the skirts of the wooded hill. The white sails of boats, are seen passing and repassing among trees—the battlements of the castle just visible, throw an air of ancient grandeur over the woods, and, united to this variety, is all the sublimity and all the rudeness of the Alpine landscape which surrounds and involves the whole.” From the hills above Millport a fine view of the whole Firth of Clyde may be had, and, what with boating to the little Cumbrae, fishing in the bay, &c., time passes very pleasantly with the people who make this their summer retreat. We have neither time nor taste in this our hasty voyage round the coast—nor are we well qualified to describe the geological structure and strata of these islands, nor to fix the date when they were upturned from the waters—nor is it our province, at present, to become antiquary and gather up every scrap of traditionary story concerning Haco and his troops while he occupied these islands. Both of these subjects are interesting and important in themselves, but we leave them to more learned travellers, and hasten on our course to the “adjacent island of Great Britain,” which is soon reached. We may get ashore at Fairlie by a small boat, which comes off to accommodate travellers; but we decline the conveyance and remain on board, though we like the quiet sequestered appearance of this little village, which is always well frequented in the summer season.

Largs—is a large town, and was populous long before steam boats were in fashion; it is therefore not one of the new creations—we have

referred to in another place. Long ago it was known and visited as a most fashionable watering place by parties from Glasgow and Paisley, when the most speedy access to it was only by land, and the roads anything but smooth; and we are glad to find that amidst all the competition with which it has had to contend, from numerous younger and more aspiring rivals, it still maintains its popularity, and attracts to its homes a large number of select and fashionable families in the summer. Fashion rules in watering places as well as in dress, and sometimes on this account one place is for the season preferred to another; but we have no idea that Largs will be unpopular with sea-bathers, for it has all the appliances within itself to make people comfortable. In common with Millport and most of the other coast towns the inhabitants here enjoy the trip to Arran, leaving after breakfast, and returning in time for dinner. The town from the water has a very fine appearance—the large green in front of the houses along the beach forms a fine promenade in the cool summer evening, and the white pebbled shore dipping gently into the sea is most convenient for bathing at all times of the tide. For sequestered walks there are the woods of Kelburn on the west, and the Quarter banks, and the quiet road towards Brisbane House on the east. Beyond Gogo burn there are a range of fine mansions, beautifully situated on rising ground, commanding a fine view, and giving an aristocratic air to the “west end.”

The town itself stands on a level plain, and is well laid out, the houses clean and airy. Water from the Gogo is brought into the town in pipes underground, and by admirable contrivance is made to well up at the end of every street, and run down its strands in a copious stream, carrying in its course cleanliness and thrift to every dwelling. Behind the town the mountains rise to a great elevation, and must command a most extensive view from their summit. On one occasion a pic-nic party of literary gentlemen and ladies pitched their tent midway up these hills, and after enjoying their repast, and feasting their eyes on the beauties of Nature, one of the party gave a short history of the Norwegian invasion in 1263, pointing out on the green grassy map which lay before him, the route of the flying foe to his ships, which lay in Fairlie Roads, when—

“Fighting, flying, struggling with his scattered host,
Haco saw, despairing, that the day was lost;
Of his twenty thousand men,
Not a third was left him then,
The fearful tale to tell,
Of the slaughter that befel;
And Haco, iron hearted, who had never wept before,
With his hands his pale face covered, and sobbed upon the shore.”

Wemyss Bay.—From Largs to Wemyss Bay the coast is studded at intervals with cottage, house, villa, mansion and magnificent castle, each pleasantly situated and tastefully adorned. Wemyss Bay, though not so large, much resembles West Bay, right opposite, at Dunoon. It has a pretty shore, and the houses that have long stood on its margin are now sheltered with wood, and have a fine view down the river. Several houses of more than ordinary grandeur have recently been erected under the cliffs, and one on the rocky promontory that terminates the bay; being built of the dark red sandstone that abounds in the district, they have a rather imposing appearance. At Wemyss Bay there is an excellent hotel and a post office, and a post runner to all the houses on the coast westward, for several miles. Overlooking the bay on a fine site stands Kelly House (James Scott, Esq.) This was long the residence of the late Robert Wallace, Esq., M.P., for Greenock, who, while he was in Parliament, achieved for the country, by his own exertions mainly, that great boon, Postal Reform. Mr. Wallace has now gone to his long home, while millions are daily rejoicing in the great blessing with which his name will ever be associated. Every place we travelled this summer, both by sea and land, traces are still visible of the great storm of February last. Every passenger who lands or embarks at Wemyss Bay is reminded of this, for the wharf was carried away on that dreadful night, and the communication with the steamer is by boat.

Inverkip.—Is indeed a “ales toon”; it is embowered in woods, and scarcely a house is visible from the sea. It is a quiet little village, has some beautiful shady walks, and yearly receives its due proportion of summer residents. Ardgowan House occupies the finest site of the Clyde, and commands one of the finest views. In approaching it from Wemyss Bay, the sylvan scene is grand and rich in the extreme. It seems placed in a large forest. The hills that surround the tastefully laid out policy are clothed to their summits with the fir tree, the ash, the poplar, and the pine. Lunderston Bay is another of those beautiful indentations so frequently to be met with on the coast. A fisherman’s hut stands alone on the shore, and recalls to one’s mind pleasing reminiscences of the past, when these little houses were the only ones to be seen on this populous coast. A hasty glance, always a pleasant one, at Cloch Leven, and Ashton, brings us again to our old friend Gourcock. Our voyage now is done, and we thus conclude in borrowed phrase :—

“I have seen them, need I boast?

Every town upon the coast,

While I bid them all be blest,

Greenock, thou’rt my home my rest,

My own town—I love thee best.”

S.

YACHT MEASUREMENT.

MR. EDITOR.—As I am not much book learned I fear I shall not make my letter so explicit as I wish, but being only a sailor of the rougher sort I hope you "will take the will for the deed."—So here goes :—In your former numbers there appeared a proposal to get up a sum of money for the best method of altering the tonnage law, and a peppery old gentleman took it up, and was inclined to do wonders, if he had the "needful." Here the subject dropped with the exception of a yarn two or three others.

In the May number a fear was expressed that during the yachting season nothing would be done in the matter, except being discussed at the various clubs, and some steps taken to form a Committee at its close. The season is over, and there is no appearance of a change, therefore its evident nothing will be done unless you give it a start. My object in writing is to show that the want of a regular plan of measurement has been very prejudicial to yacht racing, and several protests occasioned thereby. In one place (Great Yarmouth) a prize of £42 was given by the Railway Company, for yachts of 25 and not exceeding 50 tons:—three yachts were entered—Glance, Phantom, and Thought, but when the time arrived a dispute arose between the parties as to their proper tonnage: Pittuck, the captain of the Thought, in the absence of his owner, refused to allow time to Phantom, and justly too I think: the upshot of this was, no start. The other race being a certainty for the Amazon, the regatta, I regret to say, after all the trouble that had been taken to get it up, was but a sorry affair as regards yachting.

Now, Mr. Editor, if a general rule was established the Committees of regattas would be in possession of it, and would not be annoyed by disputes as they now are.

All persons desirous of yacht measurement being under one system will be glad to find the evil is working its own cure—and owners of racing yachts to prevent the annoyance of protests will be compelled to suggest an alteration. At the Port of Plymouth regatta there were two protests, one against the Secret, which was entered as 30 tons, and her opponents persisted she was more; the other was against the Mosquito, entered as 50 tons. In the case of the Secret application was made to Mr. Ratey, who satisfied the Committee that the alterations he brought her to 30 tons only, consequently her owner, Mr. Waring, received the prize. The Mosquito affair after much conflicting evidence was settled by Wildfire taking the prize. What is the Mosquito's per tonnage?

I will now point out a few of the inconsistencies the following yachts experienced during the past season:—

Phantom at Royal Thames, Harwich, and Victoria 28 tons; Lowestoft, Great Grimsby, Southern, and Dover 27.

Thought at Thames 29 tons, Lowestoft and Dover 28, Victoria 25.

Secret at Thames 33 tons, all other places 30.

Amazon at Harwich and Great Yarmouth 48 tons, Wear 46, Southern 45, Thames 42.

Wildfire at Squadron 66 tons, Thames and Southern 59, Plymouth 52.

Vestal at Squadron 81 tons, Thames and all other places 74.

Extravaganza at Thames 48, and all other places including Squadron, except in the race for Club Prize when she was made 57.

Glance at St. George's 33 tons, Southern and Teignmouth 34, Lowestoft and Great Grimsby 35.

Mosquito at Cork 60 tons, St. Georges 59, Victoria and Plymouth 50, Isle of Man 58, Squadron 70.

Cyclone at St. George's 43 tons, Bristol Channel Regatta 48.

Foam at Cork 26 tons, St. George's 23.

Arrow at Squadron 118 tons, Victoria 102.

I could add to the above, but think no further proof necessary to convey an idea of the perplexing position in which a yacht owner is placed, when he enters his yacht to race. He knows his correct tonnage, yet he is not allowed to sail by it, his craft must be re-measured, perhaps, twice or thrice a week, if he attends as many regattas, and moreover, has occasionally to allow time to another which he considers unjust, therefore is discontented and leaves in high dudgeon, vowing never to enter his yacht at such places again.

Now, Mr. Editor, the racing man must find this evil becoming too troublesome to put up with, and he will either agitate his club to assist in altering the system, or be content to join those twaddlers who roam about the coast, and his clipper yacht be known only as a floating machine.

There are many who have gained hundreds of pounds by yacht racing why don't they bring the measurement question publicly forward, and prove they feel an interest in the sport beyond pounds, shillings, and pence? It cannot be expected that gentlemen, who merely keep yachts for the enjoyment of a summer cruise, should trouble themselves to introduce a measure which the racing man is careless about.

If in your next number you will give the rules of measurement adopted at the various regattas, you will confer a boon on the yachting community, by showing where alterations are required.

E. S. T.

[We will endeavour to comply with our correspondent's suggestion.—Ed.]

PRINCE OF WALES YACHT CLUB.—MEASUREMENT.

At the last meeting of this club, the 14th ult., the Commodore, R. Hewett, Esq., proposed that an alteration should be made in rule 31 for the measurement of yachts. "The present rule, however good, ought to be altered. Clubs round the coast were in much perplexity respecting measurement. They could not determine how to act, but if they found all the London Clubs agreed upon the subject, there was good reason to believe they would follow the example. The Prince of Wales Club ought to help the Royal Thames and Royal London Clubs in showing that example to those on the coast, and that would be effected by altering the measurement, so as to agree with their rules, which now correspond by the latter falling into the same views as the former. He proposed the alteration, as he thought it was making a move in the right direction."

The commodore has indeed set a good example, and much good will result from it. We shall give the particulars of the next meeting in our December number.

THE LIFE BOAT INSTITUTION.

THIS meritorious institution deserves the attention of every individual, whether seamen or not; its claims on the whole community rests on a noble foundation—*Humanity!* That word alone conveys a feeling which should be engrafted in every human heart: from the monarch on his throne to the poorest subject, irrespective of religion or country, the shipwrecked mariner claims sympathy and relief; and the beggar will share his last crust with him; blessing his Creator that even he in his poverty has humanity in his heart, and been instrumental in succouring a fellow creature.

When we read of the bold daring of our Beachmen and Coast Guard, fearlessly perilling their lives to save the drowning mariner, who can hesitate to give his aid to the Committee of this Institution, that it may be in a position to add tenfold to the numerous boats and appliances which are constructed for the preservation of life.

Some short time back a proposition was made to the Royal Thames Yacht Club to raise a sufficient sum to purchase a life boat, to be presented to the Institution, and we congratulate the club on the liberality displayed by its members in raising upwards of £160 towards this praiseworthy object.

Although many other Yacht Clubs may not be in a position to follow that example, yet all can aid this noble charity by opening a subscription list; and although some persons may give their pounds, let not a false delicacy deter others (whose circumstances are not so flourishing) from adding their shillings,—the latter sum in such a meritorious cause will be equally acceptable, and the charitable feeling appreciated.

In a letter which appeared in a contemporary a short time since, the writer proposed that each yacht owner should give to the Institution sixpence per ton to the amount of tonnage of his vessel. This is a very good idea, and the writer being a yachtsman, we should suggest to him that the better way to arrive at his praiseworthy object will be to propose it to his club: if it is approved, and put into operation even by one club, the others will join in the cause.

In addition to the above much good may result if the members of yacht clubs solicit their friends and connexions to subscribe; by this means a large sum may be collected, and the benefit to be derived from such a source it is impossible to conceive. Even penny subscriptions have, 'ere now, produced immense sums when adopted by the public, and this being a maritime nation, there is scarcely a family that has not some friend or relative connected with the "mighty deep," an appeal should be made by this means, thus giving all classes an opportunity to contribute to the well-doing of one of the most useful Institutions in the world.

Now, yachtsmen, there are various methods pointed out, adopt one, if not all, and do not allow this Institution to ask in vain for your support: remember, with your frail barques you may need the assistance of the life boat, then in the hour of tribulation, the thought that you had contributed to the fund to reward the brave men who peril their lives to save yours will be a great consolation.

The R. T. Y. C. Life Boat.—"On Saturday, the 18th ult., her trial took place in the canal near Limehouse. Mr. James Peake, the designer of the boat; Mr. S. Forrest, builder of the boat; Mr. Grant, Secretary of the R.T.Y. Club; Mr. Dixon; Mr. Lewis, secretary to the Royal National Life-boat Institution, and many other gentlemen were present. The boat having been turned over by means of some tackling attached to a crane, righted herself in a few seconds; and when full of water relieved herself of the same in less than 30 seconds. These extraordinary qualities of the boat seemed to excite the surprise and admiration of every one present. When the boat was empty the water was five inches below the deck. So great was the stability of the boat that it required twenty-four men to bring her gunwale to the waters' edge, thus showing that it was almost impossible to capsize

her in a heavy sea; yet if such an event should by possibility take place, she will, as before stated immediately recover herself. With the valves of the relieving tubes open, it required nineteen men to bring her sides to the waters' edge. When forty men were in the boat there was only 3 inches of water on deck. In the opinion of all present nothing could have been more satisfactory than the result of this trial, which reflected the highest credit on Mr. Peake the designer, and her skilful builders. She is to be stationed at Deal, and the Royal Thames Yacht Club intend presenting her to the National Life-boat Institution.

A Munificent Bequest.—The late Hamilton Fitzgerald, Esq., has left a legacy of £10,000 to the Royal National Life-boat Institution. This act will enable the Society to extend its area of action, which the deceased philanthropist knew was circumscribed. During his life Mr. Fitzgerald was a liberal subscriber, and this last act will prove his zeal in the cause.

REGATTAS, AND SAILING MATCHES.

THE following notices being omitted during the racing season we have condensed them now to complete our record for 1856. The first on the list is **THE YACHT CLUB ROYAL BELGE.**—This Club is under the patronage of His Imperial Majesty King Leopold, and one of his sons (the Comte de Flandre) is the Commodore. The regatta has become one of the national pastimes of the country, and is graced by the presence of His Majesty, and the Royal Family, who are so beloved by the people that they are hailed with enthusiasm whenever they appear. Happy is the monarch who requires no other guards than the love and loyalty of his subjects. On this occasion His Majesty not only attended to witness the sports, but honoured the Club by partaking of a magnificent banquet given by the Members at the theatre; and after his health had been enthusiastically drank, expressed the pleasure he felt in supporting aquatic amusements, believing as he did that they were conducive to the welfare of the country.

Several exceeding rich prizes were offered for competition, but owing to the weather, which had been very fickle, only three or four yachts were able to attend; and the only match for that class was for a prize given by the Duke de Brabant for which the following started:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1856.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Reg.	Ton.	Owners.
1087	Violet	cutter	10	J. R. Kirby, Esq.
833	Rifeman.....	cutter	10	P. Bennett, Esq.
5 B.	Britannia.....	cutter	10	E. Jacquet, Esq.

This was won by the *Violet* after a contest of 6 hours 46 minutes; the *Britannia* being second.

Many rowing matches were contested, and had a good fleet of yachts been present the regatta of 1856 would have surpassed all former years. Let us hope the weather next year will allow more of our yachtsmen to share the welcome that ever awaits them, even from royalty.

GLANDORE REGATTA.—The sports at this place extended over three days, viz:—September 3rd, 4th, and 5th, and brought together a good flotilla of the *Pleasure Navy*. The weather was stormy; and on the first day a private match, and a boat race only came off; on the second day the gale had so increased that the aquatic sports were abandoned: but on the third day towards noon the wind having partially decreased the following yachts appeared at the station to start for a splendid Silver Cup. Time race. *Ackers'* scale.

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1856.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Ton.	Owners.
1028	<i>Vigilant</i>	cutter	30	J. C. Atkins, Esq.
41	<i>Antelope</i>	cutter	27	W. H. O'Bryen, Esq.
	<i>Flirt</i>	cutter	18	W. H. Hall, Esq.

At 3h. 15m. these yachts started, and presented a most interesting object to the eyes of thousands. Indeed, this race was one of singular beauty and interest, from the very unsettled state of the weather and the tremendous sea that rolled into Rosshay before a stiff south-east gale and a thick mist. The little *Flirt* presented her graceful proportions in a very attractive light, from the very superior manner in which she appeared to be worked. Before reaching the turning point at the *Dulig Rock* each yacht took the lead in succession, but the *Antelope* was the first to round the rock. She, however, was soon overhauled by the *Vigilant*, and subsequently by the little *Flirt*, and in that order they proceeded, making every effort for the prize, in the midst of a sea calculated to deter most yachtsmen from weighing anchor. After a contest equally creditable to all, they rounded the flag-boat in the following manner:—

	h.	m.	s.		a.	m.	s.
<i>Vigilant</i>	5	46	30	<i>Antelope</i>	5	52	0
<i>Flirt</i>	5	49	0				

The little *Flirt* gaining the prize according to the time allowed for difference of tonnage. The *Flirt* and the *Antelope* are Cork-harbour built yachts having come out of Mr. Wheeler's docks, the *Vigilant* is from the yard of Messrs Wanhill of Poole.

The growing interest attached to Glandore Regattas must draw public attention to that locality, as one of the most attractive to be found on the southern coast of Ireland, and to which nothing is wanting but sufficient

accommodation to make it a most agreeable and ultimately a fashionable watering place. The country people assembled in great numbers, and were remarkable for their orderly conduct and decent appearance, contrasting agreeably with the appearance this locality presented a few years since.

MATCH IN DUBLIN BAY.

THIS noble bay was the scene of a pretty sailing match on the 13th Sept., between eight yachts belonging to members of the Irish Clubs, and, much sport was afforded as will be found detailed below. The match was for a Sweepstakes of One Sovereign each, for which the following entered:

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht for 1856.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Ton.	Owners.
79	Banba	cutter	20	W. J. Doherty, Esq.
	Sybil	cutter	9	T. W. Hodgans, Esq.
	Spray	cutter	13	J. Todhunter, Esq.
	Sirocco	cutter	9	R. Barklie, Esq.
456	Gipsy	cutter	10	E. P. Clarke, Esq.
960	Torment	cutter	5	Jos. Todhunter, Esq.
1038	Virago	cutter	12	Captain J. S. Byrne
715	Nautilus	cutter	10	J. C. Walker, Esq.

About one o'clock they were moored in line across the harbour of Kingstown, from west to east, under the management of Captain O'Donnell, M.P., Commodore for the day. At 2h. 45m., the starting gun was fired from the Royal Irish Yacht Club House Battery, and with a light breeze at N.N.W., the little fleet got away in beautiful style. The Banba took the lead, and was declared unmistakably to win from the first; she was closely followed by the Sirocco, Virago, and Torment, with the Nautilus, Sibyl, Spray and Gipsy in the order of their names nearly beam and beam. The course was from Kingstown harbour, round the buoys of the Burford bank, thence round the South buoy of Dublin Bar, and to a flag-boat moored off the harbour's mouth, back round the South buoy to the Bar again, leaving all on the port hand, and the winning boat in the harbour between H.M.S. Forth and the sloop Wolf.

It was a beam wind upon the run out to the Burford bank, the wind drawing more to the northward in the bay. The Banba still increased her lead, the Sirocco, Virago, and Nautilus taking up the running in order. On reaching the southern buoy of the Burford, the Banba hauled by the wind on the port tack to beat up for the north buoy, followed by the Sirocco, Virago, Nautilus, and Torment. The Spray on reaching the buoy went about, and hauled her wind on the starboard tack, working along the edge of the bank; she was followed by the Sibyl and Gipsy, and after a short chase by the Sirocco and Torment. In the beat to windward the Sibyl displayed first-rate sailing, going to windward like a little witch, and a close match took place between her and Spray and Gipsy for the honour of weathering

the north buoy and taking second place. The Sibyl, however would not be denied, and weathered on the Gipsy and Spray.

The north buoy was rounded thus:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Banba	4	49	0	Sirocco	4	53	25
Sybil	4	52	10	Torment.....	4	54	0
Gipsy.....	4	53	25	Virago.....	4	56	30
Spray.....	4	53	25	Nautilus			not timed.

The vessels now got the wind somewhat free, Spray ran past the Gipsy, and raced the Sibyl beam and beam, all the vessels drawing slightly on the Banba. As they neared the bar buoy the wind drew more from the westward down the river, and brought them on a bow line again. The Banba still held her lead, and steadily increased it. The Sibyl went again into second place, Spray third, Gipsy fourth, with Sirocco, Torment and Virago well up, and the Nautilus a short distance behind carrying a press of canvas. In this order they bore away for the flag boat off the piers, the Spray, Gipsy and Sirocco setting square sails (there being no restriction as to the number of sails.) After a short time the Sirocco overhauled the Gipsy and went into fourth place in excellent style, and a well sailed match was concluded at H.M.S. Forth, in the following order:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Banba	6	20	30	Gipsy.....	6	40	0
Sybil	6	31	0	Torment.....	6	43	0
Spray	6	32	30	Virago.....	6	48	0
Sirocco	6	35	45	Nautilus	6	49	30

It was stated that the Nautilus had not gone the round, however, she passed the flag-ship at the above hour, with her racing flag flying. The Banba was hailed the winner with much enthusiasm, her owner is a favorite with all yachtsmen and deservedly, having the interests of yachting thoroughly at heart.

LONDON MODEL YACHT CLUB MATCH.

A match took place on the 9th of September among the vessels of this Club, which should have been from East Greenwich to Gravesend and back, a distance which was shortened owing to there being no wind, on which occasion the Eugenie came in the winner, the Kate being second, the Water Kelpie and the other boats missing the distance buoy. At the time it was declared that the Eugenie had won, although certainly something was said about the boats departing from the rules. In a few days afterwards Mr. Ham owner of the Water Kelpie, not feeling satisfied with his defeat made a match with Mr. Sweeting, owner of the Eugenie which was accordingly sailed: at this time our readers will remember it was very stormy weather, this favoured the Water Kelpie, who won it easily, the Eugenie being obliged to give in in consequence of being nearly full of water.

A week after this it was announced that the three boats must again compete and the 14th of October was the day fixed on. On this occasion the Vice-commodore, Mr. Williams, was officer for the day in the absence of Mr.

Eltham the Commodore, he accompanied the match in his yacht, Traveller, a few other yachts being out. This day as on the former was very beautiful, but there was scarcely a breath of wind stirring, and consequently there was no interest in the match.

The following were found at their stations off the Sea Witch at ten a.m. viz:—

Yacht's Names.	Rig.	Tonn.	Owners.
Water Kelpie.....	cutter	4	J. Ham, Esq.
Eugenie.....	cutter	4	F. Sweeting, Esq.

The race was for a Silver Cup, the distance as before, but owing to there being no wind it was shortened to the Powder Magazine at Rainham, and back to Sea Witch. At 10h. 19m. 10a. the boats being ready, they started together, soon after the Water Kelpie gradually left her opponent. There being no wind it was consequently a drifting match with the tide to Rainham Ferry. No alteration taking place they arrived at Rainham in this manner :

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Water Kelpie.....	1	34	15	Eugenie.....	1	50	25

Shortly after rounding a slight breeze sprung up from the east which sent the Water Kelpie further ahead. This puff however only lasted for a minute, for in the next half hour the wind had chopped all round the compass, and continued so during the remainder of the match, which finished as follows.—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Water Kelpie.....	3	57	30	Eugenie.....	4	24	20

The Water Kelpie thus being the winner.

ROYAL LONDON YACHT CLUB.

At the last monthly meeting of this club, the worthy Commodore, J. Goodson, Esq., in the chair, and the new Rear-Commodore, J. R. Kirby, Esq., in the vice-chair.

In the course of the evening the Commodore rose to express the happiness he felt at again being amongst them, and in a speech replete with gentlemanly feeling, said nothing but his fears that he should no longer be able to apply the adequate amount of time to the discharge of his duties, had induced him to resign. The high and flattering compliment paid him by the club, in soliciting him to continue in office, coupled with the appointment of Mr. Kirby, as Rear-Commodore, had induced him, with great pleasure, to consent to their wishes, and he had much gratification in resuming office, as he felt that, with the accession of their new Rear-Commodore, a bright and prosperous future lay before them.

Mr. Kirby returned thanks for the honour conferred upon him by his recent appointment. He felt the flattering compliment which had been paid him, and would endeavour to show by his zeal and regard for the interests of the club how highly he estimated the distinction he enjoyed.

The annual dinner of the Club will take place at Willie's Rooms, King Street, on Wednesday November 26th.

Editor's Locker.

GRIMSBY REGATTA.

Grimsby, Oct. 6th, 1886.

SIR.—My attention has been called to the report of the Great Grimsby Regatta in your number for September, wherein are certain mis-statements calculated to mar the prospect of future Regattas on the Humber.

In the entries for the first prize, which was valued at £80 (and not £30 as stated in your report). The Amazon was not included, neither was any notice sent of the owner's intention to enter her up to the time fixed for closing the entry list. The owner was aware from the programme that was sent to him that the Committee had printed and circulated the following regulation:—

"The Committee reserve to themselves the right of barring the entry of any Yacht winning on the Humber during the Season (in order to secure a more eligible contest), or of making such alterations in the Terms and Conditions of the Matches as from the state of the weather, or other causes, they may think desirable."

In the face of such a regulation how was it possible that the Committee could break faith at the eleventh hour with those yachts that had entered upon the conditions stated.

Even at the Hull Regatta the month previous, there would have been no prize for the Amazon, had not the Vice-commodore of the Royal Yorkshire Yacht Club entered his own yacht to make up the number, and thus enable the Amazon to take the Cup. The compliment was due on her first visit to the Humber, she having entered and come some distance expressly to sail at the Hull Regatta; but at Grimsby the case was very different, and had the Committee broken through the regulations and allowed the Amazon to enter *there would have been no regatta.*

If gentlemen will sail their yachts along the coast expressly to win Cups, that are *not wreathed with laurels*, they must expect Committees to provide such regulations as will insure a fair contest and good sport, which would not have been the case had the Amazon been allowed to enter.

Enclosed I forward you a programme with the regulation alluded to, by which you will see that the Committee kept faith with the yachtmen of England.

To the Editor H.Y.M.

Yours, faithfully,
EDWD. BANNISTER, *Hon. Sec.*

WANT OF ETIQUETTE IN SAILORS.

October 20th 1886.

SIR.—We have books on Ball room etiquette, &c., I have just returned from a cruise in a friends yacht, and was struck at the want of knowledge displayed generally on the what should be done, and what should not be done on certain occasions. Would it not be well in your next years "List" to have a Chapter on Yachting Etiquette. The Captains might get a hint to attend the gangway when the owner comes on board, not in their shirt sleeves as some do; and visitors be told it is polite to touch their hats on

reaching the deck. How various are the modes of flag saluting; what flags to hoist in friendly foreign ports when you would pay a compliment. When the morning or evening gun is to be fired, and by whom, if more yachts than one be in port.

To the Editor H. Y. M.

Yours, &c.,
D.

THAMES & ESSEX YACHTSMEN.

London, Oct. 20th, 1856.

DEAR HUNT.—How is it that our Essex yachtsmen are so afraid of us on the Thames? Is it because, when they come up to sail in our matches we so often lick them, or from more mercenary motives? We of the Prince of Wales Club, threw prizes to them, and to all the world with a liberal hand, whereas they, afraid to reciprocate, confine their matches to their own aquatic productions; some of them good, but many very shaky and slow. I see by your pages for the first time a regatta at Mistley, and another at Walton on another day, both entirely hole and corner exhibitions. About two years ago a match was held at Woodbridge also, which was only discovered by chance, and one of our river boats went down, and walked off with the prize.

Now, I should exceedingly like to know why, if we allow the Essex folks to send their craft here to be beaten, they should not go to the expense of half-a-crown for an advertisement in your Magazine, or Bell's Life? in order that the regatta be known, and themselves again thrashed in their own waters.

To the Editor of H. Y. M.

I remain, &c.,
A THAMES YACHTSMAN.

NAVIGATION EXTRAORDINARY.

AN aquatic feat of a novel character was performed on Wednesday, Oct. 1st. by two gentlemen. Mr. C. F. Chubb, Secretary of the P.W.Y.C., London, and Mr. S. F. Edwards, of Malmesbury, started in a small punt, 10 feet in length, by about 3 feet beam, to test the practicability of navigating the Avon, which runs from Malmesbury to Chippenham. Starting from Winyard's Mill about 10h. A.M. provided with two pairs of oars, three small lanterns, and a pole, they soon reached the first obstruction:—viz. the hatches of Cowbridge Mill. From Winyard's Mill to Cowbridge is about a mile by water, and this distance was performed in twenty minutes. To drag the boat out of the water across the meadow and into the mill pond was the work of about ten minutes, and then on again towards Kingsmead. Recent heavy rains had much swollen the river, and, though it rendered shallows easier of navigation, yet it produced a greater rapidity of current which obliged these aquatic adventurers to keep their weather eyes open. The first bridge to pass under was Cowbridge, where the arch is very narrow, and the stream very rapid underneath. Ducking their heads the pu

shot through it like a canoe, and the transition from Cowbridge to the deep water near Kingsmead, down the numerous rapids, was one series of whisking slides. The "roaring hatches" afforded a peculiar opportunity of testing the pleasures of cataract sailing. The fall here is considerable, and accordingly rapid, the water flowing at the rate of 10 miles an hour at the least. Keeping the punt's head to the centre of the arch, and suddenly shipping the oars, onward rushed the "wee barkie," and like a thing of life shot through the pass, and, as it met the troubled waters below, dashed aside the foam in ringlets of playful spray, and rose again in the smoother water of the pool below, no doubt astonishing the finny habitants of the turbid ripples. At 12 o'clock Kingsmead was reached.

Here another formidable "roaring hatch" with rolling sound, warned the rowers not to approach too near the Charybdis, and the work of translation again commenced. The aid of a friendly miller and his men soon launched the boat into the great "pill," where a few days before we saw a well-known piscatorial clergyman catch a jack with a worm, "a unusual bait", but proving too great a "pill" to be swallowed with impunity. On, on again over the ripples, through the eddies, skimming some smoother bay of its congregated foam or river meerschau, bending the tall reeds, and bidding the bullrush make its nod of obeysance, but still rushing, whirling, dashing, onwards down the stream (suggesting to contemplative minds the prototype of human existence) sped the boat. From Kingsmead to the dam across the river above Somerford was done in an hour. Here the current being very rapid, and the hatches only just sufficient to admit the boat, and moreover being constructed of iron, dangerous to come in contact with, the boat was allowed to slip through, stern first, guided by a rope and pole.

Somerford bridge was next passed, and on to Dauntsey. Nothing unusual occurred till Dauntsey Pill was reached at 2 o'clock. Here formerly stood a mill belonging to the Abbots of Malmesbury, long since destroyed by fire. Hatches again stopped the even tenor of the way, and the boat was again drawn out of the water and launched in the mill pond below; then on again towards Dauntsey. Dauntsey House soon burst forth to the view; a very fine specimen of an English gentleman's country house, and erst the seat of the Peterborough family, whose arms were noticed cut in stone upon the church tower. On nearing Dauntsey, a discussion took place as to the artificial waterfall known to exist before this baronial mansion, and there was expected to be a fall of several feet, it was suggested to "ease her, stop her, and turn her astern," over this obstacle; but as the only danger appeared to be a good ducking, it was determined to risk it. On reaching the cataract, for a moment its appearance gave our friends "a turn" but boldly looking danger in the face, and keeping her head to it, a firm grasp of the rudder lines, and leaning back, she dashed over the fall like a flash of lightning, her bow for a second "stooped to kiss the foaming billow" below, then raising her head, and shaking the rude spray from her sides, away she went down the rapids, under the bridge, and over the fall at the rectory, of the Rev. G. A. Bierdermann in a few seconds.

Here our friends drew breath, and fortunately for the first time saw anything either human or divine. In this case it was both, for it was the worthy rector himself, who administered to them a foaming tankard of home-brewed to cheer them on their way. Next stage on the aquatic journey was Seagry Mill, which was not reached till half-past four. The river between Dauntsey and Seagry Mill is very deep, and there was a strong head wind against the boat, which made this the most laborious piece of rowing. The scenery between these places is very beautiful. Clack Abbey stands out in bold relief, and the immense woods that fringe the horizon for miles around with the approaching tint of autumn, frowned down on the meadow and stream like the beetling eyebrows of some hoary Giaour. Arriving at Seagry Mill the hospitality of Mr. Godwin was extended to our water sprites in the welcome form of a steaming glass of grog, the universal panacea of John Bull for "keeping out the cold."

Again the work of hauling out and relaunching took place, and on to Christian Malford, where are the ruins of a large and once flourishing cloth mill. Its ponderous water-wheels tumbling into decay, and the busy rattle of the spindle, the "voice of men, the hum of girls, alas, no longer heard." A dire desolation reigns supreme. Here another necessity arose to haul the boat out of the river, and to launch her in the mill pond below, which was the work of a few minutes, as the assistance of the men about was cheerfully rendered. From Christian Malford, which was reached about six, to Avon Mill is a fine piece of river water, with a very slight current. Avon Mill was reached about seven, and by this time the evening was drawing to a close, and the aquatics began to despair of reaching Chippenham that night. It was rather a difficult task to haul the boat out of the water here, owing to the bank being very steep; and here occurred the first instance of incivility from a labourer, who, walking past with his hands in his pockets refused to lend a hand to draw the boat out of the water, expressing his unwillingness by a hoggish growl. Assistance, however, was at hand, and to their honour and the shame of the ill-begotten yokel, two women came out from the mill house, and seizing the rope with "a will O! a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether," soon placed the frail bark again on the turbulent bosom of the raging pill below. By this time it was pitch dark, and the river could not be seen at twenty yards distance. A lantern was tied on to a rowlock on each side of the boat, and one on the stern, and thus illuminated, the crew once again entrusted themselves to the dark waters of the Avon.

The most dangerous part of the journey was soon apparent; the windings of the river prevented fast rowing, and they were obliged to feel their way, every now and then dropping a piece of weed into the water to see that they were going with the stream. At one place the passage was quite stopped by trees fallen across on either side, and the oars had to be shipped, and the boat pushed bodily through the branches. Another obstacle occurred Avon Farm, which bid fair to be a "stopper." The wooden bridge across the stream, from the swollen state of the river, afforded no room under the arch but for the bare bow, and the rowers had to lay down in the botte

and with their hands over their bodies push her under. This was a ticklish job, but accomplished carefully. The progress was now very slow, and universal darkness spreading over the water, and only the reflection from the lanterns just enabling the banks to be observed. At about eight o'clock the roaring of some hatches told they were nearing Kellaway's Mill, and keeping the boat along the opposite bank to the fall, they soon arrived at the mill wheel, and landing, dragged the boat ashore; finding it utterly impossible to proceed further that night without imminent danger.

Having made all snug, and refreshed themselves with a jug of ale and a crust at Mr. Bethel's, the miller's, the aquatics walked to Chippenham, and found a good shake down at the King' Head, a rather desirable finish to a day's hard work, intending next morning to take water again at Kellaway's, and to go on to Chippenham. It rained however continuously all the next and succeeding days, that for the present a further prosecution of the trip was prevented. Had the weather continued fine, we are assured that these gentlemen would have reached Bath by the Friday evening.

The distance done, taking the course of the river, is computed at about 17 or 18 miles.

ASTRONOMICAL EXPEDITION TO TENERIFFE,

The subjoined documents have been issued by the Secretary of the Admiralty, for the information of the public:—

(Copy)

Yacht Titania, off Southampton, Oct. 14, 1856.

1. Mr LORD.—I have the honour to inform your Lordship of my return from Teneriffe, after accomplishing the astronomical expedition to that place in accordance with the sanction, and the several lists of suggestions which you were pleased to send me in April, May, and June last. A large mass of remarkable observations had been thereby procured, and the whole has been managed without accident or trouble of any material character.

2.—The Spanish authorities in Teneriffe were most obliging during all my stay, offering every assistance in their power, and any of the inhabitants with whom I had to do, whether high or low, were greatly interested in the success of the observations, and expressed their earnest wish to see them tried again another year by a larger expedition, or by the establishment of a permanent observatory.

3.—This kindly feeling is but a reflex of that which, I am happy to say, was so abundantly extended towards the expedition before it sailed, by the friends of science in England, who, while appreciating the difficulties to be encountered by reason of the extreme novelty of the undertaking, were yet impressed with the important results to science that must more or less follow from its being boldly and efficiently carried through. Seconding their good wishes by material services, especially by the loan of valuable instruments, they have enabled me to accomplish far more than could otherwise have been anticipated. I should therefore at once mention the names of the Astronomer-Royal, Mr. Pattinson,

of Newcastle, Professor Stokes, Mr. Cassiot, Mr. Nasmyth, Captain Fitzroy, Dr. Lee, and Admirals Beechey, Manners, and W. H. Smyth, as those who have been greatly instrumental in bringing about a favorable result.

4.—But most of all are thanks due to Robert Stephenson, M.P., who, in his earnest appreciation of the grand experiment in astronomy, gave to me the entire use of his fine yacht, the *Titania*, and its crew of 16 men, for the whole period of the expedition. Hence I was enabled to leave England the moment that the instruments were prepared; to make important observations on the way out; to have our apparatus landed at Orotava in place of Santa Cruz (the port of the steamers, but at an impracticable distance from the Peak); to take picked men from the crew to serve as assistants on the mountain; and to have through the agency of the intelligent and scientific captain (Mr. L. Corke), accurate and continued meteorological observations made at the level of the sea during all the time of my residence on the Peak.

5.—In concluding, I have the honour to subjoin a condensed account of my proceedings, and to state the reduction of the observations is in progress, and, with further particulars, will shortly be placed at their Lordships' disposal.

I have, &c.,

C. PIAZZI SMYTH,

Astronomer-Royal for Scotland.

Notes of Proceedings during the Astronomical Expedition to Tenerife.

1.—From the date of the sanctioning of the expedition by their Lordships I was closely occupied in preparing the necessary instruments, signally assisted in some of the more difficult parts by the Astronomer Royal, until the 30th of June, when I embarked on board the yacht *Titania*, at Southampton, with about 70 cases of instruments and materials.

2.—After a prosperous voyage, during which we were enabled to accomplish by novel mechanical and optical contrivances,—viz., my “free revolver stand” and “spontaneous horizon point”—two important desiderata of nautical astronomy noted in the “Admiralty Manual of Scientific Inquiry,” and to ascertain the necessity of a new but large collection for marine barometers, we cast anchor in the road of Santa Cruz on the morning of the 8th of July. Landing immediately, I called with the Consul, on the Spanish authorities in the town, and found them all most favourably disposed towards the undertaking. The Captain-General himself was absent in a different part of the country, but on hearing of my arrival he most courteously sent the chief of his Etat Major to offer his compliments and services.

3.—Fortunate in procuring the advice and agency in Santa Cruz of Mr. Hamilton, an eminent merchant, long resident in the island; and in Orotava of Mr. Goodall, the acting vice-consul, I proceeded on the 10th overland to the last-named town, the real port of the Peak, while the yacht went round by sea to the same place, and landed all the packages, as well as her carpenter and second mate, who were to serve as assistants on the mountain.

4.—Now the moment had arrived for beginning the first, and all along, still the prevailing idea of the whole expedition—viz., how much can astronomical observation be improved by the elevation of telescopes into the higher regions of the atmosphere. To determine this neatly and definitely in the

of a problem in pure mathematics three stations should have been chosen ; one at the base, the second half way up, and the third at the summit of the Peak ; and such had, in fact, been recommended. I was prepared therefore to set up our instruments at Orotava, as the first station ; but, finding that this town and all that part of the country were under a constant cloud, so thick, so dense, and so determinedly constant as to leave no hope of our procuring, except by a stay of some months, sufficient observations for determining the astronomical qualities of the atmosphere there, I soon turned my attention to a higher station. After considering the form of the mountain, the height of the local clouds about it, and the directions of the prevailing winds: being also assisted by the local and scientific experience of Mr. Charles Smith, of Orotava, I gave the preference to Guajara, a mountain 8,870 feet high, on the south of the Peak, and on the 14th July we started for this place with 27 horses and mules, and nearly all our baggage.

5.—Not the whole of it, for the very untoward circumstance had just been discovered that the form, size, and weight of the boxes of the great Pattinson equatorial were entirely unsuited to the means of transport in the country. Mr. Goodall had brought all the muleteers and carriers of the place to see what could be done; but they all declared the taking of such boxes up the mountain to be impossible, either for horses or for men, and that I should find it to be so on going up. We were therefore compelled to leave them behind, provisionally we hoped, while we were acquiring experience of the country and of the astronomical qualities of the atmosphere with the smaller and more portable Sheepshanks equatorial of the Edinburgh Observatory.

6.—Travelling, then, with our cavalcade, we began to ascend the long slope above Orotava, on what appeared to be a densely clouded day; but after pushing on for some hours, we had penetrated and finally risen above all those clouds the cumuloni of the north-east trade wind, at the height of above 5,000 feet. This was immediately a realization of one of the astronomical advantages of elevation ; for the sun now shone out hot and clear from a dark blue sky, unspecked by a particle of vapour—a state of things, too, which the characteristics of the plants and the dryness of the soil we were entering on proved to be the rule and not the exception of that upper region.

7.—Still ascending the slope, the ancient valley of Tavro, we entered by the portal through which its tumultuous lava streams once escaped, the great ratama dotted basin of the old crater, at an elevation of 7,100 feet. Under the eastern and southern walls of this we skirted along for several miles, leaving the cone of the Peak on the west and north ; and finally ascending through a pass in the southern wall, we climbed the hill of Guajara, encamping that night among the trachyte and pumice blocks with which its summit is strewed.

8.—The morning showed that we were on the highest point of land on the island, except the Peak itself, which rose about three miles to the north of us, thus leaving the horizon clear east and west where some of our observations were to be made. But, the site being open and exposed to every wind, and with a deep precipice, part of the old crater wall, running along the northern side, our first exertions were directed to securing the station by building stone walls about the tents. To this end we procured native assistance, and erected also an optical room, a meteorological shed, and a telescope enclosure. At the same time our friend, Mr. Goodall, in Orotava, attended so untiringly and

effectively to all our wants in the way of horses, men, provisions, &c., that we were soon enabled to turn all our attention to scientific employments.

9.—In astronomy, the admirable purity of the atmosphere and the advantage of an ascent of 8,870 feet were night after night proved by the limit of vision of the Sheepshanks telescope being extended from stars of the 10 deg. magnitude to those of the 14 deg. at Guajara, and not only the brightness of the stars but their definition also was much improved, for, while in Edinburgh I had never seen good images of stars in that instrument, on Guajara it almost always exhibited such clean and perfect stellar discs and rings as I had never seen in any other telescope at or near the level of the sea; and while we were still on the mountain, with almost every night perfectly clear, and in general with such enchantingly fine definition, the perception of these advantages was intensified by the arrival of a letter from the first assistant-astronomer of the Edinburgh Observatory, saying that there had hardly been a single clear night there during all the time I had been away.

10.—The conclusions derivable from the purely astronomical observations are confirmed by many of a different character, and especially by the observed intensity of the radiation of the heavenly bodies. Thus, the first radiation thermometer we exposed was broken in a few minutes by the power of the sun proving to be so much greater than had been anticipated by the maker in England. Two other thermometers were then brought out that had been prepared according to M. Arago's ideas and the greater strength of the sun in France, but, though marking as high as 180 deg., they were soon proved to be insufficient to register the extraordinary intensity of the sun's rays here; for by 10 o'clock in the morning the mercury had not only reached the top of the scale (180 deg.), but was filling the upper bulb to an unknown extent.

11.—This excessive radiation abundantly proved that Guajara was precisely the place for the normal series of actinometer observations required by Sir John Herschel. For this purpose two actinometers at least were necessary; but up to the time of leaving England neither my friends nor myself could hear of the existence of more than one. That one belonged to Mr. Airey, and he had not only lent it to me, but ordered a second one to be made and sent out to Tenerife as soon as possible. Unhappily, it only arrived as I was leaving the island, on the 26th of September, and then in a damaged condition, while the other one, when opened on the mountain, was found to have been injured in its most essential part—the internal thermometer—as well as to have leaked. Means, however, of getting over these difficulties were extemporized, and observations were begun in that region so promising for solar radiation; but on the second day the gradual shrinking of the wooden parts of the apparatus split the glass parts—the end of too many of our instruments in that climate, where, besides the direct radiation, there reigned a continual dryness, with a severity unmitigated, beyond any precedent known to the opticians at home.

12.—Happier was the enquiry into the radiation of the moon by means of Admiralty delicate thermomultiplier, lent by Mr. Gassiot. The position of the moon was by no means favourable, being on the night of the full, 19 deg. south of the Equator; but the air was perfectly calm, and the rare atmosphere so favourable to radiation that a very sensible amount of heat was found on this and the following night. The absolute amount was small, being about one-third of that radiated by a candle at a distance of 15 feet; but the per-

capacity of the instrument to measure smaller quantities still, and the confirmatory result of groups of several hundred observations, leave no doubt of the fact of our having been enabled to measure here a quantity which is so small as to be altogether inappreciable at lower altitudes.

13.—Closely connected with radiation is the quantity of light emitted by the heavenly bodies, and this was examined frequently in the case of the sun and moon and different parts of the sky by observations of Fraunhofer's lines in the spectrum. Stokes's spectrum was also examined, as recommended by the Royal Society, and was found to be traceable beyond the furthest point previously ascertained elsewhere. Means of photographing this spectrum were also prepared and some pictures of it on glass obtained, showing many of the dark lines beyond H, the usual limits of vision.

14.—Several hundred measures of the polarization of the skylight were likewise obtained, and the zodiacal light, and twilight were frequently made the subject of numerical observation; continual registers of the barometer, dry and wet bulb thermometer, and the electrometer, being kept up during the whole of the time.

15.—The geology of the Peak could be well examined from this point and offered much of exceeding interest, as did also the magnetism and botany of the neighbourhood, while the remarkable moderation of the wind, considering it was a mountain top, allowed researches to be carried on without let or hindrance throughout the 24 hours.

16.—On the whole, therefore, Guajara, approved itself admirably as a station for ascertaining the astronomical qualities of the atmosphere at the height of 8,870 feet; but still, however great the improvement there, above experiences at the level of the sea, we could easily see that we had by no means reached the *ac plus ultra*, and might evidently effect even far greater improvement by rising yet higher above the atmospheric impurities that linger about the surface of the earth. Raised we were far above the level of the actual cloud of the N.E. wind, but we were not always above the wind itself; and even, as this rose and predominated over the station, so did telescopic definition become bad. We were also more frequently than otherwise enveloped in a dusty, smoky sort of medium, whose vast strata, piled one on the other and stretching out to the distant horizon, rose some thousands of feet above our heads, and only the Peak itself seemed high enough to be fairly above these upper mists. To the Peak, therefore, it was evident we must go to reap all the astronomical advantages which Teneriffe is capable of yielding.

17.—The Peak, however, was not so simple a matter as our first station, for the top is not accessible on account of the constant evolution of sulphurous vapours, while a considerable portion of the slope below it is impracticable on account of the broken lava streams by which it is covered.

The time also being short, I sent men, while I was still observing at Guajara, to explore the ascent, to ascertain the highest available station, and, finally, to build the walls of a scientific encampment, according to plan furnished them. Then, on the 28th August we moved over with all the instruments mounted on a train of 27 horses and mules, and after a day's hard work toiling through the pumice-stone soil and rugged lavas of the old crater, and after a long steep climb, we occupied before night our new position of the Alta Vista.

18.—Perched on the top of a ridge of pumice and red lava on the south-east

slope of the Peak, at an elevation of 10,900 feet, the Alta Vista forms a comfortable little shelf, tolerably level, and is the highest point accessible to mules. On no other side can they ascend so high by reason of the torrents of black lava blocks, which there cover the flanks of the mountain, but which have in this case curiously divided, and left a narrow and steep roadway of the older rock between two embankments of the newer scoria. These ridges, rising to the height of about 30 degrees, served admirably to protect us from the winds towards the S.W. and N., and if they did interfere with the ruder eye observations of some phenomenon near the horizon, they contributed to the advantage of telescopic observations with high magnifying powers directed to the zenith. Here therefore, was the place where the great Pattinson equatorial must be erected, if at all.

19.—Schemes for carrying this up the mountain had been devising all the time by our friends below, who were much interested in the realization of this marked feature of the expedition, and Mr. Goodall had at one time nearly organized relays of men for the transport to Guajara, but when they heard of the Alta Vista they one and all declined to have anything to do with the matter. But it must be accomplished; so on the 25th of August, leaving the men to roof in the newly-built walls, I descended the mountain to see what could be done in the now re-affirmed impossibility of carrying up the great telescope.

20.—This instrument, with an object glass of $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches aperture, and 12 feet focus, with an equatorial mounting entirely in metal, and of the first class of finish and perfection, in accordance with the requirements of modern astronomy, had been taken to pieces by its maker in England, so far, I presume, as he had thought safe or practicable for its re-erection on a mountain side, so far from the resources of workshops. But as he had not reduced it to its primitive elementary parts, the unweildier masses could still be subdivided and packed up into smaller parcels. To this, therefore, I applied myself, and assisted by an ingenious mechanic of the place, we separated, and finally packed up in 13 boxes what had been arranged by the maker in three. Then starting from the town at daylight on the 30th of August, with 11 horses and men, the whole of the cases were brought up to the Alta Vista by sunset the same evening.

21.—The next day, Sunday, there was a storm of wind and sand; and, though it had subsided on the Monday, we began the erection of the wooden pier, filling it with lava blocks, after it had been duly *orients* on its foundational beams fixed into the ground with lime. Then came the unpacking of the boxes, and the recomposition of the instrument, and on the second day the complete equatorial with clock motion, axes well adjusted, and verniers reading off accurate places on finely divided circles, was in full operation, the first time that such a thing had ever taken place so high above the level of the place.

22.—But now only a fortnight of our proscribed time remained, and there were marked indications of a premature breaking up of the fine season. I set to work, therefore, without loss of time, to determine in the first place, the degree of definition in the atmosphere; for very grave doubts had been thrown out that the hot vapours from the Peak would be utterly fatal to telescopic vision. The definition, however, proved admirable; so much so, that not only once, but every night for a week, I could see that difficult test B and C of Andromeda as two distinct stars; nor could I find any object in the list of the 'Cycle' that were not separated by the telescope and with ease.

23.—Equally with regard to the range of visibility, did the atmosphere approve itself; for the very faintest star to the practised eye and powerful telescope of the observer of the 'Cycle' proved easy to even an inexperienced person in the Pattinson equatorial.

24.—Directing them to planetary bodies, the fine division of Saturn's ring—a much contested matter—came out unmistakably, and revelations of clouds appeared on Jupiter's surface which were eminently similar in form, and as continually interesting in their changes as those of the sea of lower clouds brought about Teneriffe daily under our eyes by the N.E. trade wind. Of the moon some extraordinary views were obtained, notwithstanding its unfortunately low altitude at that time; and the sun was observed both optically and photographically.

25.—Daily, however, the weather, which had been in a manner disjointed by the storm on the 1st, was becoming worse; and the wind, continually increasing, now began to shake the telescope so as to prevent the employment of high magnifying powers. Then the sky became cloudy, and at last, on the 14th of Sept. the storm broke in earnest, beginning with a rattling fall of hail.

26.—That night above two inches of rain fell, and the climate altered so much that the natives would no longer remain with us. But the temperature was by no means unbearable to Northern men, and the sailors from Mr. Stephenson's yacht, proving good men and true (William Neal, the carpenter, most ingenious and able with his tools in every variety of work, and William Corke, the second mate, with much capacity for observation,) I still hoped to be able to see out the last of the clouds and to finish several series of observations which had been interfered with by them. The break up of the summer weather had, however, been too complete, and though we stayed to the last possible day we never saw the clear sky again; so on the 19th, we dismantled the buildings, made a *cache* (*sic*, in orig.) of such materials as might be useful in a future year, and went down to Orotava with the instruments and baggage.

27.—During the Alta Vista period of our labours the smaller instruments before employed at Guajara were again in action; an improved method of observing the black lines in the spectrum was devised; some meteorological ascents and descents of the mountain were made, according to the suggestions of the Royal Society; and Humboldt's horizontal fluctuation of the stars, and the nature of the ice cavern, as recommended by Sir John Herschel, were examined into. The crater of the Peak, the Montana Blanca, and various places remarkable for their geology or botany, were visited with hypsometric instruments, and with a photographic camera, by the aid of which about 200 pictures were obtained.

Finally, in concert with a Spanish gentleman of great local knowledge (Don Martín Rodríguez, of Cegas,) I examined the upper part of the mountain, and found a station, that with little expense, might be made available for another year, and besides greater height, would possess some other advantages over either the Alta Vista, or Guajara.

28.—Arrived in Orotava I employed myself for a week in settling the accounts, in examining the zeros of our meteorological instruments, and in photographing and measuring some remarkable volcanic features in the neighbourhood, and also the great dragon tree, as recommended by Sir John Herschel.

29.—Then on the 26th of September I rode over to Santa Cruz, and having

examined the tide gauge which, with the assistance of Mr. Hamilton and the warm co-operation of the Spanish Engineers, I had had constructed on the mole to meet the wishes of the Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, I embarked on board the yacht Titania the same evening.

30.—The captain immediately set sail, called off Orotava the next day, Sept. 27th, for the instruments and baggage, and has now safely brought them back to England after an absence of 117 days. Of these thirty-six have been spent at sea, eighteen in the low lands of Teneriffe, thirty-seven at the height of 8,870 feet, and twenty-six at the height of 10,900 feet.

C. PIAZZI SMITH,

Astronomer-Royal for Scotland.

HIGH WATER TIDE TABLE FOR NOVEMBER.

High Water Lon. Bridge morn after.			The time of high water at the following places may be ascer- tained, by adding to, or subtracting from, the time at London Bridge.			
h.	m.	h. m.		h. m.		h. m.
1	3 40	3 55	Aberystwith.....	add 5 23	Aberdeen.....	sub 0 56
2	4 12	4 30	Alderney.....	4 38	Aldborough.....	3 23
3	4 48	5 5	Bantry Bay.....	1 39	Belfast.....	4 2
4	5 25	5 50	Bridlington.....	2 23	Brighton.....	2 29
5	6 17	6 45	Carmarthen.....	4 3	Carnarvon.....	4 47
6	7 20	8 2	Cork Harbour....	2 23	Cowes.....	3 22
7	8 45	9 30	Dartmouth.....	3 58	Dublin Bar.....	2 55
8	10 12	10 50	Dudgeon Light...	5 23	Dungeness.....	3 17
9	11 20	11 47	Eddystone.....	3 8	Folkestone.....	3 37
10	—	0 13	Exmouth Bar.....	4 18	Foreland, North...	2 22
11	0 35	0 59	Falmouth.....	3 8	Foreland, South...	2 47
12	1 19	1 42	Flamboro' Head...	2 23	Gravesend.....	0 37
13	2 5	2 27	Guernsey Pier.....	4 23	Greenwich.....	0 20
14	2 50	3 13	Hartlepool.....	1 38	Harwich.....	2 37
15	3 36	3 57	Humber Mouth...	3 23	Howth Harbour ..	2 59
16	4 20	4 42	Kinsale Harbour..	2 23	Ipswich.....	2 7
17	5 5	5 30	Lands End.....	2 23	Kentish Knock ...	2 37
18	5 55	6 22	Leith Pier.....	0 15	Lowestoft.....	3 37
19	6 50	7 23	Lynn Regis.....	4 38	Margate.....	2 2
20	7 57	8 36	Plymouth.....	3 26	Nore Light.....	0 56
21	9 14	9 50	Swansea.....	3 48	Portsmouth.....	2 27
22	10 20	10 53	Torbay.....	3 58	Sheerness.....	1 28
23	11 20	11 50	Waterford.....	3 43	Southampton	2 27
24	—	0 10	Weymouth.....	4 23	Spithead.....	4 37
25	0 29	0 47	Whitby.....	1 38	Yarmouth Roads.	5 27
26	1 5	1 26	Amsterdam.....	0 53	Calais.....	2 19
27	1 43	1 58	Antwerp.....	2 18	Dieppe.....	3 2
28	2 15	2 32	Bordeaux.....	4 45	Havre de Grace...	4 15
29	2 50	3 6	Cherbourg.....	5 23	Ostende.....	1 12
30	3 25	3 42	Hamburgh.....	3 53	Honfleur.....	4 37
			Brest.....	1 39	New York.....	5 7

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

YACHTING STATISTICS, CRUISE BY TOUCHSTONE, &c., stand over till our next number.

All communications must be directed to the Editor, 6, New Church Street, Edgware Road.

London:—Hunt, Printer, Church Street, Edgware Road.

HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1856.

ON THE VELOCITY OF THE TIDE IN THE THAMES AT DIFFERENT DEPTHS.

[We have received the following letter, written to our esteemed correspondent W. P. B. in the Magazine of last month, who has requested us to insert it. We shall be happy to insert any other original communications on this subject, which seems as yet but little understood.—ED.]

ON perusing your statement in *Hunt's Yachting Magazine* for November, on the velocity of the tide in the Thames at different depths, I observed that you have (*unintentionally no doubt,*) mis-stated what I *said* and *read* to you, viz. "That it was my persuasion that the ebb tide runs out in a body, the flood returns as a surface current."

I am strengthened in that view, when I survey the form of Old Thames, with the small head of a few yards and the mouth as many miles in width, fed by innumerable streams, the outpouring from more than two thousand eight hundred square miles, independent of many million tons of water, annually drawn up from deep wells in and about the metropolis.

I have sought for information, and made very many inquiries, but
no. 12.—VOL. V.

have not met with anything of *weight*, to alter my opinion, but much to confirm.

The following observations taken (as you know) with much care on the 25th of August and 1st of September last, tend to confirm my long established position; at the same time I am bound to say that the rough, and uneven bed of the river, when the trials took place, (with a strong westerly wind,) were not so satisfactory as I anticipated.

Monday morning, Aug. 25th, high-water at London bridge 9 7
 " " " took a boat at Blackwall stairs 8 35

The tide had made its mark, but running up midstream, rowed down to the entrance of the East India Docks; wind west, blowing more than half a gale; started two floats:—

A painted fir buoy, 11 inches diameter, with a rod 6 feet long through it, to which was fastened a cord 18 feet long, attached to which was a three-gallon can, sunk sufficient to keep the rod upright, the buoy being half immersed.

A black india rubber ball, 9 inches in diameter, to which was attached a cord 10 feet in length, and fastened to a canvas bag, filled with cork cuttings and lead, sufficient to sink the ball about one-third.

A quart bottle was afterwards obtained from a brig, filled with water, and kept from sinking more than one foot from the surface by an india rubber ball 2 inches in diameter.

Bugsby Reach lies north-west, the wind blew the three floats towards the Essex shore, (considerable motion on the water,) the bottle and small ball taking the lead.

The floats were brought together in Woolwich Reach, which is west by east, there was not so much swell, the tide and wind being in the same direction. The bottle took the lead, the black ball next, and the painted buoy last. All drove to the Kentish shore, and not far apart when off the Dockyard at Woolwich.

Rowed to North Woolwich to land Mr. W. P. B.: four convicts with a keeper, took the two great floats into their boat, and up the stream. After a chase, and no little noise, the buoy and bag, were thrown into the Thames, the rogues made the shore.

Started the three again in Gallions, the wind rising, &c. 2-

tions being destroyed, it raining hard, took in our tackling in Barking Reach, and made for Erith.

Monday, Sept. 1st., high-water at London bridge . . 3 16 0

Greenhithe one o'clock, rowed up to the measured mile, in Long Reach, started three floats at . . . 1 26 50

Arrived at the end of mile as follows—painted fir buoy,

11 inches diameter, with a four foot rod through the centre, which was kept perpendicular by a three-gallon oil can, filled with water, and fastened with a cord

20 feet long 1 59 35

Black india rubber ball, 9 inches diameter, fastened to

a two-gallon can, by a line 10 feet long 1 59 15

India rubber ball, 2 inches diameter, attached to a quart

bottle, one foot below the surface 1 51 25

Having proceeded about half way of the measured mile a circumstance occurred which puzzled us all:—the coloured buoy being on the south, the black ball in midships, and the little ball and bottle on the north side. The latter being far ahead of the black ball, which was a little in advance of the coloured buoy, the three being more than sixty yards asunder from each other, when to all appearance the little ball stopped, then made a movement to the south, passed the black ball, and joined the coloured buoy, and arrived at the end of the measured mile as afore stated.

The three were again started on the flowing tide; the little ball taking the lead outstripped the black ball from 200 to 300 yards; the black ball being more than that distance from the coloured buoy, which appeared to be stationary: when we got to it the tide was running down.

Started the four floats at the measured mile, 'at . . 4 10 45

Bottle 1 foot below the surface run the mile by . . 4 31 10

" 3 feet " " " 4 31 30

Can 10 feet " " " 4 32 44

" 20 feet " " " 4 34 0

The ebb at this time run so strong that the waterman could not stem it without assistance.

I will not comment, leaving you and your yachting friends to draw your own conclusion as to the flood and ebb, eddies, and under currents.

B. D.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S CRUISE.

BY TOUCHSTONE.

CHAPTER. I.—THE PREAMBLE.

"The winds were silent, all the waves asleep,
And heaven was traced upon the flattering deep."—PARNELL.

WHEN the sun is shining brightly and a soft air scarcely ruffles the glittering surface of the Thames, if we chance to saunter along its banks of a summer morning, "in sweet vacuity of thought," near one of those sheltered nooks of anchorage, of which, between London and the sea, it boasts so many,—how pretty, how inviting looks the graceful yacht in the offing, as she lies tranquilly at her moorings, or rises ever and anon impatiently on the surges of the passing steamer! Does she not seem to reproach us palpably for wasting, at such a time, the precious hours on shore? And, if she be our own, do we not long to respond to the challenge, and there and then, cast about how to excuse ourselves from attending to the business of the day that we may have instead a wholesome renovating cruise?

Of what importance is half-per cent on ten thousand Consols, (which one is as likely to lose as to gain,) to comparison of a favourable opportunity to enjoy that blessed serenity of mind, and perfect *abandon* to the influences of God and Nature, that sense of the sublime and beautiful, which refuses to be clothed in language, but which is felt to purify and exalt our thoughts as we recede from the haunts of men, and float away into the mysterious solitudes of the ocean? There in the words of Virgil,—

"————— nec jam amplius ulla
Occurrit tellus, cælum undique et undique pontus."

On shore we are hampered by a thousand considerations which "freeze the genial current of the soul" as we push about in the world: and our very talk, among our compeers, must run on a kind of conventional railway to avoid awkward collisions. But the heart of an Englishman yearns for freedom and unrestraint! He conforms rigidly and on principle to the exactions of society while he is in it, but he delights to desert it altogether occasionally in order to indemonify himself by sacrifice, and *se meminere esse virum*, as Diogenes said when he was asked why he wore such a great beard; no doubt if you enquire the same of Albert Smith he would give you the same answer, for the

end of a London season he might without some such memento fancy himself an automaton. Colonel Bath swore "by all the dignity of man," when cooking a beef steak with his nightcap on, and it is well to stick to a good idea though sometimes it be difficult to realize it.

There is one satisfaction we have in yachting, that if we subject ourselves to inconveniences they are of our own choosing, and many of us go out and look for *danger* as huntsmen do for a fox, to have some fun with it, and to see what stuff we are made of.

"Danger, oh! tempt me not to boast!"

some impatient yachtsman is ready to exclaim with Hafed—who, by-the-bye, need not have bragged so much to the poor young lady; but my dear Sir, it is no question of your prowess! I am only moralizing with you after a fashion not yet obsolete, and as in the olden time my renowned namesake with his "wise saws and modern instances" greatly edified and refreshed the illustrious company of outlaws in the jocund forest of Ardennes, bear with me like the melancholy Jacques, if I also, for some brief while disport myself pleasantly with "The young, the gay, the noble, and the fair" who love to loiter amid the sunny pages of the *Yachting Magazine*.

In an humble way I (*patri similis*) may pretend to a portion of my predecessor's accomplishments. I also have "flattered a lady," I too have "trod a measure," and I subscribe wholly and without reservation to his system of philosophy so often and so regretfully proved, "that drink being poured out of a jug into a glass by filling the one doth *empty the other*." There are few things in Plato and Aristotle which can be so clearly demonstrated.

Argal, as the grave digger in Hamlet, says, with these claims to your consideration, *lector carissimo* or *lector illustre*,—for like the historian of that "*Ingenioso Hidalgo Don Quixote*" I give you the option of whichever appellative is most congenial to your humour, or take them both if you will! Let us return to the thread of our argument in a good understanding with each other: for I hope that you are not, in the language of old piscatorial Isaac "a severe, sour complectioned man," with no bowels whatever for a digression, nor like Mr. Gradgrind perpetually grubbing up hard facts by the wayside to throw in the face of an unsuspecting idler, like myself, as if you would knock his teeth out with them.

But why should I mistrust you? A true yachtsman must naturally and by consequence have been a great digresser: "*Tu mihi frater eras*," as the lady in Ovid wrote to her lover. Do we not pique ourselves on starting for nowhere in any sort of weather, and, barring health and

high spirits, for no object that can be of any earthly use to mortal man? Perhaps you have a mind to go round to Portsmouth and talk to Lapthorne about a new mainsail, though the one you have in use is perfectly good, and sets like a sheet of Bristol board,—no matter, your coxswain protests he lost the last race on account of it, and he says there's something wrong about the peak or the after leach of it; or possibly you are thinking of getting a new mast next year, and you have heard of a man at Plymouth who can charge twice as much for a spar as any body else? But whichever way you propose to go, it is a satisfaction to you to know that "its not of the least consequence," as poor Mr. Toots in the depth of his misery politely observed to Florence when she refused him.

Unless we are bound for a regatta, as Commodore or Steward, or in the hope of a prize, hither or thither, is all one to us. And if you really have an important object in view, suggested by your attenuated stock of champagne and brandy, and set out for Boulogne or Havre (don't trust yourself with your craft in Calais)—you may make as many zig-zags before you get there as Corporal Trim did in relating the entertaining "History of the King of Bohemia and his seven castles," and, sad to say, it is not impossible but your voyage may terminate in a similar catastrophe. Don't let us be too presumptuous! all the risks are not outside of the harbour; nor would the Fathers of the Church of whom we hear so much, stretch out a finger to save you—" *Qui non habet uxorem*" say they, "*loco illius concubinam debet*;" and truly I think the expression is not very much to their credit. But, "whither, you cry, tends all this strange discourse"? which reminds me that it is past high-water, and we are not yet underway; however, it is too late to hope to regain your attention in this Chapter, and the next may possibly please you better, "*nemo mortalium*,"—but positively I must not add another line here, even of apology.

CHAPTER II.—THE DEPARTURE.

"Placed at the helm he sate, and marked the skies,
Nor closed in sleep his ever watchful eyes."

POPE'S ODYSSEY, B. V.

OF all the troublesome evolutions in river navigation, I know of which puts skill and experience to a severer test than to get under in a strong ebb tide with a light air of wind in the same direction, a whole Reach full of craft at anchor to leeward. No pilot would attempt to move a vessel of any considerable tonnage under such circumstances, without the aid of steam; but yachtsmen are not

stopped by ordinary difficulties when they have prepared for a start : "Time, (they say) was made for slaves" and *tide*, let us add, for traders.

As you make your appearance with bag and baggage on the beach and hail for your boat, the mind of your coxswain misgives him. He had hoped you had resigned all thoughts of sailing till next high water, and here you are on the first of the ebb, and impatient of delay ! His long face admonishes you that he is prepared to suggest difficulties, but you are inexorable.

"You don't mean to get underway this tide, do you, Sir?"

"Why not? we shall carry four hours' ebb with us, and if there is any breeze below we shall be at the Nore before high water."

"There's a ter'ble tide running ! we shall hardly be able to heave her to her anchor !" he then adds, with a stare at the forest of masts below, "an' I'm sure I don't know where we're a goin' to when we've got him up, with all these here ships a botherin' of us down the reach ?"

"Never mind, let us get out of this as soon as possible."

The disconcerted expostulator sees that you are determined, and it is his business to obey your orders, so he commences carrying them out, but not with "that alacrity of spirit and cheer of mind that he was wont to have."

After some hard grinding and a considerable undergrowth of objurgations, the chain is hove short, the sails are set, and all is ready:—but, as there is yet time for you to change your mind, he again suggests that "Its a very nasty state o' tide to move in, among such a lot of shipping." But you order him to trip the anchor, and away you go ! But where ? "Ay, ther's the rub !" The sails droop idly on the spars, the rudder is perfectly useless, and there you are driving rapidly *volens volens* (or as the sailors say *'holus bolus,*) down on the bow of a deep loaded collier-brig, against which the tide is piling up in a heap of white foam ! The danger is imminent, but your pilot is himself again, and he knows what is expected of him. Some distant object astern of that to be immediately avoided, on which for a second or two he has fixed his attention, has enabled him to judge which side it is best to attempt—"Let go the anchor is the cry,"—and the anchor which had only been lifted just clear of the ground is again let go, and a few fathoms of chain are veered out, not sufficient to bring her up, but to check the yacht against the tide. Again she feels her helm, and "hard a port" is now the word, the jib-boom of the brig is already over your stern ; but obedient to the pressure of the impetuous waters, our little craft takes a broad sheer, dragging the anchor with her, and sweeps clear of the impending shock. We breathe again ! Scarcely however is the windlass manned a second

time ere the order is given to "hold on and give her a sheer the other way," to avoid "falling aboard of the schooner, on which the tide is evidently setting us!"

Half a dozen times at least, did we on a pleasant morning of the first week in June, perform similar manœuvres rather than be disappointed of our cruise, and once we had to bring up altogether, and drop step by step, as it were, there being no room to sheer on either side; but our perseverance was at length rewarded. In some forty minutes from the time of leaving our moorings we were clear of the first batch of shipping, and there we found "a nice little breeze" which had been waiting for us; the sails filled out gently, the rudder returned to its duty, the chain was *roussed* in, the anchor catted, the loose ropes coiled away, and the usual cheerfulness and regularity were restored.

It is remarkable however that when you have convinced a man how easily that may be accomplished which he was disinclined to attempt, he is always the more disposed to attribute success to good luck than even his own skill, and perhaps he is not altogether wrong. As Mr. Whiffle held out his unreluctant hand for a "tooth-full of brandy" which I tendered to him after the scramble, he took occasion to observe, while trying to suppress a grin of satisfaction "that if the yacht were his he wouldn't have taken her thro' them ships in a calm, with such a race of tide running; no! not if any body had offered him fifty pounds." Such expressions must be taken however only for *quantum valent*, for they are sometimes uttered by knaves, who for half the sum mentioned would sell father and mother, and throw their wife and children into the bargain, "free, gracious, for nothing."

Not that I would be understood to insinuate anything to the disadvantage of this son of Neptune in his domestic affections; on the contrary, I have been accustomed to regard him as a sort of model-husband, and the last man likely to be "had up" for any undue exercise of the marital prerogative.

He always sent part of his pay to his wife, and I have a strong impression that he did not ask leave to go and see her above once in three months, nor did he ever outstay his time of one day, including a journey of some sixty miles and back again, from which I drew the not illogical inference, that if there was any bone of contention between them they did not often come to a quarrel over it; and of what could a wife be to complain, who 360 days out of the year was exempt from her husband's intrusions?

There are heroes in humble life on whose great qualities we frequently look with a kind of admiration, from a secret but un-

sense of our own moral inferiority, and something of this sort I used to feel in contemplating the cool indifference of the uneducated Whiffle to the minor detail of family affairs! For my own part I may as well make a clean breast of it, and confess how unworthy I am of being put in comparison with him. Before the gentle Mrs. Touchstone, not exactly an Audrey, has been a week absent at the sea-side there seems to be twenty matters of no importance on which it is indispensable that I should go and consult her. I even miss, uncomfortably, my curtain lectures, as the old lady did her murders, when she got too blind to read the newspapers. In fact

“————— desolata

Videntur mihi omnia : cibi etiam

Nihil me juvant cum comedo : nam nervus mihi riget.”

Which was an observation made, or supposed to be made, some years ago, before an Athenian audience, by a gentleman similarly circumstanced, and it is really a consolation to find that there were as great noodles in those days as there are now,—but, “*revenous à nos moulons*” as the French say.

It was a lovely morning, and by ten o'clock we were passing the Nore against the flood tide, with square-sail set, and a pleasant breeze at N.W. When off Herne Bay at about one o'clock we observed a yawl-rigged yacht standing in towards the land from the northward, distant five miles on our larboard bow, and by the time she had got into our track, and steered the same course as ourselves, we had come up with her considerably, and off Margate were within a mile of her. We made her out with the glass to be the Alma, Commodore Lord Alfred Paget, and we accordingly hoisted our ensign as in duty bound. It had now fallen nearly calm, but the tide being in our favor we continued to drift towards the North Foreland in company with several small coasters and the Alma, which was a little in advance of all, and in this order we went round the Long-Nose buoy, about five o'clock in the afternoon.

When we were abreast of Broadstairs we got a nice air of wind off the land, and we were soon up with the Alma, which kept farther out and probably had less of the breeze. As the shades of evening fell we lost sight of her. The last we saw of her was somewhat below Ramsgate; she was rather abaft our larboard beam, distant perhaps half-a-mile; and little did we think as the fading rays of the setting sun were reflected from her snowy canvas, that never would that sun shine upon her again.

We kept well in with the land to avoid the strength of the tide which was now setting to the northward, and it was eleven o'clock ere we were

abreast of Deal, which had a pretty effect with its bright lights along shore. The night was beautifully starlit above, but dark on the water; and the frowning promontory of the South Foreland seemed to throw its deep shadows over every object between us and it. The breeze at half-past eleven had got to the northward, and rather freshened up; we considered ourselves going $4\frac{1}{2}$ to 5 knots, and had opened the second light of the Foreland, when a loud shout ahead attracted our notice! In a second or two it was repeated with hasty vociferation, but in the gloom of the land we could discern nothing: Whiffle, however, made out the words, "Nets and Starboard," and those were enough for a sailor. I was at the helm, as he had been stationed forward to look out, and my friend Fairplay had placed himself in the starboard rigging for the same purpose, that being our dark side. I immediately hauled four or five points to the eastward of our course, and presently a low black object became visible to leeward, and as we passed it, the same voice we had previously heard, but in a subdued tone, called out "Thank ye, sir. Good night, sir, and a pleasant voyage!" This explained everything, we had been near running into a fisherman's nets, and being on his bright side he had made us out against the spangled sky, long before we saw him, and he must apparently have known we were a yacht by his mode of addressing us.

After this little incident Fairplay sent Whiffle below, as it was his custom to use his crew as little as possible in fine weather, in order to reserve them for great occasions; and then, by arrangement, I also went to bed, as I knew it was useless to dispute with him for the middle watch, which he always took himself; and that the reader may retire also, we will here bring this long chapter to a close.

(To be continued.)

REVIEW OF THE PAST YACHTING SEASON.

" Time rolls his ceaseless course. The race of yore
 Who danced our infancy upon their knee,
 And told our marvelling boyhood legend's store,
 Of their strange ventures happ'd by land or sea,
 How are they blotted from the things that be!
 How few all weak and withered of their force,
 Wait on the verge of dark eternity,
 Like stranded wrecks, the tide returning hoarse,
 To sweep them from our sight; Time rolls his ceaseless course.'

LADY OF THE LAKE.

WITH the yachting season of 1856 closes one of the most brilliant years of aquatic sports it has ever been our pleasure to chronicle. The racing yachtsmen have had abundant opportunities for displaying their nautical skill, and exhibiting to public amusement, criticism and fame their boasted clippers: whilst the cruising yachtsmen have had delightful weather for their less exciting recreation, and have added to the gaiety and countenance of regatta scenes by endeavouring to outvie each other in profuse displays of variegated bunting! and but for the heavy gale on the 20th and 21st of August, their enjoyments have met with no great obstacle. In mentioning that memorable gale, we cannot pass it over without a few words of sympathy for the unfortunate wives and children of the poor fishermen who met with watery graves off the southerly coast, during that lamentable storm. We can ourselves bear testimony to its fury: for we rode it out at anchor in the Solent after finding it perilous to lie-to outside the island. Hundreds of ships were more or less injured on that occasion. Vessels of a thousand tons and upwards were seen with their sails in shreds: several with the loss of spars and boats: but alas! for the poor fishermen, they lost all—nets, boats, vessels, &c.,—more valuable still; dear to their wives, their sons and daughters—they lost their lives. In the midst of these calamities a match was sailed on the Solent, which we shall have occasion to allude to more fully in the course of our review. We are happy to find on glancing over the doings of the past season, that some of the most spiritedly contested matches on record have been sailed this year: and as an unavoidable contrast, some also under the most trying circumstances of stark calms. But without further comment, we proceed at once to note the most distinguished occurrences at the sailing matches of 1856.

The Royal Thames Yacht Club was the first to commence the season,

(May 14th), by offering liberal prizes for first and second class: the former won by the Amazon beating the Extravagana, a new vessel: and the second class prize was gained by the Thought conquering the once-renowned Secret. Each match was well contested, with plenty of wind to show the nautical abilities of the respective crews.

The Prince of Wales Club first match followed on June 12th,* and if any of the little fleet that assembled on that occasion had new ropes or rigging that required stretching, they never had a better opportunity of putting it to the test; for there was a great deal too much wind and sea for the tender ones, and the more sturdy had quite enough of it 'ere the race was run. No better proof could have been given of the absurdity of sailing cranky, over-masted, over-done machines against wholesome sea-going craft, than the result of this famously contested race. Two of these things being beaten by nearly an hour! Such vessels ought to sail in a class by themselves, because in very fine weather, when the wind is extremely light, they invariably beat the more useful and properly constructed yachts. But with what credit? We would not give a marlinspike for their laurels. On this occasion we found the Violet, Little Mosquito, Flirt, Silver Cloud, Veritas, and Rifleman, at their moorings, waiting for the signal to start. Here there were two new vessels, the Flirt by Harvey of Wivenhoe, and the Silver Cloud by Bauckham of Barking. The Violet and Little Mosquito are both well known clippers, but Veritas and Rifleman have no pretensions to match-sailing in anything but calms and cat'spaws. Away they went at a rush before the wind, anything will run free, if woke up well. Yet none but the good ones can turn back in the teeth of a dead noser with credit and renown, and so it proved on this occasion. Good heavens! how the little playthings laid along! down on their beam ends, lee gunwale never seen for the hour together; all under, down to the combings; and eventually sometimes got a dip.

"What risks the folks run, and how scared they all be,
Who run races with ships upon the deep sea."

The yacht with the most sail was the first to round the Chapman Head on the run down: then came the Flirt, then Violet, Little Mosquito, Veritas, and Rifleman. And now for the *real* sailing: the other was mere child's play. The Violet in a very short time convince beyond all doubt that she was unequalled by any boat in the man; and a great deal of credit is due to Mr. Kirby for the manner in which he sailed her, and placed her, after a few tacks, from his position of t to that of first. The Flirt proved herself on this, her first appear

an unmistakeable clipper; and made brilliant efforts to pass her defiant opponent, but without success. The Little Mosquito and Silver Cloud were well matched, but not to be compared with the two clippers which nobly led the fleet. After a most exciting and interesting match the prize was won by the Violet: Flirt arriving a few minutes later.

The Royal London Club had a turn on the following day (June 13th); but despite liberal prizes only three yachts started, viz. Phantom in the first class, and the Kitten and Vampire in second class. The wind blew strong, accompanied by heavy showers, and the affair was dispiriting.—The Phantom of course received the first prize, and the Kitten the second, although she arrived about seven minutes after the Vampire, which not having been measured was disqualified. Here the proposed certificate of measurement was required. How long the want of system is to last heaven only knows.

The next day, the 14th, the schooner match of the Royal Thames Club, rekindled excitement and interest amongst the lovers of good sport. Considerable speculation was astir as to which of the five yachts entered would be the winner; each vessel had her admirers: but the Lalla Rookh, from her superiority of tonnage, had an evident advantage, although it was a time race. Of the others, Wildfire, Vestal, Sappho, and Aquiline, the former we shall have occasion to mention as a winner on other occasions. The latter, which is an exceedingly pretty vessel, has also gained distinguished honors both at home and abroad. Soon after the start the Lalla Rookh bounded away before the wind with a good lead, and rounded the Mouse light about a mile ahead of the others, which were all pretty near together. They then laid along at their work, and proceeded to turn up towards the place from whence they started. The wind was strong and the squalls were heavy, so that Wildfire and Sappho reefed their sails. The Aquiline greeted the squalls with a hearty welcome, and carried her topsails without inconvenience: she passed some of her competitors, and went into the second place; and we really thought she was going to show fight to the Lalla Rookh, when, suddenly she fell into the rear and appeared benumbed; nor could we account for such behaviour until after the race was over, when we were informed she was found to have upwards of a ton of water rolling about her bilge, besides which her captain was new to her, and had altered her trim. Meanwhile the Wildfire was sailed in a most reckless manner, her foremast wire shrouds had given way, and in another moment her foremast would have gone by the board had not Harbert, her sailing master, put her about on the other tack to repair the 'damages, which done "Go it Wildfire—go it Harbert," was the order aboard that

daring little schooner. It is said, risk must be incurred to win in a good sailing match; and certainly if it ever was, it was on board the Wildfire on that day, for the foremast was several times observed bending in the most threatening manner. Several heavy squalls greeted the yachts during the day; but towards evening the wind fell away: and this most spiritedly contested match was brought to a close. The Lalla Rookh arrived five minutes ahead of the Wildfire; but the latter being entitled to time for disparity of tonnage, was declared the winner.

We always turn with a considerable degree of pleasure to the doings of our yachting friends in the Irish waters: for there we meet some of the best and most sailor-like yachtsmen in the land. It is there the proud Cymba displayed her incomparable qualities to the yachting world and won the enviable distinction of "Champion of the Irish Channel." How a man can make up his mind to dispose of a favorite yacht in its full bloom of youth and glory we are at a loss to imagine; but here we find this celebrated clipper had changed hands since last season, and became the property of Mr. Brassey. The regatta of the Royal St. George's Yacht Club came off in Dublin bay on the 24th of June, for a purse of 100 sovereigns. We found the following yachts contesting the match:—Glance, Cymba, Cyclone, Secret, Coralie, Vigilant, and Victoria.

A better match than this was never sailed; each yacht appeared to be pressed to the utmost. The faultless sailing of the Glance was much applauded; but not more so than the majestic style of the champion, Cymba. The Coralie would have been well up at the finish had she not carried away her gaff. Secret and Vigilant had some gallant struggles; but the Cymba completed her course soonest by five minutes; which was not sufficient to entitle her to the prize.

The second class match was won by the Surprise, beating Scud, Kelpie, Flirt, Fingal, Waterlily, and Foam.

The day following, Wednesday 25th, a match was sailed for the Royal Irish Yacht Club prize of 60 guineas value. We found the Glance and Cymba again in desperate conflict, in company with six others; amongst whom the unfortunate Coralie; which, after making some splendid efforts, carried away her topmast. The Cymba put on her best exertions; but the Glance stuck so close at her heels that the race was at all times doubtless; added to which there was not sufficient wind for the Cymba to show off her famous qualities, and she arrived at the winning goal only three minutes ahead of the Glance. The Secret being third, Foam fourth. The Glance was therefore the victor.

The second class match was won by Atalanta (27 tons) beating Waterlily, Magician, and Albert.

The match for the Grand Corinthian Cup, value 60 guineas presented by the Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland, was a very tame affair, owing to the lightness of the wind. The *Mosquito* was the fortunate winner, beating *Cymba*, *Coralie*, and *Cyclone*.

The day following a splendid match was sailed for the second class Corinthian Cup, by the yachts *Mabella*, *Atalanta*, *Vigilant*, *Secret*, and *Foam*; which terminated in the *Vigilant* beating all the others and winning the cup.

At the Mersey Regatta on the 30th of June, the celebrated little yacht *Surprise* proved once more victorious, beating *Spray*, *Mirage* and *Glide*; and winning the £50 prize.

On the following day the match for the Mersey Grand Challenge Cup, value £140, was most nobly contested by the seven following yachts,—*Mirage*, *Coralie*, *Surprise*, *Cymba*, *Spray*, *Electric* and *Zillah*. Some fine sailing took place in this match, and admirable struggles were made by *Coralie* and *Cymba*, to defeat the *Surprise*: but that wonderful little yacht managed to save her time and win the cup, although the *Cymba* arrived 12 minutes, 21 seconds ahead of her. The *Surprise* having won this cup last year also, it now became the absolute property of her owner.

We must not omit noticing a highly interesting match of the Royal Thames Yacht Club, which came off on the 28th of June between small yachts for a prize of £30 value. Nine little yachts started in this race, viz: *Flirt*, *Violet*, *Quiver*, *Julia*, *Esk*, *Silver Cloud*, *Camelia*, *Wave* and *Sea Nymph*. One of this little fleet (the *Quiver*) was quite new, and this was her first match. There was very little wind at first, and the yacht most fortunate in getting a puff took a temporary lead: but again and again they were almost all together; and on rounding the steamer four of the yachts passed exactly abreast of each other, so near that a good marksman might have sent a single bullet through the jibs or mainsails of them all. The *Quiver* proved herself a fast boat in fine weather, and won the cup by 55 seconds. But it's a matter of doubt as to whether she is equally fast in a strong wind and heavy sea.

There is at Birkenhead a Model Yacht Club: and many a yachtsman has taken a wrinkle from the exquisite little vessels which annually contend in public for prizes. Every year produces "something fresh" in the art of Naval Architecture: and thus, in time, it is hoped considerable perfection will be attained from their praiseworthy efforts. A very pretty and well managed match was sailed by members of this Club on the 26th of June; when, after an amusing contest, the *Spray* (a little cutter of 10 tons, with a centre board keel) won the prize, beating seven others. The prize was a Silver Cup, of the value of £20.

Now for the performances of that ancient and distinguished body, the Royal Cork Yacht Club. Whether our Irish friends had overdone themselves with aquatic sports, or held them in too close proximity the one with the other, we are not prepared to say positively: but certainly the regattas of this Club were not so well attended as usual: and the proposed match for yachts of 50 tons and upwards did not fill. The Committee therefore waived the restriction and admitted yachts down to 20 tons, to sail a time race for the purse of 50 sovereigns. The Foam, Vigilant, and Mosquito immediately entered. But in reducing the limit of tonnage, the Committee neglected to restrict the yachts all to the same course: the consequence was, Foam and Vigilant were enabled, from their lighter draught of water, to avoid a strong tide; which the Mosquito was compelled, from her extra draught, to beat against. With such an obstacle, and with only a light wind to assist her, the Mosquito arrived at the winning goal but two minutes ahead of the Foam, and three of the Vigilant. The Foam was therefore declared the winner. But it is absurd to assert that the Foam is in any respects a match for such a vessel as the Mosquito; and we cannot join in the "hearty cheers" which hailed her the victor of so tame a race.

The second class match for a prize of the value of 25 sovereigns was won very creditably by the Flirt, 18 tons, Capt. O'Bryen, beating Dove and Imp.

On the 4th of July, the second grand match of the Royal Cork was sailed for a purse of 40 sovereigns. It was stated to be a match between yachts from 20 to 50 tons. The Glance, Foam, and Vigilant were the only yachts entered; but the owner of the Mosquito was anxious to retrieve her laurels, and applied to the Committee to admit the Mosquito to sail a time race with the others: but this was objected to, and we must say it was a most ill-natured objection towards her, considering that without a moment's hesitation, on the day before, they admitted vessels of inferior tonnage to sail against her, and allowed them to take undue advantage of the tide, yet now, that vessel which had come several hundred miles on purpose to compete with her Irish rivals, was most unfairly excluded. However, England was represented in the match by a no less distinguished craft than the Glance; and, as if purposely to give her Irish friends a thorough thrashing for their lack of courtesy towards a stranger,

"She stripped her limbs to such array,
As best might suit the watery way;"

and gave them such a taste of her quality as they will never forget! not as long as yachts are yachts: both Vigilant and Foam were completely vanquished. The Glance won the cup in a manner quite c

characteristic of her previous performances. We hope the Committee will take a hint from the result; and on future occasions, if they wish to see English yachts at Queenstown, "do as they would be done by."

The Eastern Coast regattas were not so full of interest this year as usual, owing to light winds, and the absence of many of the fastest racing yachts. At Harwich regatta, which came off on the 9th July, a very good match was sailed by Phantom and Amazon, indeed it was a neck and neck race throughout the day; but there was not wind enough to make it exciting. The Phantom won the prize (a silver kettle and lamp, value £60,) by fifteen seconds only!

The schooner match at Lowestoft on the 22nd of July, was sailed under most unfavorable auspices; there being scarcely a breath of wind. The Lalla Rookh came in first, and was entitled to the first prize. The Aquiline being second won the second prize. Vestal was at sea all night. This match was therefore entirely devoid of interest. A very capital match was expected by the entries of Glance, Maud, Thought, and Phantom for the £30 prize, but was a very tame affair.

On arriving at Great Grimsby on the Humber, we find another calm; and but three yachts entered for the 80 guinea cup, viz: Glance, Rapid, and Maud; the former of which was victorious. We were much gratified by the perusal of the Hon. Secretary's letter in the October number, which we hope will set at rest the unpleasant feeling that was excited at the time.

At the regatta at Kingston upon the Humber, the Amazon won the prize, value 100 guineas.

At the Great Yarmouth Regatta a match was sailed between cutter schooners for a purse of £50. The Amazon won, beating Aquiline, Eclipse, and Vision. There was a very good summer breeze, and the match was not without interest, but the cutter Amazon was more than a match for schooners.

The Thames yachtsmen were again fortunate in having a good stiff breeze for the Royal London Yacht Club Match on the 12th of July, for a purse of 20 sovs. for the first yacht, and 5 for the second. This was a spirited contested match, in which some of the little fleet had quite as much wind and sea as they knew what to do with, especially the Little Mosquito, which was nearly capsized from being overdone with sail. The Violet won the first prize, having beaten the second boat (the Valentine) 10 minutes, Julia 20 minutes, and Little Mosquito 23 minutes.

We must now turn once more to our spirited friends of the Birkenhead Model Yacht Club, where a Challenge Cup, value £24. was sailed

for on the 26th of July by the following little model vessels :—Electric, White Squall, Spirit, Spray, Phantom, Maude, Flirt, Glide, Zephyr. It is no condescension on the part of yachtsmen and owners of larger vessels to be present at the interesting matches of this little club : for a prettier scene than that presented on this occasion could not be imagined. The start was perfect, and the whole match full of interest and excitement from beginning to end. Some very skilful young sailors were aboard some of the little boats. The Electric was the winner ; beating Glide but a few seconds : Maude was a very good third ; although after leading the whole fleet during the greater part of the match, she touched the ground and remained fast several minutes. Had not this mishap occurred it is probable the result of the match would not have terminated in favour of the Electric.

Some of the best matches of the season have been sailed at the Isle of Man Regatta in Douglas Bay. The first match came off on the 17th of July, when we found the following yachts at their starting buoys, viz:—Mosquito, Scud, Gauntlet, Coralie, Odalisque and Albert. It is the essence of aquatic sports to witness such a soul-stirring match as the one of which we are now writing. The daring but tiny Scud, actually challenged the Mosquito to a beam and beam race ; and it was some minutes ere that powerful cutter could shake off the astonishing pretensions of her little opponent. The Coralie behaved admirably, and pressed the Mosquito hard at the first flag-boat. But with such a breeze the famous old iron cutter had nothing to fear : and soon shook herself clear of her Irish opponents, and was never again overtaken during the match : but every tack increased her lead, and she won the race easily, beating the Coralie 16 minutes, and the others considerably more.

The match on the second day for the Isle of Man Welcome Cup came off under equally favourable auspices ; the Fairy, Three Swans, Coralie, Albert and Odalisque contested for the prize. The Three Swans is a cutter, built by Marshall of Ringsend ; and after showing some very excellent sailing with the Coralie, her mast went by the board, and she was a helpless wreck upon the water. The owner of the Odalisque, on perceiving the misfortune immediately went to her assistance : the conduct of that gentleman is the more praiseworthy, because at the moment of the mishap his yacht was in a favourable position for winning the match, and was gaining rapidly upon the leading yacht. The race terminated in the Coralie arriving first ; the cup was therefore awarded to her.

The match for the Prince of Wales Challenge Cup value £7. came off on the 26th of July. Five little vessels only were entered in this

viz.—Julia, Little Mosquito, Invicta, Eugenie and Flirt : the Invicta was quite new. This was a very good match considering the lightness of the wind. Julia managed to get ashore for a few minutes on the Blyth Sand; but she had no chance with the Flirt, which yacht seemed determined to win: she was somewhat recklessly sailed, although with sailor-like skill and precision. The Little Mosquito showed up well during the match, and was only beaten by the winning yacht (Flirt) *half a minute*.

A regatta was held at Swansea this year, on the 29th of July, when the Member's Cup value 25 sovs. was sailed for by yachts of 10 and not exceeding 25 tons, a time race. The following cutters were entered ;—Silver Star, Adiante, Surprise, Ianthe and Vesper. All these are very well known in the yachting world, except the Silver Star, which is quite new, and of all the unsightly, cranky-looking boats we ever saw she is the most so. A lean looking copy of the Margaret, built by the designer and patentee of that vessel. Soon after the start it was clearly apparent that Silver Star was considerably overdone with sails and spars ; after the second round she retired from the contest. We went aboard this mistaken production afterwards, and found her accomodation most cramped and uncomfortable ; in fact she will never do any good except in light weather, for she is not fit to go to sea. The Surprise won the cup after a spirited contest with her other rivals ; Vesper being second, Ianthe third, and Adiante last.

The match on the second day for the Ladies' Challenge Cup, value 100 guineas, to be won three times in three different years by the same yacht before actual ownership be given. The Cyclone, Surprise, Vesper and Delvin contested in this match. There was not so good a breeze as on the previous day, particularly after the first round. The Surprise won without difficulty, beating Vesper and Cyclone considerably.

At a third regatta of the Birkenhead Model Yacht Club for the £50 Challenge Cup, held by Mr. Bowen, (owner of the model yacht Spray,) another ably contested match was sailed by the little clippers belonging to this Club. The Glide managed to wrench the prize from the (otherwise absolute possessor) the Spray by *ten seconds only* ! This match was also as full of excitement as the previous ones, and the handling of the tiny fleet was highly creditable to those in charge.

Now for the Squadron, Victoria, and Royal Southern Yacht Club matches. Every one remembers with regret the light winds and stark calms for which the Isle of Wight regattas have become almost proverbial, so that the sailing matches in those waters have been uninteresting to the public. But this season their aquatic frolics have been under far

better management, and *Æolus* has at last smiled upon them, and they have had plenty of wind for most of their races: some of which have been the best in the Solent.

The first of these matches came off on the 5th of August for H.R.H. Prince Albert's cup, value 100 guineas. The *Maritana*, *Caprice*, *Extravaganza*, and *Aurora* were the only yachts to contest for this valuable prize. It was a trying day for racing on account of the variableness of the wind. The *Extravaganza* made some bold and well intended efforts, and although it was very tantalizing to be hampered for want of more wind, the exertions on behalf of that yacht were not thrown away. The *Aurora* and *Maritana* both made good sailing; and but for the light breezes it would have been a better match. The *Extravaganza* was declared the winner.

The 9th of August was the adjourned day, on which Her Majesty's Cup, value 100 guineas, was sailed for in a splendid breeze by the following schooner yachts,—*Lalla Rookh*, *Urania*, *Gloriana*, and *Viking*. This was a noble race: the *Lalla Rookh* and *Gloriana* were the leading yachts, and appeared to be very evenly matched, but the former made a great error, by attempting an ill-judged manœuvre, when off *Binstead*, by which she threw away her chance. The sailing-master of the *Gloriana* perceiving the advantage to be gained upon her powerful rival by that error, immediately embraced this opportunity; and from that moment the *Gloriana* declared to win, and on passing the club-house was found to have a lead of four minutes. The *Lalla Rookh* appeared highly exasperated at this unexpected advantage, and made redoubled efforts to reclaim her position; and certainly she showed her rival that the cup was in jeopardy had the race continued a short time longer; for at the conclusion it was found the *Gloriana* arrived but a few seconds ahead of her magnificent opponent. The cup was therefore won by the *Gloriana*, and is the third of Her Majesty's Cups Mr. Gee has won with the same yacht.

A wag was heard to remark on hearing this. "The *third* of Her Majesty's Cups d'ye say? An' faith if you give him time I dare say he'll win the whole set, tea-tray an' all; and then Her Majesty and the Prince must feed out of the saucers."

The next match of the Royal Yacht Squadron was a highly important one, for a prize of £100, open to all yachts, English and Foreign, of 35 tons and upwards. No less than ten celebrated English yachts were assembled on the morning of August 11th to compete for this prize, viz:—*Cyclone*, *Glance*, *Mosquito*, *Extravaganza*, *Amazon*, *Wildcat*, *Vestal*, *Lulworth*, *Whirlwind* and *Arrow*. The only thing to be regretted

ted was the absence of a good breeze : but with such as there was away went the snowy fleet, in picturesque style, the wind light and baffling for some time. But eventually a breeze favoured them, and the excitement of the match commenced. Whirlwind was first round the Nab, then Arrow, Lulworth, Glance and Amazon. Whirlwind was still leading when she carried away her cross-trees and jib-halliards. The Arrow passed her during her grief, and was not again overtaken during the race. The Glance had passed all her opponents, save Arrow and Whirlwind, and appeared determined to make an effort to save her time with the big ones. She had 32 minutes to receive from the Arrow, consequently the Glance was declared the winner, with four minutes and a half to spare.

This match was succeeded on the following day by the Southern Yacht Club schooner match, for a purse of £40, which was won by the Wildfire, she had no other opponents than the Wasp and Vestal, consequently the race was her own from beginning to end.

The best match of the day was for the purse of 40 sovs. which was contested by Extravaganza, Cyclone, Amazon, Phantom and Glance. This was an admirable match; four of the yachts being renowned racers, the Cyclone cut but a sorry figure amongst them : she has no pretensions to sailing with such vessels as were opposed to her. The Glance was last at starting, but quickly redeemed her position and took a prominent part in the race, which was as good and spirited an one as we have seen during the whole season. The Amazon completed her course 1 minute 44 seconds sooner than Glance, but the latter having to receive an allowance of time from her opponent, was declared the winner.

The sports of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club commenced on the 18th of August, and in right good earnest : for it blew half a gale ; and out of the five yachts entered for the match, only two showed themselves at their stations, viz: Arrow and Mosquito. Here then were two of the finest and most renowned cutters in the world contending in a gale of wind and heavy sea. A more soul-stirring race was never sailed : the daring vessels plunged headlong at the waves, and foamed along at an astounding pace : recklessly, but manfully they struggled for pride of place : the Arrow held it for a long time, when a crash put a stop to her career ; her mast, masts, and rigging had gone over her lee bulwarks, and the race was over. The Mosquito was quickly attending upon her, and took the noble, but ill-fated cutter in tow, and brought her to her moorings. The prize was afterwards awarded to the Mosquito. Every one present regretted so unfortunate a conclusion to one of the best matches of the season.

The match on the day following for the Commodore and Vice-commodore's Cup was under very different circumstances, for instead of rough waters and strong winds there was but a steady gaff-top-sail breeze and smooth water. Thought sailed remarkably well, and won the prize; beating Extravaganza, Hesperus, and Haidee.

The same day the schooner match was sailed for the Club prize, value £60, but there was not sufficient wind to make this match interesting. The Maraquita maintained the lead throughout, and eventually won the prize, by beating her nearest rival more than half an hour. But the owner of the Georgiana entered a protest against her, because she had "topped her boom before the starting gun was fired." A more simple and frivolous objection we have seldom heard of, and we regret to add that the Committee viewed it as a fatal objection to the Maraquita's right to the prize; and actually awarded it to the Georgiana, although that yacht had been thoroughly beaten by upwards of half an hour. This is really too much like "splitting hairs" and altogether an un-sailor like decision. The Maraquita was evidently wrong in topping her boom: but what advantage did she gain by it? Certainly not *half a minute*; therefore taking into consideration that she beat the other *half an hour*, the protest ought to have been thrown overboard.

We now come to that perilous event the 21st of August; when, in one of the heaviest summer gales ever experienced on the south coast, a match was sailed by cutters and schooners for the Queen's Cup, value 100 guineas. The following yachts came cautiously to the starting buoys:—Maraquita, Georgiana, Extravaganza, Zouave, Whirlwind and Benita.

This was such a day as when cutters are completely overpowered by schooners. With the gale at its fury (although not quite so heavy as on the night previously) the signal was given to start. Every yacht was snugly reefed. The Whirlwind and Extravaganza were sailed under their trysails. It was a truly grand scene, as these daring vessels dashed wildly over the foaming waters; the spray flying half mast high at every dash; the yachts reeling and pitching under the fury of the blast. Maraquita proved herself a real clipper on this occasion; and not less so did the Whirlwind cutter, which is unmistakeably a splendid vessel. The seamanship displayed on board all the vessels in the match was excellent: and no serious accident occurred to any. On the second round the gale abated considerably, reefs were shaken out; and then Whirlwind appeared like a greyhound let loose, and gained upon her powerful rival; but not enough to endanger the Maraquita's chance of winning. This famous match was concluded by the Maraquita arriv

at the winning goal but half a minute ahead of the Whirlwind ; Georgiana being seven minutes later, and Zouave sixteen. Maraquita was therefore entitled to the cup independent of time allowance by Ackers's scale.

At the Holyhead Regatta on the 5th of August, the Surprise won the Stanley Cup, after a very amusing match, beating Ranger, Water Lily, and Kelpie.

And now for our Welsh friends, whom we joined at Carnarvon : the 50 guinea Cup sailed for in that picturesque locality, under a most trying days' sailing, when there was not wind enough to bring out the best qualities of the yachts. The Surprise won, beating Foam, Coralie and Kelpie. In the second class match on the same day the Scud, a new little cutter, built by Fife of Fairlie won the prize, beating Circe, Mirage and Lapwing.

The match of the Royal Northern Yacht Club for the 60 guinea plate was ably contested ; and amongst the competitors were two new yachts built by Fife : the Crusader, 30 tons, and the Oithona, 80 tons. The other yachts engaged in the match were Foam, Sophia, Coralie and Stella. It was much to be regretted that there was not more wind to display the relative qualities of these fine vessels: but with a steady-gaff-top-sail breeze the match was very interesting. The Oithona maintained the lead throughout, and arrived 25m. 23s. ahead of the second yacht (the Crusader). The plate was therefore gallantly won by the Oithona.

The day following we found the same yachts (excepting Sophia) engaged in a match for the Dunoon Cup, value £60. The wind was lighter than on the day previously. The Crusader sailed beautifully, and beat all her rivals. But the cup has not been given up to her because the match was not concluded within the time stipulated by the conditions.

The Scud was again victorious in the second class match.

The Greenock Corinthian cup, value £60 was sailed for on 23rd of August, by yachts Stella, Coralie, Crusader, and Scud. The Crusader won, after a very spiritedly contested match.

At the Torbay regatta on the 26th August, we had the pleasure to witness two famous matches, by some of the most celebrated yachts of the day. The first class match for the 50 sovereigns was contested between Mosquito and Extravaganza. The weather was most propitious, there being a good steady gaff-topsail breeze throughout the day; but not enough for the sturdy Mosquito which was compelled to succumb to the Extravaganza. In the second class match the Glance beat the Thought, Secret and Phantom.

At the Teignmouth regatta on the 28th of August, the *Glance* saved her time with the *Mosquito*, and won the purse of 80 sovereigns.

At the Brighton schooner match for the £100 prize, the *Wildfire* had no other opponents than *Georgiana* and *Vestal*, when she of course won the prize; and gave them both a thorough dressing.

At the Poole regatta the *Extravaganza* sailed best during the early part of the match; but afterwards *Glance* passed her and arrived first. The *Extravaganza* got aground before the conclusion of the race. The second class match caused a dispute between the owners of the *Era* and *Vampire*, the prize having been awarded to the former, which Mr. Wheeler denies she is entitled to. Both owners assert they are right, and there the matter unsatisfactorily rests.

The Plymouth regatta was held on the 2nd September: a very good match was sailed between *Maraquitta*, *Mosquito*, and *Wildfire* for the Town Plate, value £70. The *Mosquito* beat the *Wildfire* four minutes; but the prize was awarded to the latter on account of tonnage allowance. *Secret* gained a prize here, beating *Fawn* and *Elfin*.

The match at Dover for the £30 prize was well sailed, and desperately contested, by the *Thought* and *Phantom*; and at the conclusion there was but seven seconds difference of time between them: the latter having half-a-minute to receive was entitled to the prize.

At the Royal Wear Yacht Club match at Sunderland, on the 3rd of September, for a gold cup, value 80 guineas, the *Amazon* was an easy winner, beating *Gadfly* and *Vision*.

At the Bristol Channel regatta held at Weston-Super-Mere, on the 16th September, one of the most stirring matches on record was sailed between cutters and schooners, for a prize of the value of 50 guineas. The *Bonita*, *Aquiline*, *Silver Star*, and *Cyclone*, were the competing vessels. The course was a most severe one, on account of the dangerous rapidity with which the tide runs in some parts of the Severn; the wind was heavy, and there was besides a nasty short sea. The *Cyclone* led at first, but was soon compelled to yield to the powerful qualities of the *Aquiline*; which vessel was never afterwards overtaken, although the most desperate and reckless efforts were made on the part of the others to come up with her. The *Cyclone* with less judgment than prudence, had a jib stowed on her bowsprit, in addition to the one she was sailing under: the consequence was that in such a sea, it was tw. washed off. This spirited race was concluded by the *Aquiline* beating *Cyclone* forty-one minutes and a half.

Having now brought our review of the season to a close, we reserve our comments upon the most striking events until a future number.

SUMMARY OF WINNING YACHTS.

	Date	Winning Yachts.	Big Tons	Owners.	Value	Loosing Yachts.
R. Y. SQUADRON.....	Aug	5 Extravaganza	cut	48 Sir P. F. Shelley, Bt.	105	Maritana, Aurora, Caprice
		9 Gloriana.....	sch	134 J. Gee, Esq.	105	Lalla Rockh, Urania, Viking
		11 Glance.....	cut	T. Bartlett, Esq.	100	Arrow, Whirlwind, Mosquito, Extravaganza, Lalworth, Amazon
R. CORK Y. C.....	July	3 Foam.....	cut	26 Major Longfield	60	Vigilant, Mosquito
		3 Flirt	cut	18 Capt. H. H. O'Brien	25	Dove, Imp
		4 Glance.....	cut	33 T. Bartlett, Esq.	40	Vigilant, Foam
		6 Columbine.....	sch	68 Capt. Smyth-Barry	39	Echo, Ebedy
		5 Foam.....	cut	26 Major Longfield	28	Vigilant, Flirt
		5 Mayfly.....	cut	Admiral Patton	10	Zero, Djalma, Midge
R. HARWICH Y. C.....	July	9 Phantom.....	cut	28 S. Lane, Esq.	68	Amazon, Vision, Minion
R. MERSEY Y. C.....	June 30 July 1	30 Surprise.....	cut	20 T. W. Tesley, Esq.	50	Mirage, Spray, Glide
		"		"	100	Cymba, Coralie, Mirage, Spray, Electric, Zillah
R. NORTHERN Y. C....	Aug	1 Oithona	cut	80 J. M. Rowan, Esq.	63	Crusader, Stella, Coralie, Sophia, Foam
		22 Scud	cut	16 W. Houldsworth, Esq.	80	Mand, Sunbeam
		28 Crusader.....	cut	30 J. Spiera, Esq.	63	Stella, Coralie, Crusader, Soud
R. SOUTHERN Y. C....	Aug	12 Wildfire	sch	59 J. T. Turner, Esq.	40	Vestal, Wasp
		12 Glance	cut	34 T. Bartlett, Esq.	40	Amazon, Extravaganza, Phantom, Cyclone
		12 Quiver.....	cut	19 T. Chamberlayne, Esq.	15	Don Juan, Maseppe, Pip, Little Vixen, Dottrell

	Date.	Winning Yachts.	Rig.	Tons	Owners.	Value £	Leading Yachts.
R. Sr. GEORGE'S Y. C.	June 24	Glance	cut	35	T. Bartlett, Esq.	100	Cymba, Secret, Vigilant, Coralie, Cyclone, Victoria
	25	"	cut	35	"	63	Cymba, Secret, Foam, Coralie, Odalisque, Cyclone
	24	Surprise	cut	20	T. W. Tetley, Esq.	30	Foam, Scud, Kelpie, Flirt, Waterlily, Fingal
	24	Temeraire	cut	27	H. Scovell, Esq.	10	Eleven others
	25	Atalanta	cut	6	N. Hamilton, Esq.	68	Waterlily, Albert, Magician
	25	Gazelle	cut	42	A. J. Young, Esq.	10	Virago, Sybil, Gipsy
R. THAMES Y. C.	May 14	Amazon	cut	29	G. Coope, Esq.	100	Extravaganza
	14	Thought	cut	59	J. T. Turner, Esq.	50	Secret
	June 14	Wildfire	sch	12	T. Chamberlayne, Esq.	100	Lalla Rookh, Vestal, Suppho, Aquiline
	28	Quiver	cut	50	Groves and Young	30	Flirt, Sea Nymph, Violet, Esk, Julia, Wave, Camelia, Silver Cloud
R. VICTORIA Y. C.	Aug 18	Mosquito	cut	25	G. Coope, Esq.	50	Arrow
	19	Thought	cut	110	Captain Thelluson ...	50	Extravaganza, Hesperus, Haidee
	19	Georgiana	sch	105	F. B. Carew, Esq.	60	Maraquita, Beatrice, Zouave
	21	Maraquita	sch	15	Captain Iremonger ...	105	Whirlwind, Georgiana, Zouave, Extravaganza
R. WELSH, Y. C.	Aug 8	Scud	cut	20	T. W. Tetley, Esq.	20	Circe, Mirage, Lapwing
	8	Surprise	cut	15	R. Shurlock, Esq.	50	Foam, Coralie, Kelpie
PORT OF PLYMOUTH	Sept 8	Pixie	y1	10	Captain Bayley	20	Red Rover
	8	Ripple	cut	30	H. J. Waring, Esq.	10	Petrel, Secret, Phantom
	8	Secret	cut	52	J. T. Turner, Esq.	50	Fawn, Eldin
	8	Wildfire	sch			70	Mosquito, Maraquita

	Date.	Winning Yachts.	Rig. Tons	Owners.	Value	Losing Yachts.
R. WESTERN Y. C. (1)	June 27 26	Vigilant..... Mosquito.....	cut cut	32 J. C. Atkins, Esq..... 59 Groves and Young....	33 Foam, Secret, Atalanta, Mabella 63 Cymba, Cyclone, and Coralie	
R. LONDON Y. C.....	June 13 13 July 12	Phantom..... Kitten..... Violet.....	cut cut cut	28 S. Lane, Esq..... 13 R. Leach, Esq..... 10 J. R. Kirby, Esq.....	40 Walked over 30 Vampire 20 Valentine, Julia, Little Mosquito	
P. of WALES Y. C.....	June 12 July 26 26	Violet..... Flirt..... Mosquito.....	cut cut cut	10 J. R. Kirby, Esq..... 8 A. J. Young, Esq..... 8 E. S. Bulmer, Esq.....	30 Flirt, Little Mosquito 10 Silver Cloud, Rifleman, Veritas 70 Little Mosquito, Julia, Eugenie 10 Second Prize	
R. BOSTON Y. C.....	June 4	Waterwitch.....	cut	15 R. Thorpe, Esq.....	50 Magic, Fairy, Kitten, Red Rover	
R. WEAR Y. C.....	Sept. 3	Amazon.....	cut	46 A. J. Young, Esq.....	48 Vision, Gadfly	
ANGLESEA Y. C.	Aug 5 5	Zouave..... Anglesey.....	cut cut	4 W. T. Sawyer, Esq..... 6 W. Reed, Esq.....	10 Eugenie, Anglesey 5 Cremorne, Mary, Cires	
RANELAGH Y. C.....	June 19	Alice	cut	E. Guest, Esq.....	15 Belle	
POOLE REGATTA.....	Sep 10 10 10	Era	cut cut cut	20 T. & J. Wanhill, Esq.. 10 W. Cooper, Esq..... 35 T. Bartlett, Esq.....	20 Vampire, Mystery 12 Quiver, Freddy, Surprise 35 Extravaganza, Pixie	

Date.	Winning Yachts.	Reg. Tone	Owners.	Value \$	Loading Yachts.
BIRKENHEAD M. Y. C. REGATTA.....	June 26 Spray	cut	7 A. Bower, Esq.....	20	Electric, Glide, White Squall, Zephyr, Spray of the Ocean, Jilt, Spirit
July 26	Electric	cut	7 T. Wilkinson.....	24	Glide, Maud, Spray, Phantom, White Squall, Flirt, Spirit, Zephyr
Aug 23	Glide.....	cut	8 T. Wilkinson, Esq.....	50	Spray, Electric, Zephyr, Phantom
ISLE OF MAN.....	July 19 Mosquito.....	cut	5 Groves & Young	50	Coralie, Gauntlet, Odalique, Albert
July 18	Coralie.....	cut	35 A. E. Byrne, Esq.....	50	Three Swans, Odalique, Albert, Fairy
July 19	Scud.....	cut	15 W. Houldsworth, Esq.....	18	Scud, Nelly
LOWESTOFT	July 23 Lalla Rookh.....	sch	126 Viscount Bangor.....	40	Aquiline, Vestal
July 22	Glance.....	cut	35 T. Bartlett, Esq.....	30	Phantom, Thought, Maud
July 21	Wayney.....	cut	15 T. Lucas, Esq.....	25	Violet, Little Eastern
July 22	Enchantress.....	cut	19 H. P. Green, Esq.....	10	Kestrel, Shannon, Alma, Iris
Gr. YARMOUTH.....	July 20 Amazon.....	cut	48 A. J. Young, Esq.....	50	Eclipse, Aquiline
Gr. GRIMSBY	July 20 Glance	cut	25 T. Bartlett, Esq.....	80	Maud, Rapid
July 20	Maud	cut	25 Capt. Andrews.....	20	Second Prize
HOLYHEAD.....	Aug. 5 Lapwing.....	cut	11 Capt. Hirste	25	Petrel, Fairy
Aug. 5	Surprise	cut	20 T. W. Tetley, Esq.....	50	Ranger, Kelpie, Waterlily
ON	Aug 26 Wildfire	cut	50 J. T. Turner, Esq.....	100	Georgiana, Vestal

SUMMARY OF WINNING YACHTS.

541

	Date.	Winning Yachts.	Reg. Tons	Owners.	Value £	Losing Yachts.
SWANSEA.....	July 28	Surprise	cut	20 T. W. Tetley, Esq.....	25	Vesper, Ianthe, Adante, Silver Star
	29	"	cut	"	105	Vesper, Cyclone, Delvin, Magic
	28	Fairy	cut	9 G. Thomas, Esq.....	10	Magic, Alma
	29	"	cut	"	15	Magic, Alma, Foam, Flirt
TORBAY	Aug 26	Fawn	cut	25 H. Ellis, Esq.....	25	Red Rover, Czarina, Ripple, Annie
	26	Extravagance.....	cut	48 Sir P. Shelley, Bart....	50	Mosquito
	26	Glance.....	cut	35 T. Bartlett, Esq.....	35	Phantom, Thought, Secret
TEIGNMOUTH	Aug 28	Glance.....	cut	34 T. Bartlett, Esq.....	30	Mosquito
WEYMOUTH	Aug 28	Thought.....	cut	25 G. Coope, Esq	80	Phantom, Wildfire
	Sept. 2	Little Mosquito... cut	8 E. S. Balmer, Esq.....	10	Invicta	
DOVER.....	2	Phantom	cut	27 S. Lane, Esq.....	30	Thought
GLANDORE.....	Sept. 5	Flirt.....	cut	18 W. H. Hall, Esq.....		Vigilant, Antelope
	Sept. 13	Barba.....	cut	8 W. J. Doherty, Esq....	8	Sybil, Spray, Sirocco, Gipsy, Torment, Virago, Nautilus
HOWTH.....	Sept. 8	Torment.....	cut	5 T. Todhunter, Esq.....	10	Sybil, Sirocco, Truant, Gazelle, Gipsy
	8	Bijou	cut	10 R. D. Kane, Esq.....	25	Fingal, Scud, Ranger, Barba, Virago
	9	Ranger.....	cut	12 J. A. Clarke, Esq.....	15	Scud, Fingal, Sybil, Gipsy, Gazelle

	Date.	Winning Yachts.	Rig.	Tons	Owners.	Value £	Lodging Yachts.
LONDON MODEL Y.C.	Sept. 9	Waterkelpia.....	cut	4	J. Ham, Esq		Eugenie
BRISTOL CHANNEL.	Sept. 16	Aquiline.....	sch	55	J. Cardinal, Esq	50	Cyclone, Bonita, Silver Star
MILFORD		Cyclone.....	cut	42	T. Patterson, Esq.....	30	Ianthe, Vesper
MISTLEY		Violet	cut	10	J. R. Kirby, Esq.....	10	Picciola, Veritas, Stella
WALTON.....		Picciola.....	cut	4	Capt. L. Kirby	10	Veritas, Stella
R. BELGE Y. C.....	Sept. 23	Mosquito.....	cut	50	Groves and Young.....	100	Amazon, Glance
		Amazon.....	cut	48	A. J. Young, Esq.....	25	
		Violet.....	cut	10	J. R. Kirby, Esq.....	20	Britannia, Rifleman, Marsquita

The Glance has proved the champion this year, and the amount of her winnings (£542) far exceeds that of any other yacht on record in so short a space of time. This is her second season, and her winnings of 1855 added to this year, make the amount £695. Her fortunate builder (D. Hatcher) will, we opine, turn out another clipper for Mr. Bartlett for 1857. We should observe that she divided the prize at Lowestoft with the Phantom. The Surprise was the next successful yacht, winning £405, which added to last year amount to £525. The Amazon (the champion of last season) was third in amount, £264, and has won £702 in the two years. Of the builders of winning yachts, Warhill's name is attached to seven.

TABLE OF AMOUNTS WON.

Yacht's Names.	Owners.	Times Startd	Times Won.	Value	Builders.
Alice	E. Guest.....	2	1	15	
Amazon.....	A. J. Young	8	5	364	Harvey
Anglesey	W. Reed	1	1	5	Reed
Aquiline.....	J. Cardinall	4	1	50	Harvey
Atalanta.....	H. Scovell	2	1	68	Marshall
Banba	W. J. Doherty	2	1	8	
Bijou.....	R. D. Kane.....	1	1	25	Wanhill
Columbine.....	Capt. Smith-Barry.....	1	1	39	Ratsey
Coralie.....	A. E. Byrne.....	8	1	50	Fife
Crusader.....	J. Spiers.....	3	1	63	Fife
Cyclone.....	T. Patterson.....	8	1	30	Paterson
Don Juan.....	W. Cooper.....	2	1	12	Hatcher
Electric.....	T. Wilkinson.....	2	1	24	Bishop
Enchantress.....	H. P. Green.....	2	2	22	
Era	T. Wanhill.....	1	1	20	Wanhill
Extravaganza.....	Sir P. Shelley.....	8	2	155	Wanhill
Fairy.....	G. Thomas.....	3	2	25	Thomas
Fawn.....	H. Fillis	2	1	25	Pinney
Flirt	A. J. Young.....	3	1	80	Harvey
Flirt	Capt. H. H. O'Brien.....	5	2	50	Wheeler
Foam	Major Longfield.....	8	2	91	Wanhill
Gazella.....	N Hamilton	3	1	10	
Georgiana	Capt. Thellusson.....	3	1	60	Camper
Glance	T. Bartlett	11	10	542	Hatcher
Glide.....	T. Wilkinson.....	4	1	50	Wilkinson
Gloriana.....	J. Gee.....	1	1	105	Ratsey
Kitten.....	R. Leach	2	1	30	Harvey
Lalla Rookh.....	Viscount Bangor.....	3	1	40	Wanhill
Lapwing.....	Capt. Hirste	2	1	15	
Little Mosquito.....	E. S. Bulmer.....	4	2	20	Hatcher
Maraquito.....	F. B. Carew.....	4	1	105	Inman
Mayfly.....	Admiral Patton.....	1	1	10	
Mosquito.....	Groves and Young.....	9	4	263	Mare
Oithona	J. M. Rowan.....	1	1	63	Fife
Phantom	S. Lane.....	7	3	145	Pinney
Picciola	Capt. Kirby.....	2	1	10	Aldous
Pixie	R. Shurlock.....	1	1	22	Moore
Quiver	T. Chamberlayne.....	3	2	45	
Ranger	J. A. Clarke	3	1	15	Mare
Ripple.....	Capt. Bayley.....	2	1	10	
Scud.....	W. Houldsworth.....	7	2	45	Fife
Scud.....	Capt. Iremonger.....	2	1	20	
Secret	H. J. Waring.....	6	1	50	Wanhill
Spray.....	A. Bower	6	1	20	Kelly
Surprise.....	T. W. Tetley.....	7	7	405	Hansen
Temeraire		1	1	10	
Thought.....	G. Coope.....	6	3	180	Hatcher
Torment.....	J. Todhunter.....	3	1	10	
Vigilant.....	J. C. Atkins	6	1	30	Wanhill
Violet.....	J. R. Kirby.....	6	4	80	Aldous
Waterwitch.....	R. Thorpe	1	1	50	
Waveney.....	F. Lucas.....	1	1	25	
Wildfire	G. T. Turner.....	6	4	310	Hansen
Zouave	T. W. Sawyer.....	1	1	10	Sawyer

TO THE EDITOR OF HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

"Much is the duty—small the legal due,
And this with grateful minds, we keep in view."
CRABBE.

SIR.—The cuckoo migrated long ago to nobody knows where, the swallows are gone to spend their Christmas at the Cape of Good Hope, the season for aquatic gipseying is over, and it is high time for yachting men to retire into the bosom of their families (winter quarters), and betake themselves, if they will, to literature and the cultivation of your Magazine.

Impressed with the conviction that many of us have been somewhat more neglectful of our duty towards our neighbour, and to you, than we ought to be, I have devoted the evening of the 14th day of November, to overhauling some of your back numbers, and commencing this diatribe. You have often invited us to come forward and give an account of ourselves in print, and possibly even an epistle from me may find favor in your sight, though as brother Jonathan says, I hardly know "how to fix it!" I can keep a log, take an observation, find the longitude and correct a reckoning. I can even work a transverse with Tom Cox himself, I am apprehensive however, that these are only indifferent qualifications for presenting myself among the wits who occasionally shine so brilliantly in the pages of your publication. But every accomplishment I am told must have a beginning, and in most communities there are few they say who have not to be tolerated before they are admired.

It is possible too that writing for the press is like snipe shooting—"Fire away my boy," my worthy tutor in that art used to say to me, "never mind how often you miss 'em! by-and-by you will catch the knack and then your shot will take effect." That is how it happens, I presume that some of your practised hands plump a paper pellet into the centre of your Magazine sometimes, as if they would blow up the whole concern, and yourself along with it; but my views are less ambitious, and already I begin to think I had better abandon this metaphorical style before I get out of my depth, and find myself sinking beyond your power to save me, and so with your leave Mr. Editor we will begin.

"But how the subject theme may gang,
Let time and chance determine,
Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
Perhaps turn out a sermon."

All I shall say further in the way of exordium is, that if any reader dislikes it he may write you the next letter himself.

A gentleman, who has since afforded us much pleasure by his agreeable chronicle of a "Cruise through the Pentland Firth," was rather severe on your work in his Introductory Chapter, (see page 610) of your third volume: where he denounces regattas altogether, and is indignant that the *Maga* should be *filled up* with twice-laid accounts of them, which he says "nobody ever cares to look at."—I thought at the time it was ill-natured of him to say so, but very good-natured of you to print it: and with every wish to see some important improvements introduced into our *representative* periodical, I by no means desire such a total revolution in its table of contents, as his criticism suggests, nor would it I think be satisfactory to yachtsmen in general.

Everything in the shape of news is of course caught up by the papers long before a monthly publication can bring it forward, but is it any objection to an article in *Blackwood* or the *Quarterly* "on the political situation of the country," that all the facts of the argument have been bandied about and discussed on all sides by the newspapers during the whole previous month? But especially in a work devoted to the promotion of a particular pursuit, should we have faithful and consecutive summaries of all the public proceedings relating to it!

A newspaper is here to-day and gone to-morrow, and even if we preserve the one which gives a special account of our own yacht's success, there is something vain-glorious and undignified in producing it on every occasion as if that was a wonder which we ought to regard as a mere agreeable circumstance. But with the set of *Yachting Magazines* on our shelves, and I take it for granted that no yachtsman, worthy of the name, is without them, we can with more modesty refer a friend to them for the history of our racing exploits; because *there* they are seen in juxtaposition with those of our confrères. It is true that our defeats are recorded there too, but what of that Mr. Editor? we made a spirited effort! and I should have but a poor opinion of that owner's eloquence who could not soon convince a country-cousin, and almost himself too, that the other fellows had the narrowest escape in the world of being "licked all to pieces!"

But while I advocate the continuance of this system as indispensable to your Magazine, I am disposed to agree with the critic I have alluded to, that it at present occupies far too large a section of your pages! and I hope the day is not distant when instead of the broad type, and ample space, which you now allow it, you will find it necessary to compress it all into an *appendix* on account of the flood tide of more interesting literature, which will set in steadily towards your columns.

It is perhaps impossible to give an agreeable variety to descriptions
NO. 12.—VOL. V.

in which the same series of expressions must constantly recur, and it requires all the perseverance of a yachtsman at times to face them, and push through them, which he does manfully, as he would through a head sea at the Nore, in a strong easterly wind. But the less enthusiastic reader will scarcely be so indulgent, and may be expected to feel something of what the author of *Vathek* expressed when detained at Falmouth by contrary winds on a voyage to the south of Europe,—“How tired I am” said he, “of the language of the compass, of wind shifting to this point, and veering to the other, of gales springing up, and breezes freshening, of rough seas, clear berths, ship driving, and anchors lifting! Oh that I were rooted like a tree in some sheltered corner of an inland valley, where I might never hear more of salt water or sailing!”

Contemptible as these spoonified sentiments may seem to us at this day, even yachtsmen themselves get weary of *toujours perdrix*, and now that the long winter evenings are come we hope you will supply us with a larger share of amusing literature, and less of those discussions about shifting ballast, uncertain measurement, the ghosts of departed regattas, and other matters which belong exclusively to the racing calendar. For this season at least we may almost say—with a slight paraphrase of a graceless grace, attributed to Old Joe—

Of Clippers bought, of clippers sold,
Of clippers new, of clippers old,
Of clippers tender, clippers tough,
We thank the Lord we've had enough!

What has become of “Vale-de-Gabia”? has he taken *El ultimo vale*? Is the “Banshee” spirited away to some other periodical? and has “Vasco de Gama” gone in search of another route to India? and the gentleman with the quadrangular Dutch name, Mynheer “Vanderdecken,” won't he come on deck again? It is a long time since he left it. Then there was “Robinson Crusoe” who despatched a seven months foreign voyage, in about as many pages, without a word of what Pat calls a “*dissolute* island”! and “Touchstone” who contrived to carry us agreeably through several Chapters in a three days “Home Cruise” over ground with which we are many of us as well acquainted as with the road from Hyde Park corner to the Bank!

But especially I must mention “The Veteran Yachtsman,”—I protest his description of the crossing of the ridge by the dilapidated pathway at St. Helena absolutely made me giddy! And that other yachtsman, who renewed his pleasant “Yarns” in your last March number, after we had given him up, like the lost Pleiad, for years. Has “Clapper-

Claw" no more Irish reminiscences for us? We heartily forgive him his salmon poaching, for the amusing way in which he told his story, but what an unfortunate cognomen he has adopted! Then there is the learned pundit "Summooa Juga," who has secured a prominent place in your necrology for a late eminent American ship-builder. Nor must I pass by the persevering "Tommy Bluffbow"—still blooming in your pages like a Michaelmas daisy. I have set him down as a yachtsman of the Sister Isle, because he seems never to be happy unless when he is racing, or fighting, or kissing the girls!

But it would take too much of my time and your space were I to enumerate more particularly the writers who have variously entertained us in your Magazine. I dare say I have even omitted some of the best of them,—the owner of the *Pet* for instance, who has deserted you for the *Row*; but he will come back to you yet! and I may mention the unassuming signature of "A. Y." appended to a "*Cruise to the head of Loch Etive*," in your October number, which appears to me a worthy example, literary and literally for the rest of us. But, Sir, as yachtsmen are the only modern representatives of the knight-errants of old, I should be unworthy of the fraternity to which I belong, if I took my leave of you without offering my homage to the fair lady who has done us the honor to come among us on your introduction. Methinks however, that like *Medora's*, *Fanny's* song is sad;—she speaks also of her "*loves of old*," and yet I cannot but believe that she is very loveable still. I have all a sailor's veneration for the rim of a petticoat, and in a nautical sense something of the habits of the Welsh harper—

"Over the sunny waves I stray,
Humming many an ancient lay,
And sometimes on the billowy main,
I sing of love and beauty's chain,—"

nor shall I ever pass *Nugent House* without doffing my cap to the gentle spirit that inhabits there.

"To be a well-favoured-man," says the learned *Dogberry*, "is the gift of fortune, but writing and reading come by nature;" now is the time, Mr. Editor, for you to summon around you your contributory chiefs whose *nature* it is to write, and some of them to write well too. We admit that all things considered you have done much, and perhaps, if your shortcomings were looked into they would be found less discreditable to you than to us,—if I may judge from the hints you have occasionally thrown out, and in no sneaking or unmanly spirit either. But something yet remains to do, and we hope you will do it. If as I believe the yachting community is chiefly constituted of gentlemen, and

those who have the spirit of gentlemen in them, your labours will not always be unappreciated or unrewarded. Even with all its faults your Magazine up to this time is a *vade mecum* which no yachtsman can safely dispense with, as it contains a body of useful information by writers of experience and talent—

“Whom not to know argues *himself* unknown.”

But I have prolonged my letter so far beyond what I intended when I began it that I write as if the devil were at my elbow!—the printer's—your devil I mean, Mr. Editor! urging me in the emphatic language of his *legion* to “cut it short;” and so giving you my full permission to cut it as short as you like, I will only subscribe myself,

ARGONAUT.

THE ANNIVERSARY DINNER OF THE SYDNEY YACHT CLUB.

THE first anniversary dinner of the Sydney Yacht Club took place on the 31st of July at the Exchange Hotel, when about seventy gentlemen partook of a repast, which for sumptuousness and excellence of arrangement was scarcely inferior to some of the best festivals that have been witnessed in the colony. The tables were laid in the large saloon of the hotel, the walls of which were splendidly decorated with the flags of various nations; the British ensign, and the colours of the Club occupying the most prominent position. On the centre of the table was exhibited the magnificent Challenge Cup or Epergne, valued at 300 guineas, and won during the last two matches by the owner of the yacht Challenge. Supported as it was on each side by a beautifully modelled figure—the one representing Æolus, the god of the winds, and the other Neptune, the god of the sea, with a delicately wrought network of yachting gear. The effect of this feature on the scenic display was extremely appropriate and pleasing. The chair was occupied by Dr. Berncastle, the President of the Club, and the vice-chair by Mr. Thompson; whilst around the festive board we observed several merchants and other gentlemen of influence, including Mr. Parkes, M.L.A. The members of the Club were for the most part dressed in uniform, resembling to a certain extent, that of the Royal Yacht Society, and with the general decorations, afforded a rather splendid coup d'oeil. A band of music was in attendance, which contributed much to enliven the entertainment.

The chairman, as usual, opened the “speechifying” of the evening, by proposing the health of the Queen, Prince Albert, and the rest of the Royal Family, which toasts were received with enthusiasm.

The chairman then proposed the health of the Governor-General, Patron of the Sydney Yacht Club, regretting that a private arrangement had prevented his Excellency from attending that evening. It was satisfactory to know however that the representative of Her Majesty in this colony not only

took a warm interest in anything that concerned the well-being of this Society, but had at the very outset pledged himself to communicate with the Admiralty at home, with a view of procuring permission for the Sydney Yacht Club to use the blue ensign instead of the red, also to obtain for it the additional title of Royal, in the same manner as it was conferred on the British Clubs. The toast was received with loud cheers.

The next toast proposed by the Chairman was,—“Success to the Sydney Yacht Club,” and in so doing quoted the lines of the poet, “There’s a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.” So it was, he believed, in the affairs of yachtsmen, and this tide which he hoped was taken at the spring, would in the case of the Sydney Yacht Club, lead to a complete and brilliant success. (Cheers.) He was only astonished that the organization of an institution of this kind had been so long deferred, considering the splendid character of the harbour, its noble anchorage, and the general nautical disposition of the inhabitants of Sydney, combined with the great facilities which experience in yachting must afford to trade, and the skill and knowledge in Naval Architecture which it must develop.—(Cheers.) He concluded by urging the members to strengthen the sinews of the Society by inducing persons to join it, adding, that so long as he had a head to work, and hand to hold the tiller, he should endeavour to promote to the best of his ability the prosperity of the Sydney Yacht Club. (Enthusiastic cheers.)

Air by the band—“Cheer, Boys, cheer.”

Mr. Lambert proposed the health of the owners of yachts in connection with the Sydney Yacht Club, and in doing so paid a special compliment not only to those who were spirited enough to import yachts from England, but to Mr. Cuthbert and others, who, in this colony, were enterprising and skilful enough to build yachts at enormous cost, and in the face of most discouraging difficulties. He hoped that by the next year they would have, instead of some half dozen yachts, a large number, all of which would be a credit to the skill and enterprise of the colony. (Cheers.)

The toast was received with all the honours.

Air,—“Rule Britannia.”

Mr. Thompson on behalf of the yacht owners, returned thanks in a suitable speech, expressing a hope that the operations of the society, which had commenced under such favourable auspices, would eventuate in success fully equal to their most sanguine expectations. (Applause.)

Mr. Parkes, M.L.A., proposed the health of the flag officers of the Sydney Yacht Club, pointing out that the object which the Society had in view was of vast importance, inasmuch as it tended to cultivate and promote the noble art of ship-building, and consequently to encourage trade and commerce. Such being the case, he conceived the members present and the public generally were under a debt of gratitude to those gentlemen who, as the flag-officers of the Club, had devoted their time and attention to the inauguration of so valuable an Institution. (The hon. gentleman resumed his seat as he began, amidst loud applause.)

The chairman returned thanks on behalf of the flag-officers, after which Mr. Thornton, J.P., who was received with prolonged cheers gave, in an appropriate speech, "The Army and Navy," which was received with enthusiasm, and responded to by the band, with the Airs "British Grenadiers" and "Rule Britannia."

Major Wingate, J.P., acknowledged the compliment on behalf of the army.

Dr. Stolworthy proposed "The Ladies," and Mr. Woolcott, Secretary to the club, responded. We need not add that the toast was drunk with all the honours. Air,—“Here's a health to all good lasses.”

The Chairman next proposed the health of the winner of the Sydney Challenge Cup, Mr. Deane, adverting appropriately to the difficulties which must invariably be encountered in such contests, and the spirit and skill necessary to overcome them. In the two matches that had taken place, Mr. Deane had been successful, but as there was yet another contest before the prize could be finally obtained, it was impossible to say who would ultimately be the conqueror. Still, as this gentleman was up to the present time the winner of the cup, it was his (the chairman's) duty on this occasion to acknowledge him as such, and to pronounce formally his title to it. In doing so, he had great pleasure in presenting him with the 50 guineas accompanying the cup; and although Mr. Deane had not yet finally won the prize they must all acknowledge that the chief honour of the competition was, up to the present moment due to him. He there felt bound to act in this matter on the favourite maxim of the immortal Nelson, "*Palmarum qui meruit ferat.*" (Cheers.)

Air,—“See the Conquering Hero comes.”

Mr. Deane, who was cordially received, in a neat speech responded to the toast, remarking that the chief credit was due to the boat, and to the crew who sailed her. He concluded by proposing "The Committee of 1855," through whose exertions the splendid prize had been procured, and through whose instrumentality indirectly the Sydney Yacht Club had been initiated. The toast was received with marked approbation.

Mr. Church responded, after which

The Chairman, in a highly complimentary speech, proposed the Press, to which

Mr. Parkes, M.L.A., responded, expressing his belief that the Press to Sydney, in point of morality and thorough respectability, was not surpassed by any in the world.

Mr. Thornton then proposed the health of the visitors' which was acknowledged by Mr. Wright, and in a short time after the company broke up evidently highly pleased with the evening's entertainment.

[We feel assured that all who enjoyed the friendship of Commodore Berncastle will wish his exertions on the behalf of the Sydney Yacht Club, may be as successful as when at the head of the P.W.Y.C.—Ed.]

PRINCE OF WALES YACHT CLUB.

THE Annual Dinner was held on the 18th of November, Commodore R. Hewett, Esq., in the chair, faced by Vice Commodore Knibbs, and A. Turner, Esq.

The usual loyal toasts having been proposed and acknowledged, Dr. Bain, proposed the "Army and Navy" and said,—“In times of war we rightly look upon them as the bulwarks of our country, without thinking sufficiently of them in times of peace. We ought to think more of them than we do. It was through the great exertion and energy of our nation, and deeds of prowess of our fellow-countrymen, that the recent victories were achieved, which will long be chronicled in the annals of fame. I toast those to whose distinguished bravery we owe so much, who have fought well for us, and who are ready to fight again whenever the time of need arrives.”

P. Turner, Esq., in proposing the toast of the evening “Prosperity to the Prince of Wales Yacht Club” commented at some length on the rise and progress of the Club, and said,—“Let me take a retrospective view of the Prince of Wales Yacht Club. It was commenced in 1851 with few, very few members. It has since progressed rapidly but steadily to a considerable extent, and if you want a sample of what the club is, look around you at the large and respectable body whom I have now the honour of addressing. The kind and good feeling existing in the Club is the secret of our success, and while good fellowship and gentlemanly feeling has predominated in our meetings, we have, since our institution, by the presentation of fourteen or fifteen prizes given a stimulous to honourable emulation in yachting, and have contributed very largely to the amusement of those who take delight in the sport, both of the clubs and of the public generally, and we are still looking forward to further progress. During the period I have alluded to, in which I have been proud to witness the Club's rise, progress, and prosperity, we have been much indebted to many for their kind assistance and liberality, for which they are entitled to our warmest thanks. I thank them for the Club collectively, I thank them for myself individually, for the many and repeated acts of courtesy and urbanity exhibited towards us. We have had many valuable presents made us for competition, far greater than those with which any other club has been favoured, and we have reciprocated that generosity by our expression of thankfulness, and the excellence of the varied races to which those gifts gave rise.

D. Logie, Esq., proposed the Commodore's health in an excellent speech, observing :—“Need I say how much depends on the ability with which he administers the affairs of the Club, how zealous he is in promoting its welfare, how deeply interested he is in everything connected with the river, largely engaged as he is, well known as his name is associated with the great fisheries of the country, how much does not the navy owe to the patronage of such men, through whose instrumentality and enterprise it finds its first-class seamen.”

The Commodore rose and said :—"I have always been proud of the high position in which you have placed me, but the remarkably kind manner in which you have received this toast is deeply felt, and makes me proud indeed. As long as I am favoured with the continuance of your confidence, so long, you may depend upon it, it shall never be betrayed. I shall always be pleased to use my best exertions in forwarding the interests of the Club, in catering for sport, and the amusement of its members, from whom I have received so many proofs of good-fellowship and esteem."

These were followed by numerous toasts, among which were the "Vice-Commodore," "Treasurer," "Secretary," &c., and the festivities were prolonged to a late hour with pleasure to all at that meeting.

ROYAL WELSH YACHT CLUB, CARNARVON.

THE monthly meeting of this Club was held on the 5th. of November, the Rear-commodore presiding.

Captain Horsefall Bell, cutter yacht Hawk, 35 tons, and Mr. W. Hughes, of Conway (proposed at the last meeting,) were ballotted for and unanimously elected.

There being no other business of interest, the meeting broke up after an unusual short sitting. The weather at this port has been so fine of late that many yacht owners regret their yachts being laid up.

Now that the active season for yachting is over, it may not be amiss to remind the Members of the good custom prevalent in many Clubs of presenting pictures of their yachts, charts, and marine collections to the Clubs to which they belong.

BIRKENHEAD MODEL YACHT CLUB.

ON Wednesday November 5th., this Club held their closing dinner of the season at their head quarters, Canning Hotel, Birkenhead. There being present a fair attendance of Members. John Watkins, Esq., Rear-commodore in the chair. William Scott, Esq., Hon. Sec. vice-chair. The dinner was in every respect "first-rate." After the cloth was removed various toasts were proposed and responded to, among which were "the Queen," "the Army and Navy," "Birkenhead Model Yacht Club," "Mr. Wilkinson winner of the Challenge Cup," &c. After which the regular monthly meeting commenced, at which 10 new members were proposed for election at meeting; and the proceedings terminated after a very pleasant evening.

B.

ROYAL LONDON YACHT CLUB.

THE anniversary dinner of this Club was held on the 26th. ult. at Willis's Rooms, and on no similar occasion has a larger number graced the festive board. The peculiar connection of this Club with the city of London, commands a numerous attendance of the magnates and civic authorities, amongst whom were the past and present sheriffs.

J. Goodson, Esq., the Commodore presided, the Vice-chairman being Mr. Under-sheriff Crossley, W. Goodson and — Geach, Esqs. After the usual loyal toast, Mr. Eagles the Treasurer rose and said :—" That a toast had been placed in his hands which he had much pleasure in proposing. He was about to drink to those who had served us so recently and so brilliantly in the late war, opposed as they had been, whether by sea or land, to an enemy of no mean pretensions ; no eulogium of his could add to the glory they had achieved ; they required no commendation at his hands, and, should circumstances require the renewed exercise of their valour they might rival the glorious deeds of Waterloo. He then proposed " The Army and Navy of England."

The Commodore who was seriously indisposed, regretted that circumstances rendered him unable to give utterance to a proper expression of his feelings. The toast he had to propose was the one nearest and dearest to their hearts, it was " The Royal London Yacht Club," of which they were members and supporters ; and when he drank prosperity to that Institution, he felt that the toast would, as he had ever felt, speak for itself. The Royal London Yacht Club and its prosperity was a toast during his long tenure of office he had frequently had the pleasure of giving, but never with more satisfaction than at that moment, when it was proved to him by the brilliant assemblage he saw around him how high a position it had attained. The presence of those whom he had the honour of addressing justified him in coming to the conclusion that for many years in perspective its prosperity would increase ; for since last year there had been a considerable accession to their numbers. He looked to the ensuing season with the anticipation of seeing much first-rate sport, if not with very large vessels, still with those that were first-class in their speed. The continued advancement of the club, he was happy to say, clearly went to show that its proceedings were carried on in such a way as to give universal satisfaction. It was unnecessary, nor did he feel competent to give a long statement of particulars respecting its advancement ; its prosperity was undisputed, and while they all steadily united heart and hand together, its success would be unabated.

The healths of Sheriffs Mechi, Rose, and A. Arcedeckne followed in succession, and were responded to by each gentleman, that of the latter in a very humorous style. The Commodore then proposed " The Royal Yacht Squadron, and other yacht clubs all over the world," and paid a merited eulogium to Mr. Grinnell, whose father was one of those who fitted out an expedition in search of Sir John Franklin. He was a gentleman well known in the American waters, who had always held out the hand of friendship

wherever it was needed. Mr. Grinnell replied, "he never had been a great speaker, but he felt much obliged for the compliment, and was happy to welcome any yachtsman. He should be happy to reciprocate that honest manly feeling which should always exist upon the waters. His father, in being engaged in the search for Sir John Franklin, he was quite sure, had done no more than any of those he had the pleasure of addressing would have done under the same circumstances."

Mr. Sheriff Mechi proposed the health of the Commodore in an excellent speech, which we regret our space will not allow of our reporting. This was followed by toasts to the health of the Vice, and Rear-commodores; and after passing a very harmonious evening the numerous company departed highly delighted with the evenings entertainment.

ZULEIKA YACHT.

Blackwall, November 1856.

SIR.—In order publicly to refute the various false reports privately and diligent although as it turns out, very unsuccessfully promulgated to the disparagement of this vessel, I shall be much obliged by your making known through the medium of your Magazine, one fact; this well-known 20 tonner has by me been disposed of to a near relative of Mr. Richard Green the eminent ship builder of Blackwall, and V. C. of the R.T.Y. Club after due inspection, and approval. A tolerably sufficient proof of this vessel's soundness.

The purchaser may, as I presume *he does*, congratulate himself on being the possessor of, I state it advisedly "*a right good boat, and as smart a little craft as any of her tonnage afloat*," all assertions (sinister or interested) to the contrary notwithstanding. "Zuleika" has won 14 prizes—another fact on record as you may be aware.

I am, Sir, Yours, &c.,

J. T. CREELEY.

To the Editor H. Y. M.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CRUISE OF THE ST. URSULA,—Letter from an ESSEX YACHTSMAN,—CRUISE OF THE ALBATROSS,—ORAL TRADITIONS in our next.

CRADLE BOAT.—In reply to numerous correspondents respecting the "Cradle Boat," we have the pleasure to inform them that the tale will be resumed in our next number, and Kitty Murray's adventures faithfully chronicled by Tommy Bluffbow. The delay has arisen in consequence of the Author having met with an accident in the hunting field.—EDITOR.

[Sailors have no business out hunting. Jack rides at a fence as if it were a wave at sea: and having no rope to hold on by, he gets pitched over weather bow into something rather harder than salt water, but he is so his legs again; calling out to the horse to *lay to* whilst he gets *aboard* once. But, hold hard Jack—too many of those tumbles will prevent your going on the yard-arm: so hitch a rope round your main-channels, and make you fast, fore and aft, before you go a hunting again: and—you'll excuse me if you're a married man, *insure your life*.—PRINTER'S DEVIL.]

INDEX TO FIFTH VOLUME.

Alice victorious, 440
 Alma yacht, 521
 Amazon [victorious, 267, 393, 440
 Anastasia, cruise of, 109
 Andros island, hurricane near, 87
 Anglesey victorious, 412
 Aquiline victorious, 429
 Arden, Sir H., surprise of, 117
 Arran, scenery of, 489
 Astronomical instruments, trial of,
 510
 Atalanta victorious, 323
 Awe, dangerous bank off, 422

 Balanini prahus, 19
 — armament of, 19
 Ballast, trimming of, 6
 — trimmers, 242
 — an out-and out, 206
 Ballinskellig bay, shelter in,
 Baltic, yachting in the, 25
 Banba victorious, 499
 Barometer, remarkable indications of,
 88
 Baron S—t—r, invitation of, 226
 Ben Stirra, description of, 421
 Black Maria, description of, 34
 Blackberries, search for, 222

 Bluff bow, Tommy, challenge of, 105
 Board, centre, 82
 — description of, 83
 — utility of, 84
 Boat lowering apparatus, Clifford's,
 33, 77, 278
 — — Russell's,
 407
 — — description
 of, 408

Boats, application of the displacement
 curves of fish to the construction
 of, 329
 — dangerous position of, 153
 — my grandfather's, 13
 — my cradle, 13, 102, 130, 209,
 244, 309
 Boyhood, recollections of, 262
 Breakfast, new friends at, 117
 Bunawe, store at, 422
 Bute, kyles of, 157

 Cafe royal, compounding of, 118
 Capal navigating, annoyance of, 27
 Captain, racing, character of, 238
 Cataract, descending the, 503
 Cerf Volante, home cruise in, 287
 Challenge yacht, proposition for build-
 ing, 59
 — expense of, 123
 Chapman's curve of sections, 331
 Chase, the, 152
 Chinaman's boat sails, 96
 Christian Malford, ruins at, 504
 Cinque ports, oral traditions of the,
 253
 Clifford's boat lowering, description
 of, 80
 Clipper, orders to build, 207
 Coast guard, suspicions of, 131
 — visit of, 334
 College friend, unexpected meeting
 with, 160
 Collision at sea, 415
 Colne, river, 293
 Columbine victorious, 344
 Comet, cruise of the, 155
 — unexpected meeting with, 153
 Comforts, the creature, 202
 Companions, the jovial, 199
 Compass, deviation of the, 147
 — instrument for correcting
 147
 Comtesse, jealousy of the, 113
 Conduct, very doubtful, 312
 Connal, course for, 419

Connal ferry, dangers of, 423
 Cookery, singular, 160
 Coralie victorious, 354
 Corke, Mr., honorable mention of, 506
 Cowes in 1788, sailing match at, 126
 — castle, 370
 Cruachan, description of, 420
 Cruise, a Midsummer night's, 516
 Crusader victorious, 427
 Cutter, man the, 69
 — s method of handling, 98

Dark, shaving in the, 115
 Darynane Abbey, visit to, 12
 Discovery, surprising, 116
 Displacement, curve of, 331
 Distress, female in, 111
 Don Juan victorious, 390
 Downs, the, 289
 Dublin bay, 498
 Duke of Wellington, salute of, 203
 Dunoon, description of, 485

Eastern coast, regattas on the, 143
 Ebb, currents on the first of the, 488
 Editor's Locker—
 Anglesea yacht club, 90
 Beadon's self-acting safety reel
 180,
 Grimsby regatta, 501
 Hunt's universal yacht list, 66,
 181
 Naming of yachts, 366
 Royal Northern yacht club, 47
 Speed of yachts, 137, 179
 Tablet to the memory of Robert
 Sheddon, 180
 Thames v Essex yachtsmen 502
 Want of etiquette in sailors, 501
 Yachting in Australia, 48
 — measurement, 90, 138, 139,
 181, 182, 183
 — signals, 181
 Zuleika, cutter yacht, 47, 554
 Egg, island of, 162
 — visit to cave on, 162
 Electric victorious, 358
 Electricity, atmospheric, 22
 Enchantress victorious, 362, 394
 English cutter v Yankee sloop, 97

Extravaganza victorious, 377, 446
 Extravagant tonnage cheating, 8

Fairy victorious, 434, 436
 Fawn victorious, 444
 Females, assistance from, 504
 Fifes', building yard of, the, 157
 Fish, displacement curves of, 329
 Fisherman, the disbelieved, 335
 — the frightened, 69
 — nets, danger of, 522
 Fleet, view of the, 302
 — illumination of, 194
 — strength of, 195
 — Manx herr ng, 101
 Flirt victorious, 299, 364
 — (late Antelope), 343, 497
 Foam victorious, 342, 345
 Frenchmen and Spaniards, desperate
 conflict between, 12
 French danseuse, distress of, 114
 — privateer, yacht, captured by,
 127

Gazelle victorious, 323
 Gee, J., esq. elected commodore of
 R.Y.Y.C., 169
 Geology, first lesson in, 163
 Georgiana victorious, 403
 Glance victorious, 320, 322, 344, 361,
 385, 389, 410, 441, 448
 Glandore, 497
 Gloriana victorious, 381
 Gourock, description of, 481
 Great Cumbrae, beauties of, 488
 Guajara, the mountain of, 507
 Gulf weed, description of the, 39
 Gunning punt, description of, 167
 Gunter's scale, use of, 216
 Guys, use of, 94

Hampshire paper, extracts from
 Harebell, launch of, 15
 — trial of, 16
 Harry the great, 190
 Harwich, harbour of, 335

Hewett's smacks, race with, 95
 Highland seaman, 159
 Highwater tide table, 92, 140, 188,
 236, 284, 368, 416, 464, 512
 Her Majesty, departure of, 182
 ———'s ministers, disappoint-
 ment of, 196
 Hookers, Skerries, 110
 ——— Kinsale and Chaddagh, 101
 House of Lords, scene in, 197
 Hugh M'Coll, invitation of, 161
 Hughes, Rev. R. E., opinion of the
 attack on Sweaborg, 31
 Hunt, whale, in Westmannshaven bay,
 42
 Hurricane, fearful, 87

Indian Archipelago,* pirates of the, 18
 Inverskip, beautiful situation of, 491
 Iothona yacht, 316
 Ireland, His Excellency the Lord Lieu-
 tenant of, 324
 ——— attendance at
 regatta, 325
 Irish cabin, 71

Jamaica, island of, 85
 ——— slavery at, 86
 Jamieson, first master of Coralia, 317
 June, yachting in, 250, 273

Keel, the Newcastle, 386
 Kilcreggan, description of, 482
 King John, galleys in the reign of,
 190
 Kitty, distress of poor, 154
 Kiss, the parting, 312

Lalla Rookh victorious, 360
 Landsmen, opinion of, 129
 Lanthorn light, rowing by, 504

Lapwing victorious, 456
 Larga, fashionable watering place, 490
 Larry O'Connor on fishing, 72
 Launch of the Kitty, 244
 Life Boat institution, appeal to yacht-
 men on behalf of, 494
 ——— Royal Thames' Yacht Club,
 trial of, 495
 Lisbon, visit to, 109
 ——— royal theatre at, 109
 Little Mosquito victorious, 364, 460
 Loch Don, fine run to, 164
 ——— Etive, cruise to the head of, 417
 ——— best winds for, 418
 ——— Ness, depth of, 420
 Lovers, confession of the, 210
 Lugger rig, opinion on, 95

Mackerel, displacement curve of, 333
 Maldon, wildfowl shooting at, 167
 Maraquita victorious, 405
 Margaret yacht, performance of, 41
 Mariners compass, deviation of, 6
 ——— remedy found, 6
 Maxwell, sudden alarm of, 111
 ——— embarrassment of, 117
 Mayfly victorious, 345
 Measurement, yacht, 4, 34, 213, 492
 ——— prize for, 5
 ——— proposed public meeting
 on, 6
 ——— evasion of, 7
 ——— Elderly Nicholas on, 54
 ——— rule for, 65
 ——— reply to Elderly Nicho-
 las, 121

Memoranda of club meetings—
 Canadian, 281
 Cork, 281
 London, 45, 175, 271, 500, 553
 Mersey, 169
 Prince of Wales, 89, 171, 494, 551
 Squadron, 46, 281
 St. George's, 169
 Thames, 46, 172
 Welsh, 169, 552
 Yorkshire, 169
 McKirdy and the Stella, 317
 Middies, the frightened, 223
 ——— rations of, 227
 ——— threats of, 217
 ——— kind treatment of, 226
 Millport, visit to the theatre at, 158
 Minster, strata of, 261
 Mishap, an unlucky, 222
 Model-husband, the, 520

Moon, influence of, 23
 Mosquito, rate of sailing, 49, 51
 ——— dimensions of, 64
 ——— victorious, 326, 353, 399
 ——— winnings of, 64
 Murray, Joe, bad conduct of, 152
 ——— daughter of, 103

Nannette, return of, 118
 Natalie, anguish of, 114
 Nautical notices, 186
 Naval review, 189
 ——— surgeon, young, 110
 Navigation extraordinary, 502
 Negro generosity, 221
 Newfoundland dog, death of, 218
 New year, 108
 North Sea, perilous situation in the,
 29

O'Connell, Maurice, 9
 Oithona victorious, 425
 Opening trip R.T.Y.C., 230
 ——— R.L.Y.C., 291
 Oral traditions, 253
 Orotava, ascending slope above, 507
 Orwell, navigation of the, 336

Passage, subterranean, 69
 Path, dangerous, 220
 Pet yacht in danger, 33
 Philanthropy, noble example of, 472
 Phantom, rate of sailing of, 56
 ——— victorious, 301, 460
 Picciola victorious, 459
 Pirates, numerous tribes of, 20
 Plumose zeolites, search for, 162
 Poaching, salmon, 75
 Portugal, queen of, 809
 ——— police laws of, 119
 Prima ballerina, costume of the, 112
 Prisoners, treatment of, 225
 Privateer, French, 9
 ——— night attack of, 10
 Privileges, the lovers', 314
 Professor M., unpleasant berth of, 158

Quiver victorious, 308

Race, close contested, 107
 ———ing crews, on, 237
 Reconciliation, the, 315
 Rector, the generous, 504
 Regattas and Matches—
 ——— Royal Cork, 340
 ——— Harwich, 346
 ——— London, 300, 350
 ——— Mersey, 337
 ——— Northern, 424
 ——— Squadron, 375
 ——— Southern, 387
 ——— St. George's, 318
 ——— Thames, 264, 302, 306
 ——— Victoria, 398
 ——— Wear, 437
 ——— Welsh, 413
 ——— Western, I, 323, 324

363

——— Anglesea, 411
 ——— Belge Y. C. Royal, 466
 ——— Birkenhead, 327, 356, 460
 ——— Brighton, 462
 ——— Bristol and Bristol Channel

428

——— Dovor, 459
 ——— Dublin bay, 498
 ——— Great Grimsby, 409
 ——— Great Yarmouth, 391
 ——— Holyhead, 455
 ——— Howth, 541
 ——— Isle of Man, 351
 ——— London Model, 499
 ——— Mistley, 457
 ——— Pool's, 539
 ——— Port of L'lymouth, 450
 ——— Prince of Wales, 297, 363
 ——— Ranelagh, 269, 366
 ——— Swansea, 433
 ——— Teignmouth, 446
 ——— Thames National, 274
 ——— Torbay, 442

Regattas and their management, 127
 ——— proposition for holding, 130
 Religion, Napoleon's opinions on, 257
 Review, naval, 189

——— incidents connected
 with, 195

Sailing match, exciting, 17

Sailing in fleet, 133
 ——— duties of Commodore, 134
 Sailors, Larry O'Connor's notions of, 73
 ——— boy, the pretty, 153
 ——— character of, 470
 ——— advice to, 471
 ——— intrepidity of, 471
 ——— superstition of, 471
 Sails, opinion on, 52
 ——— trimming of, 53
 ——— handling of, 94
 ——— cut of, 100
 Salmon spearing, 70
 Santa Cruz, arrival at, 506
 Schooners, opinion on, 99
 ——— handling of, 99
 Scotland, summer scenes on the coast of, 481
 Scud victorious, 355, 415, 426
 Sea, the luminous, 21
 ——— supposed cause of, 22
 Seaman, the jealous, 313
 ——— perilous position of, 106
 Secret victorious, 453
 Sections, curve of, Chapman's, 331
 Sharks, account of, 39
 Shifting ballast, on, 144
 ——— danger in, 208
 ——— method of preventing, 57
 ——— destructive effects of, 145
 ——— method of avoiding injury in, 146
 ——— Mercator on, 60
 Sidney yacht club, dinner of, 548
 Signalman, neglect of, 67
 ——— method of rousing, 68
 Situation, the awkward, 116
 Small yachts, prizes for, 131
 ——— speed of, 53
 Smyth, Mr. C. P., astronomical observations of, 512
 Smugglers, capture of, 152
 Spaniards stone, legend of, 9
 Spanish brigantine, attack on, 11
 Speed of yachts, 49, 93
 Spirit, flowers of the, 124
 Spithead, day at, 199
 Spray victorious, 328
 Squadron sailing, pleasures of, 136
 Squall, sudden, 18
 St. Antonio, watering at, 86
 Steers, George, memoir of, 473
 ——— builder of America yacht, 477
 ——— testimonial to, 479
 ——— death of, 474
 St. George's day, 191

St. George's Channel, regattas in, 142
 ——— yachtsmen of, 128
 St. Helena, naval hospital at, 219
 ——— reminiscence of, 65
 Stockholm, visit to, 33
 Stonefield bay, anchored in, 422
 Strange sail to windward, 66
 Stranger, match with, 16
 Stuart, trial of, 161
 Summer cruise, recollection of, 37
 Superannuated mariners, watering-place for, 290
 Surprise, disagreeable, 313
 ——— victorious, 321, 337, 338, 415, 434, 436, 456
 Swivel gun, method of fitting, 166
 Tavor, ancient valley of, 507
 Telescope, the great, 510
 Tempter, the, 74
 Tenerife, astronomical expedition to, 505
 ——— notes of proceeding during, 506
 Tetley, Mr., presentation of cup to, 389
 Thames, matches on the, 297
 ——— first match on, 248
 ——— regattas on, 141
 ——— velocity of tides on, 465, 513
 Thanet, isle of, 259
 Thermometer, first radiation, 508
 Things we loved of yore, 168
 Thought victorious, 267, 401
 ——— rate of sailing of, 50
 Tides, velocity of, 465, 513
 ——— Professor Barlow on, 466
 ——— experiments on, 467
 Titania yacht, voyage of, 505
 ——— and America, comparison between, 50
 Tobermorey, visit to, 162
 Tonnage, complicity of, 493
 Treasure, the hidden, regained, 13
 Trees, proper time to cut down, 23
 Twin life boat, Russell's, 285
 Uncle Peter, 160
 Underway, the perils in getting, 519
 Upper Loch Etive, scenery of, 423

- Vampire, speed of, 51
 Vigilant victorious, 326
 Viking, danger of, 415
 Violet victorious, 399, 351, 496
 Voyage, provision for, 334
- Wallet spitway, the, 291
 Waterkelpie victorious, 500
 Waterspout, fearful result of a, 24
 Waveney victorious, 361
 Wenys bay, 491
 West Indies, yacht voyage to, 38
 Westminster, trial at, 236
 West, wandering notes in the, 369, 473
 Whales, desperate fight with, 44
 — capture of, 45
 What's in a name? 316
 Whitfield, Jack's opinions, 472
 Wildfire victorious, 305, 388, 452, 458 463
 — misfortune of, 305
 Wildfowl shooting, 166
 Wull Muir's opinion of foreigners, 110
- Yacht, shooting, 165
 — destruction of, 154
 — s altered since built, 367
 — on the speed of, 49, 93
 — rig of, 97
 — Sir R. Stephenson's opinion on, 52
 — review, suggestions for, 136
 Yachtsmen, few words for many, 1
 — gallantry of a, 111
 — vagaries of a, 9
 — yarns of a, 109
 Yachting intelligence, 48, 91, 140, 184 235, 283
 — of the last century, 125
 — season, approaching, 141
 — review of the, 523
 Yachtbuilding, American progress in, 58
- Zouave victorious, 412

ENGRAVINGS.

Clifford's Boat Lowering Apparatus.....	page 77
Diagram of Mosquito.....	64
Russell's Twin Life Boat.....	285
Section of Shark with curves of sectional areas.....	389
Section of Mackerel, Trout, &c. ditto.....	332

Intellia p 47 367

Mosquito 5A .62 325 338 .383 398 445 452

Thonght 50 .265 360 367 400 444 459

America do

Hama do

Vesper 91 .434

Snake 283 367

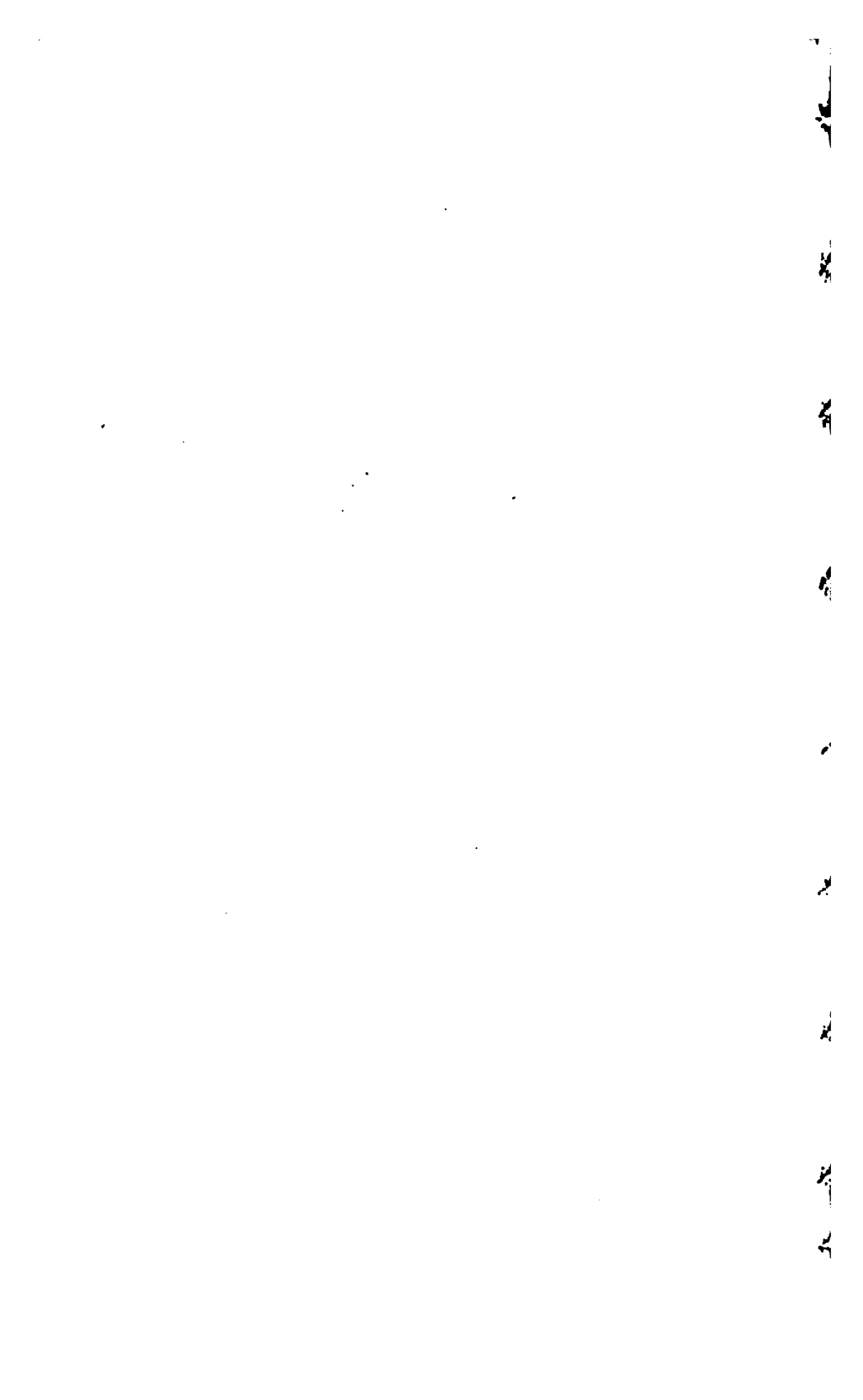
Little mosquito 350 363 367 .364 .460

Amroia 367 376

Napoleon 367

162







THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
REFERENCE DEPARTMENT

**This book is under no circumstances to be
taken from the Building**

This image shows a blank ledger page with two vertical columns and horizontal ruling lines. The page is divided into two main sections by a vertical line, with a smaller section on the far left. The horizontal lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are no entries or markings on the page.

